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Princess Alexandra and her husband

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OUR COVER

● Princess Alexandra, back in Australia, this time on a brief private visit with her husband, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy. Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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Theatregoers realised recently that the actress they have accepted for years as a good trouper is now truly worthy of the title "star."

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- 3 MAR 1967

THE REAL GLORIA DAWN (above) and (left) the stage Gloria of "Hail Gloria Fitzpatrick."

GLORIA DAWNS ANEW

By GLORIA NEWTON

GLORIA DAWN would be one of the most seasoned troupers on the Australian show-business scene.

Born figuratively in a dressing-room — her parents, Billy and Zilla Andros, had their own act — the smell of greasepaint, the glow of the footlights have been part of her life for most of the time since.

At four she was hailed as Australia's Shirley Temple; she has danced in the chorus line, has been a comic feed, juggler's assistant, circus performer, soubrette, TV personality, actress, singer, comedienne.

She had never been a big name, although well known all over Australia. But Sydney theatregoers sat up and opened their eyes when she bounced out on stage in the lead of the revue "A Cup of Tea, a Bex, and a Good Lie Down" and stole the show.

"A delight"

It was her first revue, and the critics glowed with praise. "Her clowning is a delight," they wrote. "Her personality is all-embracing." "She has a true, strong voice." "She is an unqualified triumph." "There's no one like Gloria Dawn."

They set up another paean of praise early this year, when Gloria, with her two daughters playing her sisters, was Annie in "Annie Get Your Gun," the musical at the Warringah Mall Music Theatre Festival at Brookvale.

The success of "Bex," which was written by John McKellar, one of Australia's top playwrights, was so impressive that the Phillip Theatre management commissioned him to write a musical, or revusical as they term it, specially for their star.

Opening on March 11, and named "Hail Gloria Fitzpatrick," it is the life, in revue form, of an Australian-born Irish girl who goes from good to bad and back to being good again.

It will certainly be a challenge of strength.

With the exception of two breaks, one of five minutes, one of three, Gloria will be on stage for the entire show, about three hours, and will sing 16 of its 18 numbers.

It could be a heady flattery for most women — but not for Gloria.

"I never become excited," she told me as we drank coffee together during a rehearsal break in the darkened Phillip Theatre.

She is certainly a different personality off-stage.

Gone is the hoydenish madcap, the raucous voice, the clowning. Instead, you meet a quiet, composed, diminutive woman with a wealth of blonde hair, whose most striking feature is a pair of expressive, intelligent eyes.

Her voice is soft with no touch of the theatre in it. You feel she would much rather talk about her home at Rosebery which she and her husband, Frank Cleary, are doing up, and about her two schoolgirl daughters and son Peter, who works in a bank.

But now, pressed for her reaction to a show written expressly for her, about her sudden burst back into the limelight, she bit reflectively into her egg sandwich before answering:

"I don't consider a lot of things terribly important, really.

"I just hope that I am going to be capable of fulfilling what they want and that the show is the success they are anticipating.

"When people rush up and tell me things which, in their eyes, are tremendous, I just listen and think about it.

"You see, I am always sceptical and I never approach any show thinking it will be good. I just hope I can do it in the right way. That is important to me."

Another bite into the sandwich, another pause:

"Personally, I don't feel any great thing about it. To me it is my job, and a job I know I must do to the best of my ability.

"It's the same as any other job. You work set hours and you finish and go home — to another life, your family.

"You could say, I suppose, that I lead two completely different lives, but that is what makes me happy.

"Ours is a quiet family life. We don't go out very much. In fact, I can't remember when I last went to a film.

"Why people think actors are different from others I just don't know. Everyone talks about the glamorous life we lead — but what about the sweat? They never think of that.

"Certainly this new show will be strenuous, but you become accustomed to it after the first couple of real run-through rehearsals, and after that it just becomes routine."

You believe her when, with a twinkle in her eye, she tells you her neighbors, with whom she has shared the same street for the past 12 months, took a long time to find out she was in the theatre.

"They all know me as Mrs. Cleary. And if you would see me some mornings, my hair in a mess, dressed in an old brunch - coat hosing the garden, you would think me the most unlikely candidate for the theatre.

Disillusion

"I hate to disillusion you, but theatricals are really no different from anyone else — only those who deliberately make themselves so."

Gloria had worked mostly at the Tivoli until she met and married her husband, a compere - comedian - juggler, after the war.

She dropped out of the spotlight for a while after that and then, with Frank, spent many years touring country centres.

Her first consideration has always been for her family. When her children arrived, they travelled with their parents by caravan.

Every now and then Gloria would do a stint in city and suburban clubs, but she wasn't appearing before a big public — "and they have very short memories."

Then came roles in "The Pajama Game," "Once Upon a Mattress," "The Amorous Prawn," and "The Sentimental Bloke."

While appearing in the latter she caught the attention of producer Bill Orr, who offered her a part in the Miriam Karlin show "Is Australia Really Necessary?"

Illness prevented her accepting the offer, but when the casting began for "Bex" she was again approached and offered the lead.

Gloria has tried to discourage her children from entering the theatrical world.

She succeeded, she told me, with her son, Peter, 19, and with ten-year-old Julie Ann. (When asked what she wants to do when she leaves school, Julie Ann invariably replies, "Work in a pickle factory.")

"She enjoyed herself in 'Annie,' but she really is not anxious to repeat the performance," said Gloria.

"But Donna Lee, who is 15, is determined to go into show business, and I realise there is no talking her out of it.

"However, I made one stipulation. I told her she had to take a commercial course first so that, if the going is tough, she will have something to fall back on.

"Show-business life is disappointing in so many ways. There are so many unkind things done to you, and it is uncertain.

"It is all a matter of continuity of work. In that regard I have been very lucky — but there are many who haven't shared that luck."

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BORN TO BE FASHIONABLE

(Both Tiffany's parents design clothes)

TIFFANY, three months, in a dainty print dress (it has matching plastic-lined pants) with her clothes-designer parents, Prue Acton and Michael Treloar. Below, smocks which she wears with colored tights, and a daisy-trimmed playsuit with snap fasteners at top and tail.

Pictures by Brian Ferguson

BABY Tiffany Treloar is only three months old but she's already making fashion news with her wardrobe, which has been collected overseas by her mother, pretty young designer Prue Acton.

When Tiffany was just six weeks old, Prue flew to New York and London for three weeks to promote the sale of her fashions. She returned with her suitcase full of exquisite outfits, sun bonnets, and dainty bibs for her baby daughter.

"I had very little free time but one day in New York I darted into Bergdorf Goodman on the Plaza in Fifth Avenue," said Prue.

"Just across the street was Tiffany's famous namesake, the fabulous jewellery store.

"I was delighted to see really different baby wear and bought several outfits for Tiffany.

"You can buy some lovely little dresses here — those made in Madeira, for instance — but every second baby is wearing them."

And if her mother's fashion philosophy ("I just loathe looking like anybody else in the room," said Prue) is any guide, baby Tiffany will be turning quite a few heads on her outings in the park.

Her wardrobe includes some dainty smocks, with long sleeves edged in lace, a hooded beach coat in soft pink towelling, and cute pink knitted cotton playsuits — one embroidered with a beguiling heart, the other with a daisy — for at-home wear.

Prue also bought several tiny pairs of tights, in different colors, which Tiffany will wear with her American dresses.

"They look terribly Victorian and I love them," she said, crinkling her eyes in a wide smile.

It was the middle of winter when Prue was in New York. All the little boys were wearing double - breasted jackets and Nureyev caps, she said.

By BEVERLEY COOPER

In Paris, she shopped at Prenatal, on Rue de Sevres, "which is full of divine boutiques," and found beautifully worked baby wear was very inexpensive compared with prices she has seen in Melbourne.

"I didn't have time to get anything in London, I was only there for two days."

Prue and her husband, 24-year-old men's fashion designer Michael Treloar, live in a large garden flat in South Yarra.

They chose sophisticated color notes — blue and green — in Tiffany's bright and airy nursery. "We were sure the baby was going to be a boy, although we had no boys' names ready — only one for a girl, Tiffany Leigh," said Prue.

Their flat, imaginatively redecorated with lots of color, has three Tiffany lamps. One is in apricot glass hanging low over the dining table, another is in the hall, and of course one, cleverly copied in paper, hangs in Tiffany's nursery.

The nursery curtains are in an emerald green "granny" print and Prue has used the same material to cover the chest of drawers and drape the changing table.

Perched along the window sills is a menagerie of gaily colored stuffed animals and skinny-legged Raggedy Ann dolls.

Focal point in the room is Tiffany's antique four-poster wicker cot, which her maternal grandmother found in a South Yarra boutique. Part of the cot is seen in the color picture above, showing three of Tiffany's outfits.

"I was up half of last night making a mattress cover in pink and white gingham for the cot, with matching sheets and pillowcase," said Prue.

Slim and vivacious ("I'm a pink and orange person"), 23-year-old Prue takes motherhood in her stride.

Pram walks

She was back at work only two weeks after Tiffany was born but said: "I was able to feed her myself for a month, as I worked from home with some of the staff coming here instead of to the office."

While Prue works five days a week, a mothercraft nurse cares for Tiffany. At weekends Prue and Michael take over.

The pair attract many glances when they wheel Tiffany in her pram through the nearby Botanic Gardens.

"I'm lucky that my office is only ten minutes away from the flat, so I can spend quite a bit of time playing with Tiffany before I leave and when I arrive home," said Prue.

She and Michael have adjacent showrooms in the city, both beautifully furnished with antiques.

Prue's fashion name is now stamped firmly on New York and London (where her designs are being made under licence) as well as Australia, and 23 factories are producing her designs in Melbourne.

Michael has only recently made his debut into the field of fashions for men.

"Mine are what you might call boutique fashions," he said. "I'm sure I can sell them overseas."

His double-breasted linen jackets, distinctive shirts, and wide ties have an international look.

Prue's next trip overseas will probably be in May, and if Michael is able to go they will take Tiffany, too.

BELOW: Tiffany's American hooded beach coat, in fairy-floss pink towelling, was bought overseas by her mother.

HEART decorates Tiffany's American knitted cotton playsuit, which has snap fasteners for quick nappy changes.

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NEXT WEEK

★ Ways to pretty up your house — from unusual decorations to simple furniture — are in our 16-page lift-out . . .

These bright ideas are practical, easy to execute with the tools you have at home — and almost all are cheap!

AND:

EASTER NOVELTIES

★ Delightfully different to make for Easter — Mexican-style eggs in papier-mache, pretty table decorations, jewel-colored marshmallow eggs for the children.

Color runs riot for autumn

★ See the reds, greens, tangerines, yellows that were the hit of the Paris autumn collections and will be translated into fashions for you. Note: Stockings will be colored, too.

★ A giant aircraft left unattended on a deserted airfield, a hurricane, an urgent need to fly out a badly burned small girl and a sick man, two inexperienced pilots are the ingredients of . . .

"RESCUE MISSION"

— exciting new serial by John Ball

Girl in calico

★ For the most inexpensive young holiday wardrobe ever — calico at 30 cents a yard. Ideas for four outfits for which the material costs a mere $1.50.

Australian secretaries are "The Tops"

English consultant hopes to see some of her favorite girls in Sydney and Melbourne

SECRETARIES, it seems, will be always with us. And to an expert in choosing them Australian girls are "The Tops."

To Mrs. Vera Sugg, one of London's top secretarial consultants, secretaries are an essential office commodity that will not disappear with the perfection of the business computer.

"A boss will always want someone to talk to," she asserts.

"After all, it would be a very lonely life if you had to sit and look at a computer every day."

Mrs. Sugg has long years of experience to back up her assurance.

Over those years she has developed from what she describes as a "rather scatter - brained, empty-headed secretary with a mail-order firm" to the head of her own secretarial agency which has found jobs for more than a quarter of a million secretaries.

But she is not prepared to rest on her laurels. Mrs. Sugg is so convinced secretaries have a bright future that she has written a secretarial book-of-words called "Almost a Marriage," and this month she visits Australia to promote it.

Best recruits here

One of her first secretaries was an Australian. "I remember her well," Mrs. Sugg said. "Winifred Self—we called her Freddie. She came to work for a few months, and stayed eight years."

In 1950 Mrs. Sugg went to Australia to recruit temporary secretaries. "I found enough secretaries to last three years," she said.

In the past when actors and personalities like Charlie Chaplin, Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr, and film producer Sam Spiegel rang her for a temporary social secretary she usually gave the job to an Australian.

"My Australian girls fitted the bill wonderfully," she writes in the book. "First they came from a young country full of young ideas. They were never frightened to toss away old-type conventions, yet seemed to have sufficient sense and dignity to know where to draw the line.

"Their general knowledge was usually very good and the trip from Australia to England widened it even more."

In Mrs. Sugg's view, girls should gain experience by travel. In 1960, after her business had expanded enormously, Mrs. Sugg pioneered an exchange system for English secretaries to work in the United States.

FOUNDER of a big English secretarial agency and author of a book on the subject, Mrs. Vera Sugg (right), and her 18-year-old daughter, Penny, who are visiting Australia this month.

As the head of a large firm, Mrs. Vera Sugg is almost the epitome of a top woman executive. Almost — but not quite.

True, she has the aura of efficiency expected of an outstanding businesswoman. She is shrewd, calm, and articulate. And she is attractive, well-dressed, and pleasantly charming.

But her cosy home in Chelsea is not a reflection of her high-powered office. For at home a radio hourly blasts out the latest songs broadcast by a pop pirate radio ship.

Responsible for this breach of business discipline is Penny, Mrs. Sugg's pretty 18-year-old daughter, who will accompany her to Australia.

Penny acts, dances, sings, and models — besides being her mother's greatest champion.

"Mummy is a tower of strength," Penny confided. "I would like to write a book about her."

But following in her mother's footsteps is one ambition Penny refuses to even think about.

"I'm a night bird," she said, casting herself as one of the many gay Londoners who sleep most of the day and work and dance most of the night.

"Any job that was nine-to-five I couldn't do. My greatest ambition is to be in a musical."

At Penny's age, Mrs. Sugg admitted she herself had no determined ambitions. "If I had any they were hidden," she said.

But she laughed at the memory of a small incident that occurred at a dance given by the first firm she worked for as a secretary.

"One of the directors asked me to dance and talked to me about my ambitions.

"I replied, 'One day I want to be in your position.'

"He was very amused and said: 'You will never achieve that'."

But Mrs. Sugg did. World War II had a great influence on her future success.

"Having survived the blitz, I began to feel I was a person in my own right," she said. "I wanted to do something concrete with my life.

"After my husband came back from India I went to work for a Swedish aluminium company that originated milk bottle tops. My boss was meticulous — he gave me a feeling of 'standard'."

From this job she learnt the meaning of "standard," and from her next job the meaning of "hardness."

"I went for a part-time job with an employment agency and ended up doing 12 hours' work a day. The woman I worked for was very, very hard. But I realise now that she had to be.

"I learnt a lot at that agency and I found I had a flair for work."

A firm believer in the emancipation of women in business, Mrs. Sugg considers flair an important stepping-stone.

"Flair and love of work are the only things that will carry you through a man's world," she said. "Otherwise you are never compensated for the battle."

Her own compensation for the battle paid its first premium in 1948 when she branched out on her own.

"One day I was sitting on a bus beside Clive Morton, the actor. He was reading a script and I asked if he wanted any more typed. He didn't — but he knew people who did, and I got my first work through him."

With "nothing ventured—nothing gained" as her motto, Mrs. Sugg hired a typewriter, bought a second-hand desk, and worked from home.

For sixpence a week she inserted small notices in shop windows offering a 24-hour typing service. And when she had £100, Mrs. Sugg thought she had a fortune.

"I started an office in Fleet Street then," she continued, "and I paid three guineas a week rent.

"My very first job there came from a metal box company. They gave me one letter and they wanted 500 copies. I did every one myself.

"Determination to do something is so important. Learn never to say 'No.' I feel that everyone in life has a job cut out for them. And you are miserable if you fight fate."

The agency did work for the newspapers and big advertising companies and was slowly expanding when Mrs. Sugg found herself pregnant.

After Penny was born, she had to start again, but she was undeterred.

"I started with nothing," she said, "and lost what I had over and over again."

No retirement

While her business grows and takes on new aspects (a travel agency has been added to her chain of offices in England), Mrs. Sugg has no thoughts of retiring.

"I don't believe in retirement," she said firmly. "I think if I gave up I'd die mentally.

"I learn a lot from the work I do and it keeps me terribly alive.

"However, if the day comes when I walk into a room of 17-year-olds and feel out of place — then I'll give up."

Mrs. Sugg will go to Melbourne and Sydney during her Australian visit. "I hope some of the girls who worked for me will look me up. They usually do.

"And I want to show Penny Australia as I saw it," she said. "I love Australia. It has such a fantastic climate."

— Camilla Beach, London

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• From Alice Springs to a village in Wales

THE WOOING OF CHRISTINE WILLIAMS

ANYTHING can happen in a town like Alice. But when Frank Crumblin touched down at the airport there late one winter night he had no idea that he was about to meet his future wife.

Fred Bennett, the warehouse manager for the oil-drilling company Frank works for, met him off the plane and they went together to a little nightclub.

And there, sitting at a table with friends, was a fair-haired Welsh girl named Christine Williams.

"We sat down at her table and we were introduced. Christine disliked me intensely," Frank said, fifteen months later and half a world away from Alice Springs.

He was drinking tea in a cosy home in a tiny village beneath the Welsh mountains, four trains and a six-mile walk away from London.

Bethesda is Christine's hometown. She was brought up here, in a house that looks out on to the church where the couple will marry on March 4.

When she grew up, Christine moved to London and worked on the Telephone Exchange. She chatted on the long-distance telephone to girls in Australia, who talked her into migrating. And in January, 1964, she packed her bags and took off for Sydney, where she went to work on the Overseas Exchange.

By CAMILLA BEACH, of our London staff

She worked a switchboard for 18 months, and then made up her mind to see the country. That was how Christine came to be in the little nightclub in Alice Springs the night Frank Crumblin walked in.

Christine reappeared from the kitchen with a large dish of sandwiches to confirm her fiance's statement.

"Yes," she said, the hint of a Welsh accent in her quiet voice, "I just didn't like him and that was that — dead stop."

"We were having a game with her," Frank explained, "because she was always laughing. We got a bit boisterous and she was quite upset. She didn't know the people from the country."

But a few days later Frank and Christine had made up their differences and began a routine of drive-in movies, hotel dances, and outings.

On one drive Frank pulled into the side of the road and proposed.

"Christine didn't pay any attention," Frank said. She stalled for time — as she did often before they eventually became engaged.

"Finally her majesty decided she had overstayed in Alice Springs and went off to Melbourne," said Frank.

Christine, ignoring the "her majesty," explained, "I had planned my trip long before I met Frank and I wanted to see a bit of Australia before I went back home."

But Frank was undaunted by her departure. During their courtship he has showered her with presents: a little white vanity case, an opal ring, flowers, "but mostly chocolates." Now he was to begin a series of telephone calls that later crossed 14,000 miles.

"Frank came down to Melbourne on New Year's Day," Christine recounted, "and we went to the Snowy Mountains and on to Canberra and finally to Sydney."

In February last year, Christine left for New Zealand on the first part of her journey back home to Bethesda.

And her self-appointed "shadow" followed. They toured — and they discussed marriage. It was very much on the cards.

But Christine would not commit herself. She could not find a ring she liked.

"I was looking at engagement rings and she wouldn't come close to the window," Frank said.

"It was a trick," Christine admitted. "I had always dreamed of being married at home, and I wanted to get there. I thought if I became engaged in Australia I would stay there."

So when Christine's plane took off for Fiji she was on her own — but not for long.

"When I got off the plane for a transit stop at Fiji the air hostess came over, saying that a phone call was coming through from New Zealand," Christine said.

It was the first of many long-distance calls.

"I couldn't get any phone numbers while she was in America," Frank added. "I sent telegrams."

Just before Easter Christine arrived back in Bethesda after her adventure around the world —back home to the little Welsh village, where her parents own a fruit shop by the church.

Frank was half a world away, but near in spirit.

"When he didn't have time to write a letter he sent me flowers," she said, glancing across to him.

And when he didn't have time for flowers he telephoned her.

Frank had forgotten to ask Christine for her number. And though Bethesda is only a small country village there are 23 Williamses in the Caernarvonshire directory.

The Welsh, accustomed to this confusion, refer to each other as Williams the butcher, Williams the baker.

But Frank got through more quickly from Alice Springs than ignorant callers do from London. "It was simple, really," he explained. "I got in touch with the Overseas Exchange in Melbourne, and they knew her number and connected me."

Fifteen times the long-distance line buzzed between Bethesda and Alice Springs with their conversations. And it put Frank about $500 out of pocket.

"The first call cost me $97 — but we cut it down a bit after that," he said, smiling.

Finally, Christine found a ring she wanted: a pretty diamond cluster ring she saw in the nearby town of Bangor.

"After we were officially engaged," said Frank, "Christine told me on the phone that she would come back to Australia, but I really wanted to come over."

It was his first trip outside Australia, as it was Christine's first trip outside Great Britain when she set off for Australia.

He flew to London, took the four trains to Bangor, and made the six-mile journey to Bethesda. And they began making plans for the wedding.

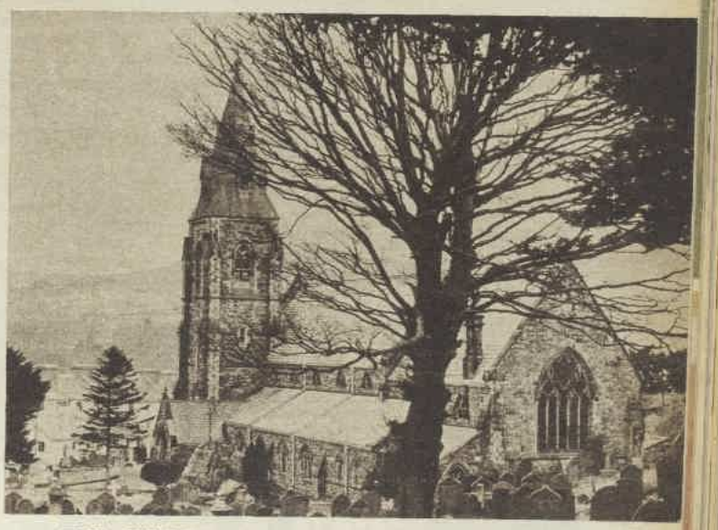
Unfortunately his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Crumblin, of Dirranbandi, in south Queensland, will not be able to attend.

"My cousin is best man," Christine said, "and my three nieces will be bridesmaids."

And on March 4, Frank Crumblin's persistence will be rewarded and Christine's dream will come true when they marry at the little church across the road.

Which all goes to prove that anything can happen in a town like Alice, or a village like Bethesda, look you.

QUEENSLANDER Frank Crumblin, 29, and his fiancee, aged 22. Where they will live in Australia depends on his job with an oil-drilling company.



THE CHURCH, above, in the Welsh village of Bethesda, below, where they will marry. Beyond the hill lies Snowdon; highest mountain in Wales.

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Revlon invents wet lipstick

Here's a beautiful new breed of lipstick. Lush. Liquidy. Mouth-watering. 'Moon Drops' *wet* lipstick makes dry lips a thing of the past. It's literally loaded with luster, yet the texture is unbelievably light. *Wet* lipstick almost skims on. (Other lipsticks seem to drag on by comparison.) The feel is fantastic. Like wearing no lipstick at all. And the look is incredible.

'Moon Drops' lipstick invented by Revlon

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DANCING HER WAY THROUGH LIFE

• Sydney's busiest choreographer doesn't fit the stereotype of the thin, intense young man in black. Instead, the title belongs to a woman — blonde, fiftyish, with shapely dancer's legs.

SHEILA CRUZE, above right. In the smaller picture she demonstrates one of the go-go dance routines to Latin Quarter dancers Sharmaine Davis (left) and Colleen May.

SHEILA CRUZE is a real trouper: game and merry. She has a young, tentative manner of speaking, and a quality of girlishness which hasn't been hardened by spending her life in a frequently cynical business.

"I've been in showbusiness since I was three years old. I don't think I've ever stopped working — I've never even taken time to have any children!"

Her first dancing job was in a pantomime: "I was just a nymph.

"No, my parents were nothing to do with showbusiness — my mother always adored it, but was never allowed to dance. (Her parents were very strict Irish people.) Father was an accountant.

"Actually, I started dancing because there was a dancing teacher who passed our home every day, and she always used to see me prancing up on my toes from just about the time I could walk!

"She took me under her wing, and taught me the national dances.

"By the time I was about five I knew there was such a thing as toe dancing. I put on such a turn my mother had to take me to Frances Scully's.

"I was there for many years, training in classical ballet. I even did the solo real examination for the Royal Academy of Dance."

Sheila's first real grown-up job was with Mike Connors and Queenie Paul at the Theatre Royal: "I was only 13 when I danced with them. I left school when I was about 12½.

"I used to have to look after my invalid mother and work on the shows as well. We did two shows a day and rehearsed in the mornings. It was terrible.

"I used to have hardly any sleep — for $9 a week."

The 1930s were rough years for artists.

Sheila recalls: "You'd go to an audition and there'd be three or four hundred girls, and you'd be lucky if they even noticed you.

"Very nervous"

"They picked you on looks first, then they'd allow you to dance, and narrow the numbers down to about 30, then 15, finally eight."

Sheila said she "just picked up" choreography during her dancing years at the Tivoli:

"The first time I tried choreography I was very worried and nervous. I sat up all night drawing little figures and designing positions and steps.

"But the ballet girls and the management were amazed. Nobody had ever put on ballets so fast.

"After about two shows I suddenly realised I didn't have to stay up all night worrying about it. It would come to me, anyway! After that I put on about three ballets in a flash.

"Now I never know what I'm going to do until I hear the music!

"One of the main things about choreography is to feel the music. Of course, if there's a story involved I have to find music to fit the story."

Her first choreographic job was creating the dances and stage action for a story called "Lady in the Mist." It told of a tramp who falls asleep on a wharf and dreams of a beautiful woman dancing in the sea mist.

"White-gowned ballerinas floated in and out behind white net curtains. It was very effective. At the end the tramp wakens and tries to follow the dancer into the mist, but she disappears through the curtains."

She enjoys classical ballet but likes modern better: "You can invent new steps—it's so different from the static classical repertoire."

Sheila is the widow of Patrick White, the well-known ballroom dancer and teacher.

"I was married at 18.

"Pat saw me dance at the Tivoli. He used to come and sit in a box and send me all kinds of gifts and flowers before my parents would allow me to see him.

"In those days tails were the thing, and he used to be waiting for me in a big car —it was all very romantic.

"Pat was an Englishman, a relative of Lady Astor's, and one of the most handsome men ever. He had style, everything.

"We were married a week before he went away to the war. He joined up here. Pat was a captain in the Australian Army, and one of the Rats of Tobruk. Then they sent him to New Guinea.

"He died ten years ago from war wounds.

"After the war he went back to the dancing business, but he was always having attacks of the malaria he picked up in New Guinea."

Sheila worked for eight years as a solo dancer and choreographer at the "Tiv," and was later with leading nightclubs.

"Since then, I've done only choreography, and dance only to illustrate my planning and new steps."

She has had a fling on the ice: "I choreographed for three ice shows. There's something! I can't skate at all.

"I nearly fainted when I got the job — but once I got going I found it very interesting.

"I learned all the basic and necessary movements — there's only a certain number of movements you can make on the ice. Then I experimented.

"All the main ice choreographers in the world are non-skaters. The real skaters are inclined to stick to the authentic steps, while a dancer will try to make them learn to **dance** on the ice.

"I used to make them try all kinds of tricks a skater would be scared to ask them to do."

Aquacades

Sheila also "choreographed" several aquacades: "I had eight champion swimmers, and four ballet girls whom I considered good swimmers.

"All the swimmers picked up the dancing ideas very well, but I used to have to take the dancers off first. Some of the champs would end up swimming with one arm and holding a dancer up with the other.

"I'm not a bad swimmer myself, but when I got in the water with these champions I used to pretty nearly drown trying to keep up with them.

"We had to swim in deep water, not like the American aqua stars who used to be able to touch bottom for their tricks. We had nothing to push ourselves off from.

"We used the Olympic pool at North Sydney, and trying to practise was terrible. We'd start, and they'd open the doors and 300 schoolchildren would dive in.

"We'd be forming a big flower and a dreadful little head would pop up in the middle!"

After the aquacades finished, Sheila went back to do some more shows at the Tivoli, including "Paris by Night" and "Golden Days."

Simultaneously, she was working at the Latin Quarter: "We used to produce very big shows there, like the ones at the Copacabana and the Latin Quarter in New York.

During her long and varied career she was also at the Roosevelt, "the best club that's ever been in Sydney. We entertained Bob Hope and everybody there during the war. Then I choreographed for quite a few years at Chequers — we had a complete change of show every few weeks.

"At the Latin Quarter I have eight trained go-go girls and I will say they are all extremely good. They are the only choreographed go-go dancers in Sydney.

"We do specific routines; in fact, we're working on a whole new act right now. I'm going to get right away from the monotony of most go-go dancing."

Her next venture, while still working at the Latin Quarter, was to choreograph routines for Les Girls nightclub.

After choreographing several reviews in the Emperor Room at Menzies, Sydney, about a year ago, Sheila worked on a series of musical comedies there. They have presented "Oklahoma!" "South Pacific," "Can Can," "Kiss Me Kate," "Brigadoon," and "Out of This World."

These "pocket" musicals were a great success.

"Best dancers"

Many entertainers criticise nightclub audiences as being noisy or inattentive, but Sheila has no complaints: "It's fantastic — most nights you can hear a pin drop.

"They can be really talking over dinner, but the minute the show starts they watch.

"I try to give them what will draw their attention. By mixing in with the people myself I can tell what they like.

"If you get a good professional dancer, it makes a choreographer's work much easier," she said. "I think I have some of the best dancers in Sydney here at the moment. They're all classically trained, every one of them. And we've got good, strong male dancers."

Not having taken a holiday for more than ten years, Sheila is planning (vaguely) a trip "to see showbusiness in the States."

"Holiday — I never even manage to get to my house at Avalon! Not even on Sundays, I'm so busy. I live in a handy flat at Bondi.

"With such rounds of work, if I can get away from one place, I can't from another!"

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"KING'S RANSOM," from the Mulley garden.

● Thirty big, black umbrellas might seem a lot for an average family, but the Bert Mulleys, of Camden, N.S.W., need every one.

SOME of the 450 rosebushes at the Mulleys' home at Camden, N.S.W.

JUDITH MULLEY, with her grandmother, Mrs. Charles Smart, polishes a family show trophy.

ROBERT tends his vegetables in a plot which is being encroached upon by the beloved roses.

Roses, roses

THIRTY umbrellas are used occasionally to protect the 450 rosebushes crammed around the Mulleys' small weatherboard cottage on their 60ft. by 160ft. block.

Bert Mulley, a Camden newsagent, who is one of Australia's leading rose amateurs, sometimes regulates the flowering of his many potential champions by covering them with the umbrellas a day or two before big shows.

"It can be a bit embarrassing, but when you compete in as many shows as we do the umbrellas can mean the difference between a good bloom and a winner," he explained.

"Recently we were forced to put them over some of our roses in the front garden, and you should have seen the looks on people's faces. They must have thought us mad!"

Such love and care is typical of the Mulleys' attitude to their rosebushes, which have responded to this care by producing massive blooms, lush green inch-wide leaves, and tall, thick stems.

Some years ago, Mr. Mulley, in search of more space, sought the council's permission to plant rose standards on the nature strip in front of the cottage.

"They gave permission provided we promised to really look after the plants," he smiled.

Looking at the 36 healthy bushes, 7ft. tall, which stand there proudly like soldiers on parade above beds of annuals, it doesn't surprise one to hear that there haven't been any complaints!

In fact, the sight and perfume are enough to draw rose-lovers away from the nearby Hume Highway.

"Often they start at the front, then come wandering up the side of the house, enraptured," said Mrs. Mulley.

"And you wouldn't believe it, but all the years they have been there we have never had a flower taken or a twig or shoot broken."

Because of the interest shown in their garden over the years by passers-by, and by such rose authorities as Mr. Harry Wheatcroft, the Mulleys recently opened it to the public for a day, giving the proceeds to the Camden District Hospital.

Mrs. Mulley said she was a bit worried at first at charging 50 cents admission for "such a small garden showing." She needn't have worried. More than 950 adults turned up, not to mention scores of children.

A member of the National Rose Society, Mr. Mulley has won dozens of trophies and prizes at many of the State's largest shows over the past few years.

The family have been the most successful rose exhibitor at Sydney's Royal Easter Show for the past five years in a row, and consequently they won the Banksia Medal.

"I believe we are the only rose-growers ever to win this medal twice," said Mrs. Mulley, a former florist, who has had a lifetime interest in all kinds of flowers.

When the family moved ten years ago into Mrs. Mulley's childhood home, to share it with her mother, Mrs. Charles Smart, the garden was an "average, all-round flower and shrub garden." Mrs. Mulley's father was for many years the gardener at "Camden Park" and later at "Macarthur Park" for 25 years, and she says it was from him she inherits her love of gardening.

"When we first came back here, Mum was using the back area of the garden for a fowl-run. Over the years we encroached on this space for our roses, until finally there's not an inch to spare," said Mrs. Mulley.

Fortunately, the small cottage is sited more to one side of the block, so a 30ft.-wide strip can be cultivated down the entire length.

The Mulleys used to have masses of dahlias there ("they were our second love"), but these, too, were given less and less space each year, until last year they couldn't even get a planting.

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UMBRELLAS are used by Mr. Bert Mulley and son John to protect blooms.

MR. AND MRS. MULLEY with a favorite, "Peace," which they planted beside the road.

"PAPA MEILLAND"

all the way

"We used what was left of the dwindling dahlia patch to put in our newer roses such as 'Grandpa Dickson,' 'John F. Kennedy,' 'Rotor Champagne,' 'Norman Hartnell,' 'Madge Elliott,' 'Princess,' and 'Oklahoma.'"

The whole family, including John (19), Robert (15), and Judith (9), are involved in some way at some time with the rose garden.

Although John, a second-year Science student at Sydney University, spends most of his spare time studying, he often helps gather cow manure with Robert from a farm.

Once Robert had quite a large vegetable garden, but this year, like the former dahlia patch and fowl-run, it has diminished in size and importance as his parents' roses took over.

"This year he was smart—he got in before Bert and planted two rows of lettuce and beetroot," said Mrs. Mulley.

Robert's not too unhappy about the size of his vegetable garden, though, as a neighbor has offered him the use of her backyard.

Even young Judith has a small garden patch of her own—in a corner of the bush-house where a good collection of orchids and tropical plants is kept.

Mr. Mulley's yearly activities with the roses begin in July when he prunes back all the bushes.

Immediately after this he will give them their first spray with Albarol white oil and lime sulphur to kill any old fungus mildew spore or white scale.

A week or so later he will begin the first manure rotation.

"At this particular time I'll use a lot of cow manure and spread it generously around," he says.

During spring Mr. Mulley alternates this with feedings of blood and bone mixture, fowl manure, and artificial rose foods.

Through August and September he will, with the help of his sons, spray for aphis (with Rogor 40), mildew (Cosan), and thrip (Dieldrin).

"Of course, this is a late-afternoon or early-morning job. Never spray in the heat of the day—the chemicals will tend to burn the foliage."

In October, after the bushes have bloomed, the spent roses should be clipped off, he suggests, to give another flush of flowers for Christmas.

Early in February, Mr. Mulley gives all his plants a "summer trim," thinning them out to ensure a good autumn flowering.

"You can regulate your autumn flowering by doing the summer pruning at the right time.

"Of course, you can't regulate the spring flowering — that's governed strictly by the season."

Part of the secret of Mr. and Mrs. Mulley's huge success with their roses is their joint interest in the hobby.

"My wife spends much more time really in the garden than I do," says Mr. Mulley.

"She does the specialised jobs that take all the time, like scratching over the soil to loosen it up and remove the weeds.

"I do the rough, hard jobs which aren't quite as tedious or repetitive."

Mrs. Mulley finds the garden a relaxing interest. "I spend a few hours a day outside doing small jobs," she said.

"Before show times I would probably spend three or four solid days working among the roses, coaxing them to their peak."

It's a common event for Mr. Mulley to take an early-morning (6 a.m.) stroll among his roses while he's still dressed in his pyjamas and slippers.

"He has to walk past them again on his way to the garage to go to the shop, and often I'll have to call out to hurry him on his way, otherwise he dawdles and loses all sense of time," laughed Mrs. Mulley.

Is the hard work worth it all? The Mulleys and their children agree it is. "First thing in the morning, with the dew on them," said Mr. Mulley, "there's nothing quite so beautiful in the world."

Story by ANNE OLSEN, pictures by RON BERG

MID-GARDEN entertaining area has a barbecue and concrete platform close by a bush-house.

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If you can't read the future, then read this as you sip your morning cuppa-

Not even the cleverest tea-cup "reader" can predict sudden illnesses or accidents to members of your family. Neither can we. But we can show you how to avoid being "caught short" in times of trouble.

Maintain your membership of a registered medical and hospital benefits fund at all times. You never know when you'll need it. One time to particularly watch that you don't allow your membership to lapse is when you change your place of employment. It's up to the individual to arrange for regular contribution payments. This is most important. Your Family Chemist or nearest H.C.F. Branch will show you how.

Children leaving school is another time when family budgets can receive a jolt. If your child is over 16 and is not a full-time student dependant he or she is no longer covered by your family membership.

But if you are a family rate member of the H.C.F. your children get a special advantage at this time. If they join the H.C.F. as a "single" member within two months of leaving school, the H.C.F. transfers to them all the accumulated benefit entitlements (like "No Claim" bonuses on hospital benefits) that have accrued while they were protected by the family membership.

Young people getting married. This is another time when there can be serious loopholes in their cover against unexpected medical and hospital bills. If two young married people join any medical and hospital benefits fund for the first time as a married couple at the family rate they must:—

(a) Undergo a two months' probationary period.

(b) Be members at the family rate of contribution for at least nine months before they can claim on maternity or obstetric services.

Should, however, both the bride and her husband have been H.C.F. members at the single rate prior to their wedding, the H.C.F. counts the two single memberships as a family rate membership.

Over 1,100 medical services covered. H.C.F. members can claim on a most comprehensive range of medical services—such as X-rays, radiotherapy, pathology, injections and vaccinations (even those required for overseas travel).

What is the H.C.F.? It is the Hospitals Contribution Fund of Australia — a non-profit organisation, registered with the Commonwealth Government to pay medical and hospital benefits.

The H.C.F. is run purely in the interest of its members, has progressive, modern ideas on service to its members. Thoughtful services—such as the fastest settlement of all medical and hospital claims (in many cases by cash across the counter) regardless of where you live.

The H.C.F. is always glad to be of help. Just ask at your family chemist or any H.C.F. branch or agent.

HCF

Head Office: 199 Liverpool Street, Sydney. Telephone: 2-0623.
Wynyard Branch: Ground Floor, United Insurance Building, Cnr. George and Hunter Streets, Sydney.

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

FROM Canberra I learned that the bedroom prepared for Princess Alexandra and Mr. Ogilvy had just been redecorated although it wasn't done specially for their visit. The curtains are in a bluey-green Jacobean patterned material with the bedcovers and chairs in a plain blue with flounces of the floral material. The carpet is plain green, the wallpaper cream, and on the walls are traditional English landscapes. From the small balcony there's a magnificent view across the terrace, the lily pond, Canberra, and finally the mountains.

★ ★ ★

RECENTLY married Judith and Bruce Voyle leave on board the Oriana on March 6 for New Zealand, where they will make their home at Tokaroa. Judith and Bruce, who are just back from their honeymoon at Norfolk Island, first met in Alice Springs when Bruce, who was studying Veterinary Science at Sydney University, was there for a conference, and Judith, who was also at Sydney University studying Arts, was in the Northern Territory holidaying. Judith was formerly Judith Higgins, of Greenwich.

★ ★ ★

THERE'LL be a majority of young folk among the guests at the pre-wedding buffet dinner-party which Dr. and Mrs. Ross Hayes are having at their home at Bellevue Hill on March 4 for Bobby Andrews and Diane Butler, who will wed on March 18 at St. John the Evangelist Church at Gordon. A week later Mrs. Hayes' aunt, Mrs. H. C. McIntyre, will entertain at her lovely old sandstone home at North Sydney at a shower tea for Diane.

★ ★ ★

I WAS so intrigued with the 100 animal masks that a committee of women at Orange are making for the children to wear in the one-act Benjamin Britten opera "Noah's Flood," which will be one of the works presented in the Orange Festival of Arts from March 6-19. It made me wish I could be there to see the actual presentation.

★ ★ ★

MET Tonia Barker and Antony Todman, of "Linbri Park," Linbri, via Tamworth, shopping in town for a gorgeous oval sapphire engagement ring, and took the opportunity of wishing them happiness. They are planning to wed this time next year at Shore Chapel.

★ ★ ★

HOW nice it will be to see Libbie Goodsir (formerly Libbie Rudwick) in Sydney again with her husband, Bruce, when they arrive from Spring Hill, Brisbane, in a few weeks' time. Bruce, who topped his fourth year in Architecture at the University of Queensland and won a scholarship, is now doing research for a thesis for his fifth and final year. This will take them to Melbourne as well as Sydney, where they are taking the opportunity to catch up with friends and relatives. Libbie, by the way, is also studying at the University of Queensland, where she is doing an Arts degree.

SO amused to hear of the incident Elizabeth Eisner had to tell when she returned from her five-week overseas holiday. Dining at the Pied de Cochon Restaurant in Paris, she ordered what she thought to be a delicious seafood, and was flabbergasted when a huge plate of snails was set down before her. Elizabeth travelled with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Eisner, her sister Christine, and brother Mark. The three females in the family were entranced with the shoes and jumpers in Italy, and brought home a wide variety with them.

★ ★ ★

DATES for your diary . . . two on March 3. The first is the Pros and Cons Committee's party called "The Lower Deck," at the Fisherman's Lodge, Watson's Bay, to aid the Dental Health Foundation. The second, the Sydney University International House Women's Committee's recital of songs and arias by Lauris Elms.

★ ★ ★

"LUNCHEON at the Loo" is the name the women's committee of the Asthma Foundation has chosen for their luncheon on March 8. Mrs. Malcolm Brown will welcome guests and show them through her newly decorated home at Woolloomooloo which is actually two terrace houses with the wall between knocked out. After lunch a home economist will speak on frozen foods.

★ ★ ★

IT'S always such a pity to have to say goodbye to members of the diplomatic service. This time it's Rowena Vining, First Secretary to the British High Commission (Information), who has been in Australia for five years. She was in Sydney for the first three years and in Canberra for the last two. Rowena will leave Sydney by air on March 2, stopping over in Auckland with her sister, Mrs. Peter Sim, and a friend, Elizabeth Norton, in Washington. She'll be attached for the next few years to the Commonwealth Office in London.

★ ★ ★

NEWS from London tells of the engagement of Jane Napier and Bruce Glover, who are planning a November wedding. The engagement was celebrated at a party at Jane's flat in Bathurst Mews, in the West End of London. Jane (who comes from Castlecrag and has been abroad for eighteen months) and Bruce knew each other before they went overseas, but met again in December after he and two friends returned with their Flying Dutchman after competing in the European yachting season.

★ ★ ★

LOOKING forward to the Sydney Grammar School Black and Gold Ball, which this year is on March 10 at the Trocadero. Decor will be in the school colors of black and gold, and members of the band will wear school boaters. One of the many preball parties will be given by Jim Caplin at his home at Killara. Headmaster, Mr. S. P. P. Houldsworth, will be guest-of-honor.

JUST WED. Dr. John Stephen and his bride, the former Miss Christina Weekes, leaving St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, London, after their marriage. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Weekes, of Vaucluse. The bridegroom, who was recently appointed Surgical Registrar at Plymouth Hospital, is the second son of Dr. and Mrs. G. L. Stephen, of Bayview. A reception was held at the Hurlingham Club, London, before they left for a honeymoon at Lake Windermere.

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ENGAGED. Mr. Bill Poulton and Miss Del Lugsdin, who recently announced their engagement. Miss Lugsdin is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Lugsdin, of "Cobbora Station," Cobbora. Her fiance is the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Poulton, of Mudgee.

SHIPBOARD PARTY. Dr. Bill Metcalf, Mrs. Ross Wilkins, and Mr. and Mrs. Barry Kemp (left to right) at the Panjacks Party held on board the New Endeavour at Circular Quay. The party was organised by members of the Rum Runners to raise funds toward the installation of a kidney transplant machine at Sydney Hospital.

AT LEFT: The United States Ambassador, Mr. Ed Clark, and Mrs. Clark (at left) with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Phillips at the luncheon which the New South Wales branch of the Australian - American Association held at the Trocadero. Mr. Phillips, who is chairman of the council of the Association, welcomed the Premier, Mr. Askin, to the luncheon.

FASHION PARADE. Mrs. Ken Youdale, Mrs. Brian Ettleson, and Miss Wendie Stening (left to right) on the patio at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hudson, of Point Piper, before the start of the hat and boutique clothes parade held by the Black and White Committee to aid the Royal Blind Society.

AT LEFT: Mrs. Ignacy Listwan, president of the Cornucopia Committee (second from right), and Dr. Listwan (at right) with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Dixson at the dinner dance at Fisherman's Lodge which was held to raise funds for the Children's Medical Research Foundation. There were two hundred guests.

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THAT PENDULUM has kept on swinging ● *There's fulfilment at home!* ● Train for a career!

THE DILEMMA OF

● The role of women today has become a matter of wide discussion. Poets and professors of sociology, psychiatrists and writers all have opinions and are eager to express them. So do a number of people who have gained their expertise not by studying women but by being one of them. Women, in general, are wondering about this "role" of theirs.

A sceptical report on the experts who tell women how to be women

—by ELIZABETH JANEWAY

THE Woman Question is not just discussed, it is hotly debated, and has been ever since 1792, when Mary Wollstonecraft fired the first salvo in the literary battle of sexes, "Vindication of the Rights of Women."

Women are absolutely and entirely different from men, says one side of the argument. They are made differently, and the physical difference affects and defines every other aspect of their being.

A quotation from Sigmund Freud is often cited by those on this side of the debate: "Anatomy determines destiny." A woman's fate, that is, is tied up with the fact that her body is made to receive and nourish the male seed until, following the biblical injunction, she brings forth her children in sorrow.

In his book "Childhood and Society," Erik Erikson, Professor of Human Development and Lecturer on Psychiatry at Harvard, tells of testing some 300 normal ten- to twelve-year-old Americans by means of their behaviour during play.

Dr. Erikson saw each child three times, over the course of about two years. They were asked to construct a dramatic scene and were given blocks, toys, puppets, animals, and doll-house furniture to do so.

As time passed, the doctor and his aides discovered that most of the girls built one kind of scene and most of the boys another.

The typical female scene was the interior of a house. A family sat about peacefully.

Boys, on the other hand, typically built scenes outside, where wild animals, policemen, and motor cars might collide or confront one another in front of elaborate walls or towers. All ruins were built by boys.

Dr. Erikson concluded that "experience is anchored in the ground plan of the body."

Dr. Erikson's insight into children is great. In this particular study, however, he does not pause to ask whether the children might not be influenced by their own past experience.

Little girls, for instance, are likely to be given doll-houses to play with. Little boys, on the other hand, are not. No one can deny that they love toy cars and push them around the floor, making machinery noises, from the time they can creep.

Did these children, then, build intrinsically male and female scenes? Or did they, rather, use the toys they were most familiar with? Or is the physical difference between boys and girls accentuated and enlarged by the toys thought to be appropriate for them?

Boys and girls are born different, and as the Frenchman said, *"Vive la difference!"* But they are taught to be different, too.

THERE IS THE NESTING INSTINCT

There are those who believe that men are rational and women intuitive, and that when women attempt to compete with men, they threaten the balance between the sexes and the future of the human race. They are abandoning the role for which nature has fitted them. Their entry into the masculine sphere will lead to confusion, chaos, unhappiness; besides, it isn't normal.

This argument was offered in at least two books on the Woman Question that appeared in 1965.

But its most thorough and emphatic presentation in relatively recent years was made in 1947, when Dr. Marynia Farnham, a practising psychiatrist, and Ferdinand Lundberg, a writer of popular social history, collaborated on "Modern Woman, The Lost Sex."

The gist of the Farnham-Lundberg thesis is that woman's fulfilment, and therefore her happiness, lies in childbearing and child rearing, in nesting and nurturing. Her sexual drive is not directed toward immediate gratification but toward the long-term goal of impregnation. Her role is not to compete with man in activity, but to complement his activity.

Let him deal with the outer world. To her belong the interests with which Dr. Erikson finds most little girls already concerned — the home, the family.

In the modern world, however, Dr. Farnham and Mr. Lundberg continued, it has become increasingly difficult for women to fulfil themselves in the traditional ways. Traditional ways of living were undone by the industrial revolution. Traditional ways of thinking were smashed by the scientific revolution.

In this respect, the authors are right. At one time, the family was an economic unity, whether its head was a peasant holding land from a feudal lord, an independent farmer, or a craftsman whose household included his apprentices.

If his wife did not find fulfilment within her home and its appendages, she had very little time to worry about it.

But now the importance of the home has dwindled. Men's activities take them outside the orbit of the family, whether they go to an office or to a factory.

Beyond the baby years, mothers make over their children to schools for teaching, even of totally unacademic matters like cooking and social behaviour. Guidance counsellors are on hand at most schools to supply the advice young people do not seem to be getting at home.

This "destruction of the home" (as Dr. Farnham and Mr. Lundberg called one of their chapters) is, they believe, "the root cause of modern women's restlessness and discontent." For when they lost their functions in the home, women followed men out into the world.

This, Dr. Farnham and Mr. Lundberg felt, was catastrophic. Men found their authority challenged. Women no longer knew how to enjoy their feminine role, and this hurt their husbands as well as themselves.

"Instead of supporting and encouraging his manliness and wishes for domination and power, she (the wife) may thus impose on him feelings of insufficiency and weakness . . . (or even) seriously damage his sexual capacity."

Ahead, suggested the authors, might lie a world of frigid women and an increasing number of homosexual men.

In 1947, when that book appeared, the war was over, the men were home, and the women were home, too.

Three years before, Rosie the riveter, helping build Liberty ships, had been a heroine. Now, nobody knew what to do with the ships—or with Rosie, either. The Wacs and the Waves had been demobbed.

Men back from occupying Japan occasionally told their wives about the bath girls who scrubbed their backs. And the geishas. Men back from Europe were likely to report all French girls as charming and gay, Italians as gentle, English as sexy, Germans as biddable.

After a decade of depression and five years of war, nesting and nurturing had more than ordinary attractions for women who'd been living alone or in makeshift homes.

When Dr. Farnham and Mr. Lundberg urged women to be more feminine, a lot of their readers were more than ready to listen.

Just as the war ended in 1945, "Fortune" magazine took up the question of working women. Should a woman work, they inquired, if her husband was able to support her? No! was the answer it got from 63 percent of the men it asked and from 59 percent of the women.

No doubt, as Betty Friedan says in her 1963 best-seller, "The Feminine Mystique," women were encouraged to go back home by writers and advertisers. But, as the "Fortune" survey indicates, a lot of them were already on their way in that direction.

With all due respect to Mrs. Friedan, the mere idea of a new vacuum-cleaner was glamorous. In those days we needed no hidden persuaders to make us house-proud over new acquisitions or to set us dreaming of modern stoves and fresh wallpaper.

In those years, too, the trend of the birthrate reversed. When "Modern Woman, the Lost Sex" was written, the birthrate in the United States had been declining for over a century.

Dr. Farnham and Mr. Lundberg, in fact, concluded that modern women had grown so neurotic that they were deliberately refusing to have children.

But almost at once, the fall in births stopped and the rate climbed, as the Baby Boom got under way.

Fifteen years of economic slump and war were over, and couples who had waited to start a family or to add to it were finally able to.

Women were back in the kitchen, nursery, and supermarket, because that apparently was where they wished to be.

During the affluent years of the 'fifties and 'sixties, the debate over the Woman Question went on in more or less traditional fashion, with the Farnham-Lundberg view in the ascendancy.

The year 1953, saw the beginning (as the Korean War ended) of unprecedented prosperity.

The well-known novelist Merle Miller firmly declared himself "an antifeminist" and went on: "I am convinced that if at quitting time tomorrow all of America's married women over 30 who have jobs were to resign, the republic would not only survive, it would be better off."

Other 1953 publications should be noted, not only for what they expressed of women's inchoate feelings and aims but because of the impact they had, and not on women alone. The first is Dr. Grantly Dick-Read's "Childbirth Without Fear."

Simply, Dr. Dick-Read's thesis fitted one side of the argument about woman's proper role: it was to find one's release and joy in bearing children.

On the other side, 1953 also saw the publication of the American edition of Simone de Beauvoir's fervent defence of women's rights and capabilities, "The Second Sex."

THROUGH THE WRONG MIRROR

If women differ from men, Mlle de Beauvoir maintained, it is because they have been seen through men's eyes and have learned to see themselves in such a way. They have lived for millennia in a world dominated by men; they are the eternal "other" being, not primary but secondary, not subject but object.

It was in 1953, too, that the second of the famous Kinsey Reports appeared, "Sexual Behaviour in the Human Female."

Like "The Second Sex," Kinsey on Women is not widely cited today, for its figures tend to come out on what has been the unpopular side of the argument lately. As far as sexual behaviour goes, Kinsey's findings suggest that women are not really very different from men.

But if Simone de Beauvoir could not find followers in the 'fifties, neither could Kinsey. To some, his flat-footed approach to the subtleties of sex was comic. To others, it was shocking to try to reduce emotions to columns of figures.

And beyond this, many men and women placed great value on a belief in a profound difference between the sexes and did not welcome any evidence that questioned the divergence of masculine and feminine roles. They needed such a belief just because society itself was narrowing this difference in the economic sphere year after year.

For year after year, more and more women were entering the labor force — and not because of financial need alone.

In the quarter-century since 1940 the overall figure for working women in the United States has doubled, but in the service industries it has tripled.

Service employees deal primarily with people —

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● *Remember that your children always need you!* ● **Don't put boundary lines on your intellect!**

MODERN WOMAN

they are teachers and beauticians, therapists, and hygienists, caterers, receptionists, and hostesses.

If it is true, as some psychiatrists maintain, that women have special gifts or learned skills that fit them to raise small children with patience and affection, these people-oriented jobs make sense for them and for society.

In America women are finding new choices possible. They need not work if they decide to stay at home and have another baby. But there are new jobs open. Through them women can satisfy hopes and ambitions, and not for themselves alone.

A distinguished working mother, Esther Peterson, Assistant Secretary of Labor, found recently that the mothers of more than 40 percent of students at the University of Massachusetts were working, with average yearly earnings of $2500.

Whether individual women chose to stay at home or enter the labor market, however, the debate over the proper feminine role continued.

"Simplify your lives," Anne Morrow Lindberg suggested wisely in "Gift From the Sea," and many women looked up gratefully from their multifarious tasks and asked themselves whether all this busyness was necessary.

Were they perhaps trying to prove something to themselves; to show, by incessant activity, that they were needed?

Peg Bracken was frank about the difference between what women enjoyed and what they actually spent their lives on. "I Hate To Cook," she called one book, and "I Hate To Housekeep" the next, and they sold like hot cakes.

"Grumble you may, but go you must," my father used to say to me when I was a child, dispatching me on some errand. Psychologically, many women find it easier to go if they are at least allowed to *grumble*, and housework easier to do if they can admit that, at least part of the time, it is still hateful drudgery.

Still, as the 'sixties began, majority opinion declared woman's role to be that of the nurturing mother and loving and giving wife. Occasionally a reader might wonder why, if this was so natural and normal, it was necessary for quite so many people to say it so often.

In "Harper's Magazine" in October, 1962, Professor Bruno Bettelheim, of the University of Chicago, reported a majority analysts' opinion that "woman belongs in the home and should be satisfied to live in a subordinate relation to her dominant husband." (It is not, incidentally, Dr. Bettelheim's view.)

What happened if women ventured out and tried to combine marriage and career was caricatured by Professor Eric Goldman, of Princeton, in an article in 1962. Briefly, they failed — and made fools of themselves, to boot.

Of women professors, this colleague of theirs remarked, "They know that everybody else thinks they are a little peculiar and, as a matter of fact, they feel more than a little peculiar themselves. They hate women who live a life that feels natural to the sex. Out of their bile, they are determined to make other other women as miserable as they are." They achieve this aim by urging their students to "be creative" and "reach fulfilment."

In contrast, Professor Goldman's ideal is the "truck-driver's wife (who) has no problem about her 'role in society' . . . She has no need of a creative career. Her creations are all around her, scratching up the furniture, clouting her eardrums, making her feel the most important person in the world."

MOVEMENT INTO THE WORK FORCE

Unwise though it may be for a woman to argue with Professor Goldman, one must set against this idyll of a happy home the statistics, which went right on recording an influx of women — including mothers — into the work force, until today in the U.S. it includes one third of all married women and more than one fifth of mothers.

In addition, various studies at the University of Michigan indicate that working mothers are on the whole more tender and supportive to their children than those who stay home; while questioning of college women (who had been exposed to those peculiar women professors) found that "they rated their marriages and their lives in general as happier than women of equal economic status but less education."

Yet, in spite of social change and increasing economic independence, as advanced a critic of society as Paul Goodman could write in 1960 that he was devoting his book "Growing Up Absurd" to the problems of young men in learning how to be useful and to make something of themselves.

"A girl does not have to . . . Her career does not have to be self-justifying, for she will have children, which is absolutely self-justifying, like any other natural or creative act."

Girls, in other words, were out of "the rat race." It was the boys who had to look for a role.

> "It seems to me, from my own experience of combining career, marriage, and motherhood in ever-varying proportions, and from the best and most thoughtful of the books on women's destiny I have read, that our role is to have many roles"

Interesting enough, the simplest and most moving counter-statement to these many men of goodwill, sincere in their conviction that women are happy and fulfilled at home with their children, was made by a woman professor who is the daughter of a working-class home.

In the "Harper's Magazine Supplement on Women," October, 1962, she wrote, "The house is often a refuge for women. But escape from escape from life leaves us no life at all."

It was this feeling of unreality, of being cut off from life, that Betty Friedan called "The Problem." With the appearance of "The Feminine Mystique" in 1963, the other side of the question had suddenly found its spokesman.

Mrs. Friedan, herself a wife and mother, graduate of an excellent college and a very able journalist, spoke out boldly to women in language that hit home with many.

"Come out of the kitchen," she said — indeed, preached. "Housewife though you are, you have the right to a life of your own."

The feminine role, she declared, had grown too small to fit women of drive and spirit. Try as they might to satisfy their dreams of a valuable, meaningful life within the bosom of the family, they could not do so.

Mrs. Friedan's picture of the trapped housewife, the educated person who felt her training slipping away into waste, may have been overdrawn.

My own generation, a few years older than Mrs. Friedan's, tended to think so. But we, after all, had already lived through the most confining years, when the demands of young children are greatest, and come out the other side.

Besides, we had borne our children in the 'thirties and 'forties, when the great outside problems of depression and war had overshadowed the merely personal questions of the status of the sexes. Whether we liked it or not, our generation had been deeply involved in the tides of change and the perils that swept the great world.

The young mothers and the lonely housewives in their thirties who read "The Feminine Mystique" in the intervals between making sandwiches and running the vacuum-cleaner felt that Mrs. Friedan had put her finger on a sore spot.

They *were* unsatisfied. They *were* cut off from reality and dependent on their husbands for news from outside. They *had* let their reading slip and their hopes for careers grow dim.

What's more, Mrs. Friedan lifted the guilt for this negligence from their shoulders.

The narrow feminine role they had accepted was one they had been tricked into, they learned. Tacitly, perhaps unconsciously, society itself had sold them on taking the low road.

There are few things people enjoy more than seeing a conspiracy unmasked and learning that they are not really responsible for their troubles.

Besides, there is a great deal in what she says. The happy-wife-and-mother line was certainly sold to girls in the 'fifties as it had not been earlier.

Back in the 'thirties, no professor at my college would have dreamed of suggesting that I might find it difficult to combine marriage and a career. (They did not urge me to "fulfil myself," either. Their position was that if I wanted to write, I had better damn well learn to write as well as I could, for the sake of the work and not for my personal satisfaction.)

With Mrs. Friedan's book, then, the pendulum of discussion about women has swung almost all the way back from the Farnham-Lundberg thesis, which in itself represented a violent swing away from the feminist position of the suffragettes.

But the feminists' formula does not fit all women. *No formula does.*

This is, I fear, the basic fact of life that writers on the Woman Question tend to forget as they listen to their own arguments.

Go back and be normal women! cried the post-feminist writers. Enjoy your femininity! Enjoy your babies, and the warmth of your home, and your husband's regard.

SOME FELT GUILTY, CONFUSED

There were plenty of women in the 1940s who preferred such a life to the adventurous one they'd been urged to tackle; and the unsought independence and loneliness that came with the war heightened this feeling. Back they went to the kitchen.

But the Farnham-Lundberg formula did not fit everyone, either. Worse, it presumed to tell those it didn't fit that they weren't normal.

As the statistics show, a number of women simply said, Okay, I'm not normal —and went out and got jobs, feminine mystique or no.

But others questioned themselves. They felt guilty, resentful and, above all, confused.

This confused group was ready for another pendulum swing. Women who were truly happy at home and wanted nothing more paid no attention to it.

Women who were quite sure their role included a job or even a career had often undertaken them already, and they paid no attention, either. If anything, they found Mrs. Friedan a bit embarrassing or annoying.

It is, then, the women whose emotions and minds and time are not fully engaged who are looking for an answer and a role. It is they who clutch at new ideas and new spokesmen; who find one formula lacking and, because it has failed, are willing to try its opposite.

When there was a true feminine role, this confusion did not exist. It is a product of the social changes that have enveloped all mankind in the past two centuries, and it will not end soon.

What can women hope for, then?

It seems to me, from my own experience of combining career, marriage, and motherhood in ever-varying proportions and from the best and most thoughtful of the books on women's destiny I have read, that our role today is to have many roles.

Dr. David McClelland, a Harvard psychologist, recently contributed a study to a symposium which he called "Wanted: A New Self-Image for Women." I think he puts his finger on an important fact when he describes "traditional feminine strengths" as "working with people, taking account of context, doing many things at once, all part-time."

He notes also women's skill at "managing the interpersonal and emotional relationships which hold society together"; which might be translated into colloquial language as: the ability to listen to three people at once and eventually do something about them all.

The surprising thing about outstanding women, he remarks, in commenting on the middle-aged scholars who have gone back to work at the Radcliffe Institute of Independent Study, is "how many things they do well."

Even this is not inclusive enough, for it leaves out the dedicated woman who has found a special job so big that it comes ahead of everything.

But in his emphasis on flexibility and on women's capacity to play different roles at different times and therefore to continue learning, Dr. McClelland's judgment is in opposition to the absolutes that have too often been held up as the answer to the Woman Question.

Of course, not everyone is "outstanding." But if successful women are notable for their ability to shift gears, to listen, to take changing circumstances into account, the knowledge may help all of us avoid the bruises and mistakes and injustices that occur when we try to measure everyone by the same yardstick.

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from the 'good taste' people **Master Foods**

'Too good to miss.' That's what folks say about Master Foods Corn Relish. Gives a savoury lift to just about anything you want to serve. In fact, it's so downright pickle scrumptious you'll want to eat it straight from the jar.

Ideas for your recipe file

CORN RELISH RAREBIT

Spread one dessertspoon of Corn Relish on square slices of buttered, toasted bread. Place a square of sliced processed Cheddar on top. Sprinkle with Paprika or Ground Chillies. Toast until golden brown.

CORN PATTIES

Mix equal quantities of Corn Relish and finely diced devon, fritz or frankfurts. Fill in pastry cases or Savoury Fill biscuits. Bake in oven until hot.

CREAM CORN DIP

Mix thoroughly 4 dessertspoons Corn Relish, 4 dessertspoons thickened cream, 2 dessertspoons cottage or cream cheese. Chill before serving.

COTTAGE CHEESE LUNCH SNACK

Mix equal quantities of Corn Relish and Cottage Cheese. Add salt to taste. Spread thickly on round of bread, rusk or slice of pineapple.

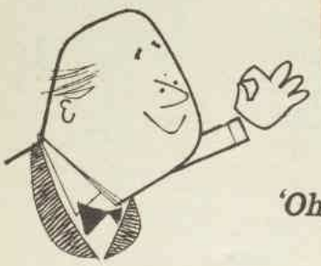
CORNY EGGS

Hard boil eggs, cool, peel, slice into two and remove the yolks. Mix the yolks with butter and blend with equal quantity of Corn Relish and a little chopped parsley. Fill the mixture into the egg white halves, and chill before serving.

CORN RELISH OMELETTE

Beat two eggs lightly, season with pepper and salt and pour into omelette pan which has been pre-heated with a teaspoon of butter. When omelette is 2/3rds cooked, spread one dessertspoonful of Corn Relish in a line across the egg. Roll the omelette and continue cooking until golden brown.

Eat it straight from the jar? You may give up eating it any other way! Because when you take firm round kernels of golden corn . . . scrunchy segments of fresh celery . . . and the mildest morsels of sweet red pepper, then blend them through a tangy 'mustard pickle' mixture — you get the most food-embellishing relish of them all! Master Foods Corn Relish. Try it on sausages, steaks and see what a difference it makes. (Incidently — Master Foods also make a delicious Onion Relish too, full of onion flavour with only a hint of onion 'bite'.) Try a Master Foods relish this week. Try two!



'Oh! those Master Foods people! They really live up to their name'

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Television

• Typical scene, right, any day of the week at any lottery office.

PROJECT '67 LOOKS AT

AUSTRALIA'S GAMBLING FEVER

By MAUREEN HEYMAN

• Did you know that Australians, dollar for dollar, head by head, are the heaviest gamblers in the world? That they spend more on gambling than on clothing, furniture, education, health, and even liquor?

WHEN Stefan Sargent, a young Sydney TV producer, began work on a documentary for Channel 9 on the gambling cult sweeping New South Wales (the number one gambling State), he was staggered at what the official figures revealed.

He learned that Australians, on a population basis, gambled twice as much as Americans, five times as much as the English, and that the estimated gambling turnover for the year in Australia was three times higher than the defence budget.

He also discovered a cynical fact:

If the people of New South Wales suddenly stopped gambling, the economy of many would be thrown into chaos.

"For whether we gamble ourselves or not," said Stefan, "many are dependent on the premise that people *will* gamble—and that they will lose."

Armed with the statistical evidence, Sargent and his camera toured Sydney to find what avenues of gambling were available to the public, what *made* people gamble, and how it affected their way of life.

The result is a not-to-be-missed documentary called "Something for Nothing," to be shown on TCN9's Project '67 program on Sunday, March 19, at 9.30 p.m. Brian Henderson is the narrator.

Sargent, who wrote, filmed, and produced the documentary, has made no attempt to moralise. "I never intended it to be a sermon," he said. "It's purely an entertaining look at the antics we get up to in the pursuit of something for nothing."

Sydney, he found, is fully equipped to supply the wants of gamblers, either legally or illegally.

Readily available for everyone are the "give away" contests, lotteries, TAB shops, housie-housie facilities, and poker machines. And for anyone who takes the trouble to look there are well-organised two-up games, baccarat, and roulette.

One of the highlights is an authentic two-up game secretly filmed behind closed doors.

"I found these gamblers so keen, so intent on tossing the pennies, that they took little notice of either me or the camera. All they wanted was to get on with the game," said Sargent.

The "something for nothing" cult reaches a popularity peak in lotteries. Since lotteries were legalised in N.S.W. in 1931, they have flourished to the extent where they now show an annual gross profit in the vicinity of 17 million dollars.

Next Sargent and his camera went to a church housie-housie game, where 40,000 cards are sold in a single night. He found that the average housie player (most are women in the over-40 age group) spends between $2 and $3 a night.

In the documentary some give their reasons:

"I come here three nights a week to get away from telly," said one. "I work during the day at a funeral parlor and I play housie six nights a week to take my mind off it," said another.

Getting out of their stay-at-home ruts, taking their minds off their troubles, having something exciting to look forward to were the main reasons most people gave for gambling, whether it was housie, horses, or poker machines.

Perhaps the ultimate in the quest for "something for nothing" is seen in the 1400 clubs in Sydney, financed largely by poker machines.

Entertainment

For a nominal annual subscription, members get the best and cheapest entertainment in the world. Stefan Sargent shows honky-tonky pianist Winifred Atwell at the St. George Leagues Club.

Not only did the club fly Miss Atwell to Sydney from America to do a season, but her drummer, guitarist, double-bass player, and her honky-tonk piano came, too.

The film takes a look at the hundreds of men and women in many of the Sydney clubs feeding coins into the machines, mechanically pulling the lever.

Throughout the one-hour program, many aspects for and against gambling are discussed by George Wintle, a former manager of the South Sydney Junior Leagues Club, the Rev. Alan Walker, and the gamblers themselves, including members of "Gamblers' Anonymous," and "Gamblers' Liberty." The members are compulsive gamblers.

Said one man: "I lost my self-respect and I lost the respect of my wife and children. I gambled every penny we had. There wasn't enough money to pay the rent, my wife didn't have enough to buy food for the kids."

Stefan Sargent learned that compulsive gambling was a problem in more homes than the average person dreamed of.

"Strangely enough, though, when I was filming the story, the thing that made the most lasting impression on me was the deadpan expression on the faces of gamblers," he said.

I strongly recommend that "Something for Nothing" be put at the top of your viewing list, whether you are for gambling, against it, or have no opinion on the subject.

It is a provocative thought that lotteries, for instance, help hospitals, build roads, and build, however slowly and controversially, the Opera House; that poker machines employ many thousands of men and women either to staff clubs or as entertainers; that housie-housie finances many churches.

Stefan Sargent's documentary presents the facts, good and bad. The viewer is left to adjudicate.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said to a neighbor who complained that all the romance had gone out of her marriage: "Well, what have you done to keep the romance in your marriage? Do you watch your weight? Do you kiss him at the door when he comes home from work? Do you put on a pretty dress or are you still wearing that old housecoat you had on when he left? Maybe that's why the romance has gone out of your marriage." And don't forget this:

MOMMA'S MORAL: Most husbands never stop being romantic. But, boy! Do they catch it when their wives find out!

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New Facial Therapy Banishes Lines and Wrinkles

SOON after the age of adolescence the complexion begins to lose its dew-like perfection. Harsh weather and the passage of time itself soon dry the skin and the development of "dry patches" and wrinkles is evident.

To restore the youthful bloom of your complexion and fill out parched skin cells, a regular beauty supplement with vital fluids will aid and balance the natural oils. Iso-Cazell revitalises wrinkled, dry or tired complexions.

Shrunken cells are quickly nourished and fill out to their normal size, smoothing out wrinkles and rejuvenating the entire face.

Shortly after regular use of the Iso-Cazell skin therapy, your skin will become smoother and clearer as it takes on a new youthful bloom. This beauty aid is available through chemists.

'What a pity she bites her nails'

Bitten nails are ugly nails. And nail biting is an ugly habit. How can those short and scruffy nails become long, strong and beautiful nails? A wonderful new nail-biting deterrent is here to help your willpower and your **won't power.** It's Stop 'n Grow. Tests have shown remarkable results. After using Stop 'n Grow, nail-biters have grown long nails with firm cuticles and clear half moons. Nail biting has been cured within 3 weeks. Stop 'n Grow is invisible. You can wear it over nail polish. It's called Stop 'n Grow, because as you **stop** the habit you **grow** new nails. Ask your chemist.

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Television

LUCILLE BALL is so identified as the all-American lovable madcap that when she went to London to make a special for TV she caused a traffic jam whenever she emerged from her hotel.

It seemed to be the last place Londoners expected to find Lucy, who is as beloved a television personality there as she is in America, Australia, or anywhere else in the world.

When she walked along the streets, traffic slowed down, horns hooted, and pedestrians gathered around.

Lucy was as wide-eyed at what she saw as any tourist in Britain. She was fascinated when she stood on the corner of one of London's busiest streets and watched the mod girls go by.

Now it will be viewers' turn to be surprised when they see Lucy's hour-long musical special, titled "Lucy in London." For Lucy herself has gone mod. Her own notably elegant legs are displayed in the most way-out clothes she has ever worn.

"Lucy in London" is about an American girl who gets to the British capital as the winner of a limerick contest.

It gives Lucy a unique opportunity to air her many talents. She dances, sings, jokes, wears fantastic clothes (in one scene she is dressed like Anne Boleyn to take part in a Shakespearian play), and clowns her way through the show.

It promises to be an hour of first-class entertainment, filmed against authentic backgrounds in and around London.

● **"Lucy in London" may be seen on TCN9 Sydney, GTV9 Melbourne, NWS9 Adelaide, QTQ9 Brisbane on Thursday, March 2, all at 7.30 p.m.**

LUCY, THE TOURIST. Lucille Ball, in typical Lucy fashion, is taken for a tour of London by a swinging tour guide, Anthony Newley, who is the guest star in the special "Lucy in London."

LUCY in London in yellow polo-necked sweater, swinging white skirt, mod stockings, and bowler hat. In this scene she does her best to get into the act among the go-go set.

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LUCY GOES MOD IN LONDON

LUCY GOES MOD. She poses, above, in three wild wigs and wilder clothes. Above left: A restrained Lucy in a granny-print dress, pink hat, and matching snood, and a swinging blonde mane. Centre: Lucy, the madcap, in a zany outfit of black-and-white stripes and the miniest of black patent skirts. At right: Yes, it's Lucy with a difference. Her own blonde hair is tucked beneath that jet-black wig, and she poses in mod gear—checked pants and white sweater.

LUCY in the role of the American girl who wins a contest, comes to London, and fulfils her dreams to go punting on the River Thames. But she finds punting in an inflatable liferaft is not as dignified or as romantic as she imagined.

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babies are growing faster . . . Bond's are keeping up with them

Bond's design a range of rugged little styles sized just right to fit growing babies. Baby Bondwear gives babies all-day comfort and freedom. It's designed for easy dressing and undressing—makes changing times faster for mother. Bondwear washes and dries quickly. It's priced to please value-minded Mums. Doting Grandmums too.

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, TOP TO BOTTOM:

Style 15234: Cosy toddlers' sleeper with feet. Zip opens down leg for easy undressing. Non skid soles. White, blue, lemon, pink. Sizes AS0-AS2. $3.25

Style 15303: Snuggly little nightgown with prettily smocked yoke. Complete back opening for fast handling. White only. Size AS1. $1.79

Style 15215: 2-piece pyjama with feet. Shoulder opening, adjustable trouser loops. Non skid soles. Note pretty print. White, blue, lemon, pink. Sizes AS0-AS2. $3.99

Style 15611: Pop them into softer-than-a-dream sleeping bag with convenient zip opening. Note animal applique. White, blue, lemon, pink. Size AS1. $3.25

Style 95647: 1-piece stretch coverall with feet. Press stud opening. White, aqua, lemon, pink. AS0-AS1. $3.99

Style 95685: Warm stretch dressing gown in easycare brushed nylon/acrilan. Raglan sleeve. Aqua, lemon, pink, red. Sizes AS1-AS2. $3.99

Style 45683: Plush velour track suit. Raglan sleeve, fur collar, zip opening. Royal, sky, pink, red. AS1-AS3. $6.99

Style 45686: Fleecy lined 2-piece track suit. Front zip opening. Elasticised waist. Ribbed neck, cuff and ankle. Blue, lemon, pink, red. Sizes AS1-AS2. $3.25

Styles 15651 & 15010: Matinee jacket & training pants. Raglan sleeve jacket, smocking at neck, lace trim. White, blue, pink. Pants size AS1-AS2. $1.05. Jacket AS1. $1.39

Style 95920: Stretch parka in easycare brushed nylon/acrilan. Raglan sleeve, contrast trim. Royal, blue, lemon, pink, red with white, all white. Sizes AS0-AS1. $3.25

Style 95001: Warm stretch leggings in mini-care nylon/acrilan. Gaiter style trouser cuffs, stirrup straps. White, royal, blue, lemon, pink, red. Sizes AS0-AS1. $1.99

BOND'S

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1710. — Two-piece suit (left); short jacket has side-front buttoning and collar tab. Bias-cut skirt has pleats at the waistline. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1710 Vogue Paris original by Pierre Cardin, price $1.60 includes postage.

1694.—Semi-fitted turtle-neck dress (right) is tuck-pleated to a low hipline, then has a deep skirt flare. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. 1694 Vogue Paris original by Pierre Cardin, price $1.40 includes postage.

● These four fashions, designed by Pierre Cardin, come straight to you from Paris in pattern form. Patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. Please print name and address in block letters. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

VOGUE PARIS ORIGINALS

by Pierre Cardin

1603. — One-piece dress (right) has inverted V-shaped inset band extending to buttoned back-belt. Skirt is tucked in front. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1603 Vogue Paris original by Pierre Cardin, $1.40 includes postage.

1625. — Slim dress (left) gathers on to shaped front yoke with collarless neckline. Bodice has slightly cut-away armholes. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1625 Vogue Paris original by Pierre Cardin, pattern price $1.60 includes postage.

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HIT KNITS

● The Here-and-Now look this winter — a shimmer of sequins, a dazzle of checks, and stripes, stripes, and more stripes. See the hand-knits in this feature paraded in stores throughout Australia. Page 28 tells when and where.

SHIMMER SKIMMER

Materials: 15 balls Villawool Starlite Crepe; Nos. 7 and 9 Aero crochet hook; approximately 15oz. sequins.

Measurements: To fit 34in. bust; length, 33in.

Tension: 5 d.c. to 1 inch.

Note: Thread sequins on a reel of cotton and work sequins in on d.c. rows only, with 1 sequin to each ch. Carry cotton **only** along the 2nd row.

FRONT

With No. 7 hook, make 128 ch. for side edge.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 1 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 1st d.c., * 1 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., rep. from * to end, 1 ch., turn. (63 spaces.)

Next Row: * 2 h.tr. in 1 ch. space, rep. from * to last d.c., 1 h.tr. in last d.c., 1 ch., turn.

To Shape for Armhole: Make 5 ch., 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. in 1st h.tr. * 1 ch., miss 1 h.tr., 1 d.c. in next h.tr., rep. from * to end, 1 ch., turn.

Next Row: * 2 h.tr. in 1 ch. space, rep. from * to last space, 2 d.c. in space, 1 sl-st. in d.c.

Next Row: Make 5 ch., 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. in sl-st., 1 ch., 1 d.c. in 2nd d.c., * 1 ch., miss 1 h.tr., 1 d.c. in next h.tr., rep. from * to end, 1 ch., turn.

Rep. last 2 rows 3 times.

Next Row: * 2 h.tr. in 1 ch. space, rep. from * to last space, 2 h.tr. in space, 1 h.tr. in d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 1st h.tr., * 1 ch., miss 1 h.tr., 1 d.c. in next h.tr., rep. from * to end, 1 ch., turn.

Rep. last 2 rows 27 times, ending at lower edge.

To Shape for Armhole — Next Row: Work to last 3 spaces, 2 d.c. in space, 1 sl-st. in next d.c., turn.

Next Row: 2 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., work to end. Rep. last 2 rows 3 times.

Next Row: Work to last 2 spaces, 1 h.tr. in next d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Work 1 row, ending at lower edge, 1 ch., turn.

Next Row: 2 d.c. in each space to end and fasten off.

NECK EDGE

With right side facing, No. 9 hook, and yarn only, work 32 d.c. evenly along edge, thus drawing neck edge in. Take up cotton and sequins and work another row of d.c. with 1 sequin to each d.c. Fasten off.

BACK

Work as front.

TO MAKE UP

Neatly join sides with flat seam.

ARMHOLE EDGE AND SHOULDER TIES

* With right side facing, No. 9 hook and yarn only, make 41 ch. (for tie).

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end. (40 d.c.) Work d.c. round armhole edge, make 41 ch. (for tie). 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch., and fasten off. *

Work from * to * for other armhole and shoulder ties.

SHIMMER SKIMMER (above). A crocheted shell encrusted with mother-of-pearl sequins. Directions are at left.

PARTYGOER (left). Zig-zag vertical stripes in glitter-threaded yarn, with cut-in shoulders. See page 28.

TWO FOR TOWN (right). A trimly tailored shift and matching blazer jacket with V-neck. See page 28.

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HIT KNITS

SIDE - FASTENING DRESS (left) knitted in narrow stripes has contrast edging and tie. Directions for 34-38in. sizes with long or short sleeves begin below.

SNOW SWEATER (right) is banded in blue-and-green Fair Isle. Note neat raglan sleeves. Directions for 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30in. chest sizes are complete below.

DRESS WITH TIE

Materials: 12 (13, 14) balls dark color (d.c.), 10 (11, 12) balls light color (l.c.) Villawool Avanti; 2 balls extra of each color for long sleeves; 1 pr. each Nos. 8 and 9 needles; 2 No. 8 needles pointed at each end; 6 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length, 38½in. (all sizes); hips, 35 (37, 39) in.; short sleeves, 4½in. (all sizes); long sleeves, 16¾in. (all sizes).

Tension: 6 sts. to 1in.

PATTERN OF STRIPES IN STOCKING-STITCH

(2 rows d.c., 2 rows l.c.) rep. inclusive.

BACK

With No. 8 needles, cast on 114 (120, 126) sts. and work in patt. of stripes until work measures 16in. or 9in. from waistline (adjust at this point), ending on p row.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next row, then every 8th row 7 times. (98, 104, 110 sts.)

Cont. until work measures 25in. (or as adjusted). Tie marker in centre and work further 1in.

Inc. 1 st. each end of next then every 8th row until 110 (116, 122) sts. Cont. until 8in. from marker, ending on p row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row until 92 (96, 100) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 6½in. on straight, ending on p row.

To Shape Neck. — Next Row: Work 33 (34, 35) sts., turn, leave rem. sts. on holder.

Cast off at neck edge on next and every 2nd row 3 sts. twice, 2 sts. twice, then dec. 1 st. on neck edge every 2nd row twice, ending at armhole edge. (21, 22, 23 sts.)

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off from armhole edge at beg. of next and alt. rows 5 (5, 5) sts. 3 times, 6 (7, 8) sts. once.

Ret. to rem. sts., slip first 26 (28, 30) sts. on to holder, join in yarn, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as back until first 2 decreases made, 110 (116, 122) sts. rem. and work measures 19in., approx. 7in. below waistline, ending on p row.

To Make Front Opening: K 41 (44, 47) sts., turn, leave rem. sts. on holder.

LEFT FRONT SIDE

Keeping front edge straight, dec. on side edge 1 st. every 8th row thereafter until 35 (38, 41) sts. Cont. until same length as back to marker; tie in marker. Work 1in., then inc. at side edge 1 st. on next and every 8th row thereafter until 41 (44, 47) sts. Cont. until same length as back to armhole, ending at side edge.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off on armhole edge 3 sts. at beg. of the next and alt. row. Dec. 1 st. on every 2nd row until 32 (34, 36) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures 6in. on straight, ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Cast off on neck edge at beg. of next and every 2nd row 2 (3, 4) sts. once, 3 sts. once, 2 sts. twice, then dec. 1 st. on same edge every 2nd row twice. (21, 22, 23 sts. rem.) Cont. until armhole measures same as back, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 5 (5, 5) sts. 3 times, 6 (7, 8) sts. once.

Mark off 5 button positions on left front edge, 1st 3in. above opening, 5th just below neck edge, 3 others evenly between.

RIGHT FRONT SIDE

Cast on 6 sts. for overlap and k the 69 (72, 75) sts. from holder. (75, 78, 81 sts.) Shape side edge to correspond with left side and make buttonholes opposite markers.

To Make Buttonhole: With right side facing, k 2, cast off 2 sts., k to end. On next row cast on 2 sts. over cast-off 2 sts.

Cont. until same length as left front at neck edge, ending at front edge. (66, 68, 70 sts.)

To Shape Neck: Cast off at beg. of next and every 2nd row 33 (34, 35) sts. once, 3 sts. twice, 2 sts. twice, then dec. 1 st. on same edge every 2nd row twice. (21, 22, 23 sts.) Cont. to same length as 1st armhole, shape shoulder to correspond.

SHORT SLEEVES

With No. 8 needles cast on 66 (66, 68) sts. and work in patt. of stripes.

Inc. 1 st. each end of 21st row, then every 4th row until 78 (78, 80) sts.

Cont. until sleeves measure 6in., or length required, ending on p row. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 3 sts. 4 times, 2 sts. 16 times, 3 sts. 6 times. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

With No. 8 needles cast on 48 (50, 50) sts. and work in patt. of stripes. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 21st row, then every 8th row until 78 (78, 80) sts.

Cont. until 18¼in., ending on p row. Shape top as short sleeves.

BELT

With No. 8 needles pointed at each end and d.c., cast on 8 sts. and k 1 row. * Slip these sts. to other end of needle for working position, bring yarn round back of work and

Continued on page 28

SNOW SWEATER

Materials: 5 (7, 8, 9, 10) balls main color (m.c.), 1 (2, 3, 4, 5) balls 1st contrast (c.c.1), 1 (1, 1, 1, 1) ball 2nd contrast (c.c.2) Villawool Focus; 1 pr. each Nos. 8 and 10 needles.

Measurements: To fit 22 (24, 26, 28, 30) in. chest; length, 14 (16, 17½, 19, 20½) in.; sleeves, 9 (10½, 12, 13½, 15) in.

Tension: 6 sts. to 1in.

BACK

With c.c.1 and No. 10 needles, cast on 72 (76, 80, 88, 96) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2in., inc. 1 st. at end of last row. (73, 77, 81, 89, 97 sts.).

Change to No. 8 needles and st-st. and work thus:

***1st Row:** 1 c.c.1, (3 m.c., 1 c.c.1) rep. to end. **2nd Row:** 1 m.c., (1 c.c.1, 1 m.c.) rep. to end.

3rd Row: 2 m.c., (1 c.c.2, 3 m.c.) rep., ending 2 m.c. **4th Row:** In m.c.

5th Row: 1 c.c.2, (3 m.c., 1 c.c.2) rep. to end. **6th Row:** (1 c.c.1, 1 c.c.2, 1 m.c., 1 c.c.2) rep. to last st., 1 c.c.1.

7th Row: (1 m.c., 1 c.c.1, 1 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1) rep. to last st., 1 m.c.

8th Row: 2 m.c., (1 c.c.1, 3 m.c.) rep. ending with 2 m.c. **9th Row:** In m.c.

10th Row: 1 c.c.2, (3 m.c., 1 c.c.2) rep. to end.*

Cont. in m.c. only until work measures 8 (9½, 10½, 11½, 12½) in., ending on p row.

****To Shape Raglans:** Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. **Next Row:** Purl.

Rep. last two rows once. Cont. thus:

1st Row: K 2 tog., k 2 in m.c., (1 c.c.2, 3 m.c.) rep. ending 1 c.c.2, 2 m.c., k 2 tog. m.c. **2nd Row.** In m.c.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., c.c.1, (3 m.c., 1 c.c.1) rep. ending 3 m.c., k 2 tog. c.c.1.

4th Row: (1 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 1 m.c., 1 c.c.1) rep. to last st., 1 c.c. 2.

5th Row: K 2 tog. c.c.2, (1 c.c.1, 1 c.c.2, 1 m.c., 1 c.c.2) rep. ending with 1 c.c.1, k 2 tog. c.c.2.

6th Row: 1 m.c., (1 c.c.2, 3 m.c.) rep. ending 1 c.c.2, 1 m.c. **7th Row:** With m.c., k 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

8th Row: 2 m.c., (1 c.c.1, 3 m.c.) rep. ending 1 c.c.1, 2 m.c.

9th Row: K 2 tog. c.c.1, (1 m.c., 1 c.c.1) rep. ending with k 2 tog. c.c.1.

10th Row: 3 m.c., (1 c.c.1, 3 m.c.) rep. to end.

11th Row: As 7th. **12th Row:** In m.c.

Rep. 11th and 12th rows twice.

17th Row: K 2 tog. m.c., (1 c.c.1, 3 m.c.) rep. ending 1 c.c.1, k 2 tog. m.c.

18th Row: (1 c.c.1, 1 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 1 m.c.) rep. ending 1 c.c.1, 1 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1.

19th Row: K 2 tog. m.c., (1 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 1 c.c.2, 1 m.c.), rep. ending 1 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 1 c.c.2, k 2 tog. m.c.

20th Row: 2 m.c., (1 c.c.2, 3 m.c.) rep. ending 2 m.c. **21st Row:** As 7th. **22nd Row:** 3 m.c., (1 c.c.1, 3 m.c.) rep. to end.

23rd Row: K 2 tog. m.c., (1 c.c.1, 1 m.c.) rep. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. m.c.

24th Row: 1 c.c.1, (3 m.c., 1 c.c.1) rep. to end.**

Cont. in m.c. only working k 2 tog. each end of every k row until 25 (27, 29, 31, 33) sts. rem. Work 1 row. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as back until 41 (43, 45, 47, 49) sts. rem. in raglan, ending on k row.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: P 16 sts., cast off loosely centre 9 (11, 13, 15, 17) sts., p 16.

Cont. on last 16 sts. and dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and every 2nd row 6 times, at the same time cont. shaping raglan until 2 sts. rem. Work 2 tog. and fasten off.

Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, finish as other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

With c.c.1 and No. 10 needles, cast on 40 (44, 44, 48, 52) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2in. and inc. 1 st. at end of last row.

Change to No. 8 needles and work as back from * to *. Cont. in m.c. only and inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 5th (6th, 7th, 7th, 8th) row until 57 (61, 61, 69, 73) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 9 (10½, 12, 13½, 15) in., ending on p row, then work as back from ** to **.

Cont. in m.c. only and k 2 tog. each end of every knit row until 9 (11, 9, 11, 9) sts. rem. Work 1 row. Cast off on next row.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back st. and matching the patterns, sew up 2 front and right back raglan seams. Press open. Seam sides, sleeves. Press open.

NECKBAND

With right side facing, c.c.1 and No. 10 needles, neatly pick up and k 7 (9, 7, 9, 7) sts. on each sleeve top, 39 (41, 43, 45, 47) sts. on front neck, 29 (31, 33, 35, 37) sts. on back neck. (82, 90, 90, 98, 98 sts.) Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in., then cast off loosely on next row.

Sew up rem. raglan and neckband ends. Fold neckband in half, slip-stitch.

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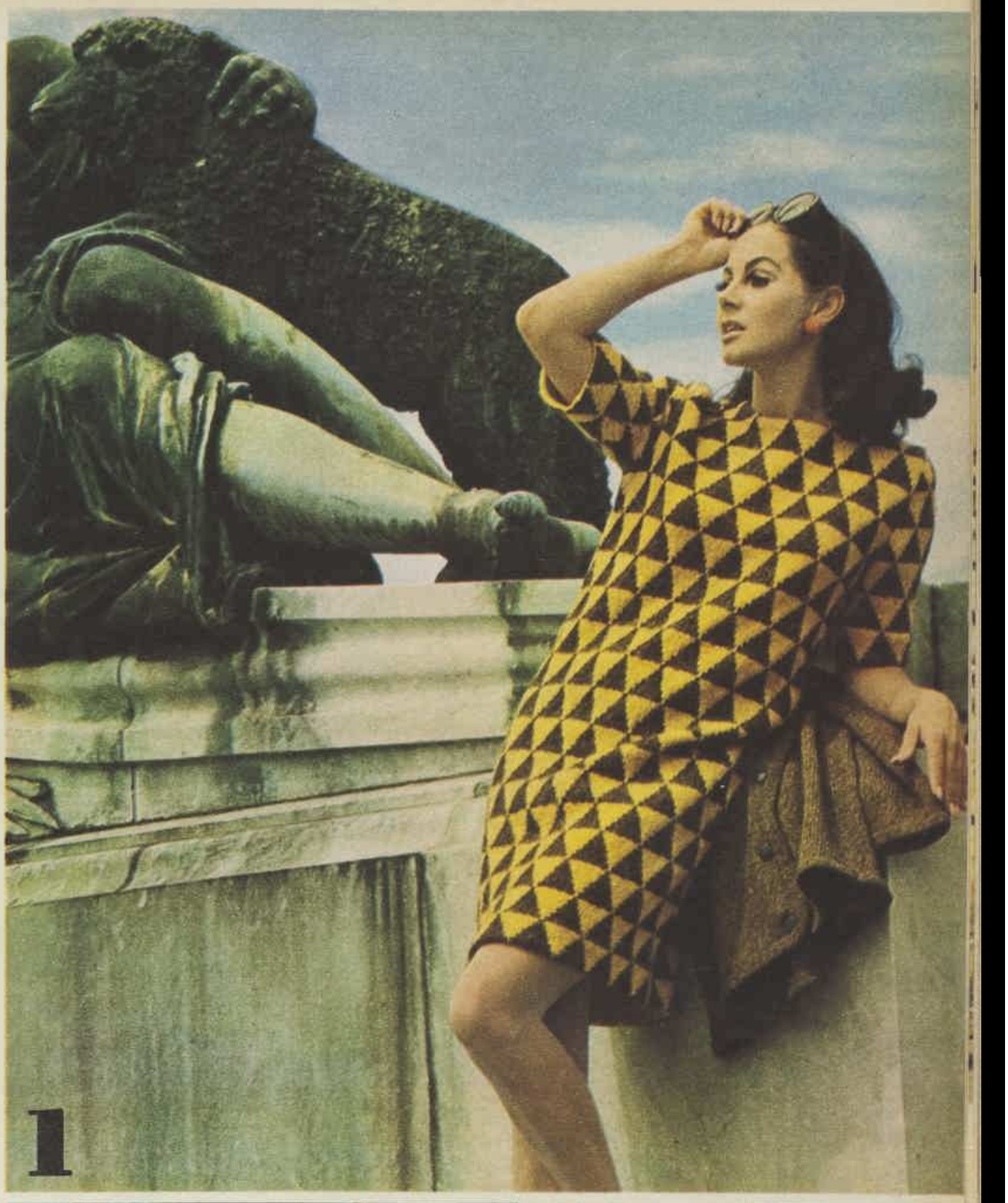
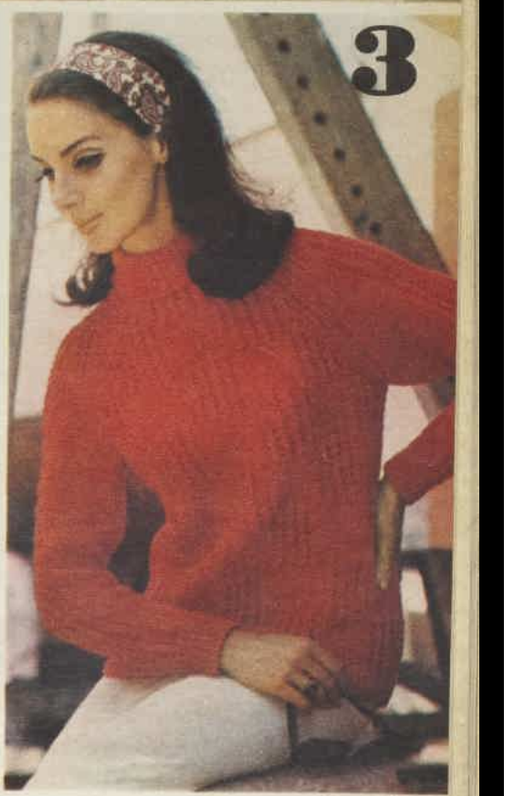


1 *Grey and yellow dress in Avanti Double Knitting yarn. Design 1. Autumn Collection No. 1.*

2 *Fawn jacket in Speediknit. Design 6, Book No. 147.*

3 *Red sweater in Cha Cha. Design 9, Hit Knits No. 1.*



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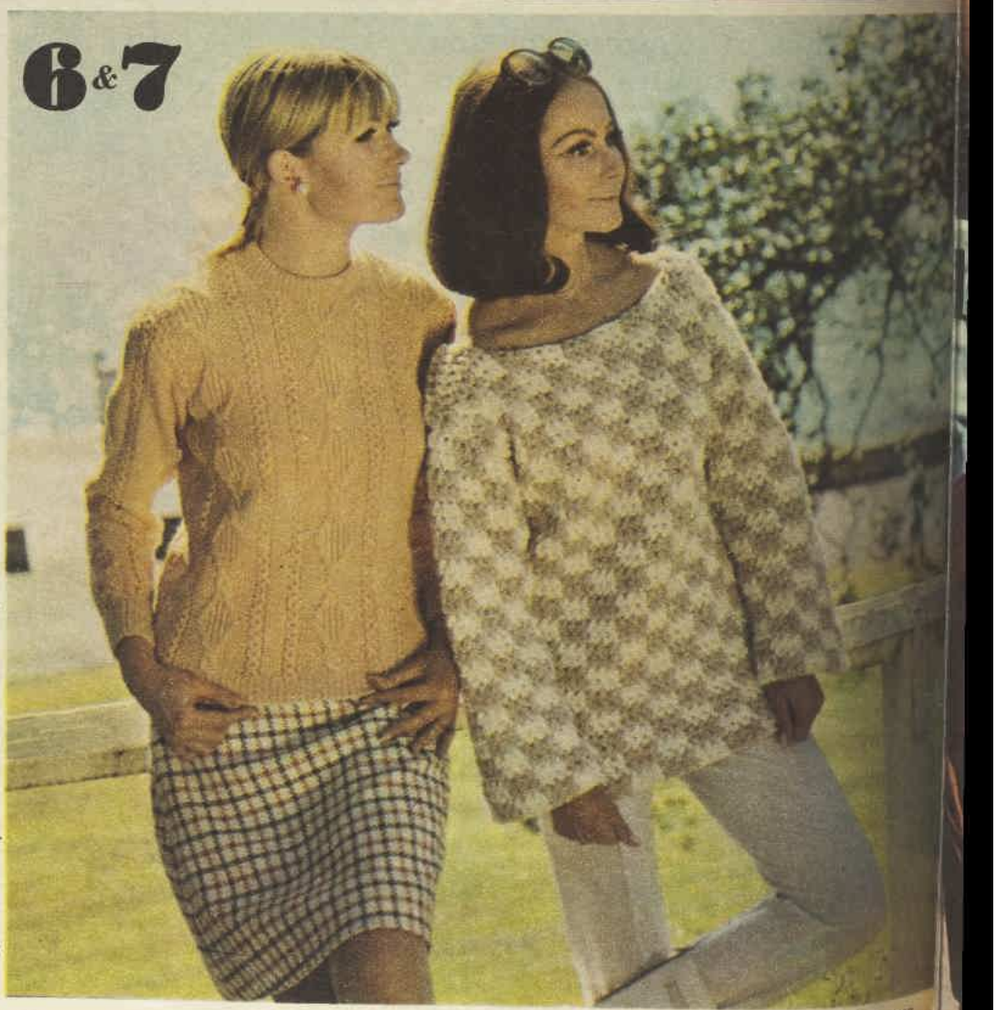

4 *Navy, emerald and white striped dress in Fantasque. Design 11, Autumn Collection No. 1.*

5 *White broadrib fly-front dress in Focus (Courtelle and wool). Design 16, Hand Knits 9th edition.*

6 *Apricot sweater in Avanti Double Knitting yarn. Design 10, Hand Knits 9th edition.*

7 *Beige and white crochet sweater in Speediknit. Design 11, Hand Knits 9th edition.*

8 *Turquoise dress in Quartet. Design 13, Hand Knits 9th edition.*

9 *Striped dress in Avanti Double Knitting yarn. Design 14, Hand Knits 9th edition.*

10 *Red chanel suit in Avanti. Design 5, Hand Knits 9th edition.*

11 *"Scandinavian style" sweater in Speediknit. Design 2, Hit Knits No. 1.*

12 *Coat in Camel yarn. Design 9, Autumn Collection No. 1.*

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MULTI-TONE CHECKS

Materials: 4 (5, 5, 6) balls 1st color (A), 3 (3, 4, 4) balls 2nd color (B), 3 (3, 4, 4) balls 3rd color (C), 3 (3, 4, 4) balls 4th color (D), 3 (3, 4, 4) balls 5th color (E) Villawool Trianon; 1 pr. each Nos. 6 and 7 needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust; length, 22in. (all sizes); sleeves, 14½in.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1in.

BACK

With No. 7 needles and A, cast on 85 (91, 97, 103) sts. and firmly k 5 rows.

Change to No. 6 needles and work thus: * **Next Row:** K 39 (42, 45, 48) B, 7 A, 39 (42, 45, 48) C.

Next Row: P 39 (42, 45, 48) C, k 7 A, p 39 (42, 45, 48) B. Rep. last 2 rows 11 times (24 rows altog.). With A knit 6 rows.

Next Row: K 39 (42, 45, 48) E, 7 A, 39 (42, 45, 48) D.

Next Row: P 39 (42, 45, 48) D, k 7 A, p 39 (42, 45, 48) E. Rep. last 2 rows 11 times (24 rows altog.). With A knit 6 rows.

Next Row: K 39 (42, 45, 48) C, 7 A, 39 (42, 45, 48) B.

Next Row: P 39 (42, 45, 48) B, k 7 A, p 39 (42, 45, 48) C. Rep. last 2 rows 11 times (24 rows altog.). With A knit 6 rows.

Next Row: K 39 (42, 45, 48) D, 7 A, 39 (42, 45, 48) E.

Next Row: P 39 (42, 45, 48) E, k 7 A, p 39 (42, 45, 48) D. Rep. last 2 rows 11 times (24 rows altog.). With A knit 6 rows. *.

Rep. from * to * for color pattern. At the same time when work measures 14½in. from beg., ending on p row, shape raglans.

To Shape Raglans: Keeping patt. in order, cast off 4 (5, 6, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. **Next Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., work to last 3 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o, k 1.

Next Row: Work to end. Rep. last 2 rows until 29 (31, 33, 35) sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as Back until 41 (43, 45, 47) sts. rem. in raglans, ending on right-side row.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: Patt. 14 sts., cast off centre 13 (15, 17, 19) sts., patt. 14 sts. Cont. on last 14 sts. and shape raglan as before, at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every 2nd row 6 times, 2 sts. rem. Work 2 tog. and fasten off.

Ret. to rem. sts., join yarn at neck edge, and finish as other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

With A and No. 7 needles, cast on 47 (49, 51, 53) sts. and k 5 rows.

Change to No. 6 needles and proceed as follows: * With E work 24 rows st-st., k 6 rows A, with C work 24 rows st-st., k 6 rows A, with D work 24 rows st-st., k 6 rows A, with B work 24 rows st-st., k 6 rows A. Rep. from * for color pattern, at the same time after first 5 rows, inc. 1 st. each end of next 7th row, then every 8th row thereafter until 65 (69, 73, 77) sts. Cont. until sleeves measure 14½in., ending on same patt. row as Back. Shape raglans as Back until 9 sts. rem. Cast off on next row.

TO MAKE UP

Using small back-stitch, sew up 2 front and right back raglan seams. Press seams open.

Neckband: With A and No. 7 needles, pick up and k 112 (116, 120, 124) sts. evenly round neck edge. Work k 2, p 2 rib for 3in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

Sew up rem. raglan seam. Press seam open. Neatly flat seam neckband ends tog. Sew side, sleeve seams. Press seams open.

MOHAIR PULLOVER (above left) in multi-tone checks, directions at left for 32-38in. sizes. SHOCK OF STRIPES (top) for a slim-line sweater, directions for 32-38in. sizes at right. SWITCHED-ON skimmer (above right), a sweater that grew, is knitted in glowing-coal colors, directions for 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust sizes are given on page 28.

SHOCK OF STRIPES

Materials: 8 (9, 10) balls main color (A), 1 (2, 2) balls each 4 contrast colors (B, C, D, E) Villawool Slalom Sports and Ski Yarn; 1 pr. No. 4 needles; 1 Aero Crochet Hook No. 8.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length, 23in. (all sizes); sleeves, 17in. (all sizes).

Tension: 4 sts. to 1in.

BACK

With A and No. 4 needles, cast on 73 (77, 81) sts. and work in st-st. Work 14 rows in A and dec. 1 st. each end of last row. Work 14 rows in B and dec. 1 st. each end of last row. Work 14 rows in C and inc. 1 st. each end of last row. (71, 75, 79 sts.)

Next Row: K 33 (35, 37) D, 5 A, 33 (35, 37) D.

Next Row: P 33 (35, 37) D, 5 A, 33 (35, 37) D.

Rep. these 2 rows 6 times and inc. 1 st. each end of 14th row. (73, 77, 81 sts.)

Next Row: K 34 (36, 38) E, 5 A, 34 (36, 38) E.

Next Row: P 34 (36, 38) E, 5 A, 34 (36, 38) E.

Rep. last 2 rows 5 times.

To Shape Armholes: Repeating color patt. of last 2 rows once, then working in A, cast off 3 (4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row 4 times. (59, 61, 63 sts.) Work 9 rows.

Next Row: Inc. 1 st. at beg. and end. (61, 63, 65 sts.)

Cont. until armholes measure 7¾in. on straight, ending on p row.

To Shape Shoulders and Neck — Next Row: Cast off 6 sts., k 16 (17, 17) sts., cast off centre 17 (17, 19) sts., k 22 (23, 23) sts.

Cont. on last set of sts. and cast off for shoulder at beg. of next and alt rows 6 sts. twice, 6 (7, 7) sts. once, at the same time cast off at neck edge on every 2nd row 2 sts. twice.

Ret. to rem. sts., join yarn at neck edge, and finish as other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 5¾in., ending on p row.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: K 24 (25, 25) sts., cast off centre 13 (13, 15) sts., k 24 (25, 25) sts.

Cont. on last sts. to neck edge. Cast off at beg. of next and every 2nd row 2 sts. twice, 1 st. twice, 18 (19, 19) sts. rem. Work 2 rows, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 6 sts. twice, 6 (7, 7) sts. once. Join in yarn at neck edge and finish as other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

With A and No. 4 needles, cast on 32 (32, 34) sts. and work in st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end every 7th (6th, 6th) row until 52 (54, 56) sts. Cont. until sleeves measure 16½in., or length required, ending on p row. Cast off 3 (4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row until 24 sts. rem. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 3 sts. 4 times, 12 sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small bk-st., sew up shoulder seams. Press seams open. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams open. Set sleeves smoothly into armholes. With crochet hook and A, work 2 rows d.c. round all edges; lightly press.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4976739

HIT KNITS . . . concluded

SWITCHED-ON SKIMMER

Color picture page 27

Materials: 9 (10, 11, 12) balls main color (A); 7 (8, 9, 10) balls 1st contrast (B); 10 (11, 12, 13) balls 2nd contrast (C) Villawool Speediknit; 1 pr. each Nos. 7, 8, and 9 needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust; length, 37½ (37½, 37¾, 38) in.; sleeves, 17in. (all sizes).

Tension: 5 sts. to 1in.

PATTERN OF STRIPES IN STOCKING-STITCH

* 2 rows B, 8 rows A, 2 rows B, 8 rows C. * rep. these 20 rows inclusive.

BACK

With B and No. 7 needles, cast on 97 (102, 107, 112) sts. and work in st-st. Work 3 rows.

Change to No. 8 needles. Work 5 rows.

Change to No. 7 needles and patt. of stripes. Cont. until 20in. from beg. of stripes or length required, ending on p row.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next and following 14th rows 3 times (89, 94, 99, 104 sts.).

Cont. until 30in. (or as adjusted) from beg. of stripes, ending on a p row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 (4, 5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 rows, then every 2nd row until 73 (76, 77, 78) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 7¼ (7¼, 7½, 7¾) in. on straight, ending on p row.

To Shape Shoulders and Neck — Next Row: Cast off 4 (5, 5, 5) sts., k 26 sts., cast off centre 13 (14, 15, 16) sts., k 30 (31, 31, 31) sts.

Cont. on last sts. and cast off for shoulder at beg. of next and alt. rows 4 (5, 5, 5) sts. once, 6 sts. 3 times, at the same time cast off at neck edge on every 2nd row 4 sts. twice. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, finish to correspond.

FRONT

Work as back until armholes are 5 (5, 5, 5½) in. on straight, ending on p row.

To Shape Neck.—Next Row: K 28 (29, 29, 29) sts., cast off centre 17 (18, 19, 20) sts., k 28 (29, 29, 29) sts.

Cont. on last set of sts. and shape neck edge by dec. 1 st. every 2nd row 6 times. (22, 23, 23, 23 sts. rem.) Cont. until armhole measures same as back, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 4 (5, 5, 5) sts. once, 6 sts. 3 times. Ret. to rem. sts., join yarn at neck edge, finish other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

With B and No. 9 needles, cast on 48 (50, 52, 54) sts. and work firmly in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. Change to No. 7 needles and patt. of stripes, at the same time inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 68 (70, 72, 74) sts. Cont. until sleeves measure 17in. or length required, ending on p row. Cast off 3 (4, 5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row until 36 sts. rem. P 1 row. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 3 sts. 6 times, 18 sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side. Using small back-st., seam right shoulder. Press open.

COLLAR

With B, No. 8 needles, and right side facing, beg. and ending ½in. in from left shoulder-edge, neatly pick up and k 118 (120, 122, 124) sts. round neck edge. Change to No. 9 needles and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in., ending on wrong side. Change to No. 8 needles and A, k 1 row, rib 7 rows. With B, k 1 row, rib 1 row. With C, k 1 row, rib 7 rows. With B, k 1 row, rib 7 rows. Cast off loosely ribwise on next row.

Sew up shoulder seam. Press seam open. Neatly join collar ends. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams open. Set sleeves smoothly into armholes. Fold up hem and slip-stitch down. Fold collar to right side.

PARTYGOER

Color picture page 21

Materials: 12 (14, 16, 18) balls main color (m.c.), 7 (8, 9, 10) balls contrast color (c.c.) Villawool Fantasque; Nos. 9, 10, and 11 circular needles; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 11 needles.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38, 40) in. bust; 33 (35, 37, 39) in. hips; length 36in. (all sizes). **Tension:** 7 sts. to 1in.

Note: Use separate small balls of yarn for each c.c. stripe. Do not weave.

BODY

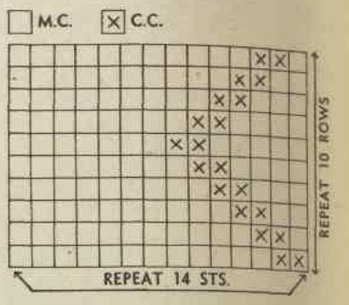
With No. 9 circular needle and c.c., cast on 238 (252, 266, 280) sts., join carefully without twisting cast-on edge; at the same time tie in colored thread and carry up work to mark end of round. Work in knit rounds thus: Work 13 rounds, change to No. 10 circular needle, work 10 rounds, change to No. 9 needle, work 13 rounds.

Tie in marker at end of 18th round, as length is measured from this point. Cont. in knit rounds, working from graph rep. the 14 sts. and the 10 rows. Cont. until work measures 18in. (adjust length at this point) from marker. Change to No. 10 circular needle and cont. until 21in. Change to No. 11 circular needle, cont. until 23in. Change to No. 10 circular needle, cont. until 30in. from marker, ending 7 (8, 9, 10) sts. from end of round.

To divide work for back and front armholes — Next Round: Keeping patt. in order, cast off next 14 (16, 18, 20) sts., patt. until 105 (110, 115, 120) sts. on needle, cast off next 14 (16, 18, 20) sts., patt. over rem. 105 (110, 115, 120) sts.

**With pair of No. 10 needles, beg. with p row, work in st-st. and cont. in patt. on last 105 (110, 115, 120) sts. Shape armhole edges by dec. 1 st. each end of next 2 (3, 4, 5) rows, then every 2nd row 5 times (91, 94, 97, 100 sts.). Cont. until armholes measure 3in., ending on k row.

To shape neck—Next Row: Patt. 33 sts., cast off in patt. 25 (28, 31, 34) patt. 33.



Cont. on last 33 sts. Keeping armhole edge straight, shape neck edge by casting off 2 sts. at beg. of every 2nd row 4 times, then dec. 1 st. every row until 4 sts. rem. Cast off. Ret. to rem. 33 sts., join yarn at neck edge and finish other side to correspond.

Join yarn to rem. sts. work from **.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side.

Facing for armholes: With right side facing, m.c., and No. 11 needles, neatly pick up and knit 86 (88, 90, 92) sts. round armhole. Work in st-st. and dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row, at the same time inc. 1 st. each side of cast-off stitches at underarm every 2nd row until 6 rows worked. Cast off loosely on next row.

Bias Border for Neck: With c.c. and No. 10 needles, cast on 16 sts. **1st Row:** K 2 tog., k 13, inc. 1 in last st. **2nd Row:** Purl.

Rep. these 2 rows until border is long enough to fit front and back necks. Cast off.

Press border on wrong side. Fold armhole facings to inside and slip-stitch. Right sides together, pin borders to front and back necks. Using small back-stitch, seam these edges. Neatly flat sew border-ends, fold border in half, slip-stitch. Lightly press border. Fold hem at marker, slip-stitch.

DRESS WITH TIE . . .

continued from page 22

beg. knitting, draw yarn up firmly for 1st st. to prevent large gap, k to end.*

Rep. from * to *. Cont. until belt measures 52in., and cast off on next row.

POCKET (1)

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 34 sts. and work in patt. of stripes. Cont. until 4½in., ending on p row.

Next Row: K 16, cast off 2 sts., k to end. On next row cast on 2 sts. over cast-off 2 sts., then work further 9 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch, sew up shoulder seams. Press seams open. Fold 9 rows of pocket top in half to wrong side and slip-stitch down.

Border for Fronts and Neck Edges: With right side facing, d.c., and No. 9 needles, neatly pick up and k 6 sts. on cast-on edge of overlap, 132 sts. on front edge to neck, 1 st. on every cast-off st. on neck edge to shoulder, k 26 (28, 30) sts. from holder, pick up on neck edge in same way, then 132 sts. down front edge. K 2 rows, at the same time inc. 1 st. at each of the 3 corners. Cast off knitwise on next row, at the same time inc. at corners.

Border for Pocket: Pick up as for front borders 33 sts. on each side, 35 sts. on lower edge, and work as front edges, inc. 1 st. at each corner.

Lightly press borders. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams open.

Fold up all hems approx. 1½in. and sl-st. Neatly sl-st. lower edge of overlap in position and attach to front. Sew on buttons.

TWO FOR TOWN

Color picture page 21

Materials: Dress: 22, (23, 25, 27) balls. 3 balls more for ¾ sleeves; **Cardigan:** 17, (18, 19, 20) balls Villawool Starlite Crepe; 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 12 needles; crochet hook; 1 buckle; 3 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38, 40) in. bust; length of dress, 37in. (all sizes); ¾ sleeves, 11½in. (all sizes); short sleeves, 1½in. (all sizes); length of cardigan, 22½in. (all sizes); sleeves, 13in. (all sizes).

Tension: 15 sts. to 2in.

DRESS

FRONT

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 141 (149, 157, 165) sts.

1st Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) rep. to end
2nd Row: P 1, (k 1, p 1) rep. to end.
3rd Row: Knit. **4th Row:** Purl.

Rep. 3rd and 4th rows incl. Cont. until work measures 18in., ending on purl row.

Next Row: K 39 (43, 47, 51) sts., p 3 (k 3, p 3) 10 times, k 39 (43, 47, 51) sts.

Next Row: P 39 (43, 47, 51) sts., k 3 (p 3, k 3) 10 times, p 39 (43, 47, 51) sts.

Rep. last 2 rows. Cont. until work measures 30in., ending on wrong-side row.

To Shape Raglans: Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row until 73 (81, 89, 97) sts. rem., ending on right-side row.

To shape neck — Next Row: P 5 (9, 13, 17) sts., rib patt. 25 sts., cast off in rib centre 13 sts., rib 25 sts., p 5 (9, 13, 17).

Cont. on last 30 (34, 38, 42) sts. Cont. to dec. 1 st. on raglan edge every 2nd row 8 times more, at the same time cast off in patt. on neck edge at beg. of every 2nd row 4 sts. twice, 2 (3, 4, 5) sts. 4 times, 2 sts. 3 times, fasten off. Join yarn at neck edge finish other side in reverse.

BACK

Work as front for 18in., then cont. in st-st. to 30in., ending on a p row.

To shape raglans: Dec. 1 st. each end next and every 2nd row until 55 (63, 71, 77) sts., ending p row. Cast off knitwise.

THREE-QUARTER LENGTH SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 82 (84, 86, 88) sts. and work 4 rows k 1, p 1, rib. Cont. in st-st. and inc. 1 st. each end of 17th row, then every 12th row thereafter until 90 (92, 94, 96) sts. Cont. until sleeves measure 11½in. or length required, ending on p row. Shape raglans by dec. 1 st. each end next and every 2nd row until 6 (8, 10, 12) sts., ending p row. Cast off knitwise.

Close-up of jacket detail.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 82 (84, 86, 88) sts. and work 4 rows k 1, p 1, rib. Cont. in st-st. and inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row until 90 (92, 94, 96) sts. Cont. until work measures 1½in., ending p row. Shape raglans as ¾ sleeves.

RIBBED BELT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 15 sts.

1st Row: Sl. 1, (p 1, k 1) rep. to end.
2nd Row: Sl. 1, (k 1, p 1) rep. to end.

Rep. these 2 rows inclusive. Cont. until belt measures 37 (39, 41, 43) in. or length required, ending on 1st row. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back st., sew up 2 front and right back raglan seams. Press seams open.

POLO COLLAR

With No. 11 needles and right side facing, beg. and end ½in. in from raglan edges, neatly pick up and knit 129 (133, 137, 141) sts. on neck edge.

1st Row: K 3, (p 3, k 3) rep. to end.
2nd Row: P 3, (k 3, p 3) rep. to end.

Change to No. 12 needles and rep. 1st and 2nd rows until 28 rows from beg. Change to No. 11 needles and work 1 row, cast off loosely in patt. of rib on next row.

Sew up raglan and Polo Collar. Press seam open. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams open. Work double crochet to cover buckle. Attach buckle to belt.

WHERE TO SEE

● **All the handknits in this feature will be on parade at the stores below.**

NEW SOUTH WALES

David Jones Ltd., Elizabeth Street, March 7-10; Bankstown, March 16-18; Wollongong, Canberra, March 9, 10.
Dryens Store, Broken Hill, March 6-8.
Farmer & Co. Ltd., Sydney, March 7-9; Miranda Fair, March 14-16.
Grace Bros. Pty. Ltd. (Six Stores), Roselands, Chatswood, Bondi, March 2, 3; Parramatta, Top Ryde, Broadway, March 9, 10.
Hand Knits Centre, Canberra, March 9-11.
R. J. & E. M. Holloway Ltd., Lithgow, March 17.

VICTORIA

Ball & Welch Ltd., Melbourne, March 8, 9; Frankston, March 10.
Buckley & Nunn, Melbourne, March 7-9.
Charles Moore & Co. Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, March 9, 10.
Foy & Gibson Ltd., Melbourne, March 8-10.
Hand Knits Centre, Melbourne, March 9-11.
The Myer Emporium Ltd., Melbourne, March 7-10; Ballarat, March 8-10; Myers (Chadstone) Ltd., March 8-10; Myers (Geelong) Ltd., March 8-10; Myers (Northlands) Ltd., March 8-10.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Charles Moore & Co. Pty. Ltd., Adelaide, March 7-9.
Cox Foys, Adelaide, March 7-10.
David Jones (Adelaide) Ltd., March 7-10.
John Martin & Co. Ltd. (Three stores), Adelaide, Elizabeth, Arndale, March 6-11.
Miller Anderson Ltd., Adelaide, March 8-10.
Myer Emporium (S.A.) Ltd., Adelaide, March 7-9.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Charles Moore & Co. (W.A.) Pty. Ltd., Perth, March 7, 8; Floreat Forum, March 9, 10.
David Jones Ltd., Perth, March 13-15.

QUEENSLAND

David Jones Ltd., Brisbane, March 6-10.
Edwards & Lamb, Brisbane, March 8-10.
McDonnell & East Ltd., Brisbane, March 6-8.
Myers (Five stores), McWhirters, Allan & Stark, Chermside, Cooparoo, Toowoomba, March 6-10.

TASMANIA

G. P. Fitzgerald & Co. Ltd., Hobart, March 7-10, Launceston, March 8-10.
Ludbrooks Ltd., Launceston, March 8-9.
McKinlays Pty. Ltd., Launceston, March 7-9.
Myers (Hobart) Ltd., March 7-9.

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The engagement is announced of . . .

● Roy Spratley and . . .

. . . A coalman and a baronet's daughter

■ English coalman and ex-dustman Roy Spratley recently asked a Berkshire baronet for his daughter's hand in marriage.

His mission was a success. And now 27-year-old Roy is unofficially engaged to Virginia, youngest daughter of Sir John Marling, OBE, ex-17th/21st Lancers.

Pausing from loading his coal lorry at a railway siding, Roy said: "What did he say when he knew his daughter was to marry a rough, old coalman? Well, nothing much — it's one of those things, isn't it?"

Fifteen miles away at stables where she works as a riding instructress, Virginia, 20, said: "We are very much in love and are going to marry. Of course, we know there will be difficulties, but nothing in this world can keep us apart. That's the way it is, and my father has accepted it."

Virginia was wearing a white diamond solitaire ring on her engagement finger. Roy, who bought it for her, said, "I nearly collapsed when they told me the price —13 quid ($32.50). Well, I mean, I have to work for my money. I get about £15 ($37.50) a week."

Virginia and Roy met while she was a schoolgirl and he was laboring part-time on her father's farm.

"I nearly ran over her with my tractor the first time I saw her," Roy said. But soon afterwards he came to her rescue when she fell from a horse. Romance didn't blossom, however, until he was in hospital.

Virginia was attending the same hospital as an out-patient, after breaking a leg.

"I used to hobble down the ward to see him," she said.

Once a week Virginia visits Roy's two-bedroomed terrace home where he lives with his father, a retired railway signalman, and his mother.

"It's no mansion, mind you," he said. "Take us as you find us, that's me, and Virginia accepts that."

After they marry, Roy and Virginia plan to go to Canada.

"Roy wants to go back to farming, which is what he knows," said Virginia. "We hope to get enough together to buy a farm of our own."

COMPACT

A newspaper on tiny, remote Tristan da Cunha, in the South Atlantic, costs "three cigarettes or four big potatoes" a copy!

. . . Virginia Marling

A BIG LITTLE JOB

DO you know what a Waaljerrumbuddy kewat *is? Or, perhaps, a* thingairipari?

They are two different types of Aboriginal spears, and their origin is clearly explained in a book no larger than a matchbox.

"Aboriginal Words of Australia," published by A. H. and A. W. Reed, at 60c, is the newest addition to the world-famous Lilliput family of dictionaries, and made its first appearance in bookshops last month.

Though tiny in size, it is crammed with Aboriginal words from all parts of Australia, arranged both in English and Aboriginal alphabetical order.

There are lists of animals and birds, plants and trees, weapons and tools. There are phrases and sentences, and, if you have ever wondered what a witchetty grub or didgeridoo looks like, there are numerous little sketches of the Aboriginal way of life.

And, as if that weren't enough in a book measuring a mere 1½in. wide by 2in. deep, there is The Lord's Prayer in the Aboriginal Darling River language.

Anyone for Aboriginal? This book is on sale at city bookshops throughout Australia.

● Quite a handful!

DESIGNED BRIDE'S DRESS

★ The bride's wedding dress is traditionally a well-kept secret — especially from the bridegroom.

But when Allan Lees recently married Merle Byrne, Allan knew—right down to the last hem-stitch — what his bride would wear when she walked down the aisle at St. David's Church, Arncliffe, N.S.W.

Allan, until recently a designer with the Elizabethan Theatre Trust Opera Company, designed Merle's dress and those of her bridesmaids, Anne Lees (Allan's sister) and Lee Harding.

Saving

A seamstress with the same opera company, Merle made her own dress. It took her spare time over three months. Her mother, Mrs. N. C. Byrne, of Bexley, N.S.W., estimates that if the dress was bought it would cost at least $600, because of the handwork involved.

The full-length Empire-line gown was made of white peau-de-soie, with guipure lace appliqued on the base of the train, the front panel and the sleeves. The lace was beaded with tiny pearls.

With her gown, Merle wore an elbow-length tulle veil flowing from a lace coronet.

After a honeymoon in Melbourne, Allan and Merle will leave Australia for Wellington, New Zealand, where they plan to make their home.

● Allan and Merle Lees

TWO FOR TOWN . . . concluded

CARDIGAN BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 136 (144, 152, 160) sts. and work in st-st. for 11 rows, ending on k row.

Change to No. 11 needles and k 2 rows (1st forms fold of hem row). Cont. in st-st. Cont. until work measures 15in. from fold of hem row, ending on p row.

To shape raglans: Dec. 1 st. each end of next, then every 2nd row until 48 (56, 64, 70) sts. rem. Cast off on next row.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 66 (70, 74, 78) sts. **1st Row:** Knit to last st. and inc. 1 in last st. (front edge).

2nd Row: Inc. 1 st., p to end.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until 11 rows worked altog., ending on 1st row. (77, 81, 85, 89 sts.). Change to No. 11 needles.

Next Row: Inc. 1 st. and k to end for fold of hem row. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Knit to last st. and inc. 1 st. for facing.

2nd Row. Inc. 1 st. p to end.

3rd Row: Knit to last 2 sts., sl. 1 purlwise, inc. 1 st. in last st. Cont. to incr. at front edge every row until 10 sts. for facing after sl. 1 purlwise st. (88, 92, 96, 100 sts.).

Next Row: Knit to last 11 sts., sl. 1 purlwise, k 10.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows. Cont. until work measures 9in. from fold of hem row, ending on purl row.

To shape front — Next Row: Knit to last 23 sts., k 2 tog., k 10, sl. 1 purlwise, k 10. Work 5 rows. Rep. last 6 rows, at the same time when side measures same as back, ending at front edge. Cont. thus:

To shape raglan and front: On raglan edge, dec. 1 st. at beg. of next, then every 2nd row, at same time cont. to shape front as before on every 4th row until 22 (26, 30, 33) shapings altog. Cont. shaping raglan until 21 sts. rem. and leave these 21 sts. for border on holder.

Place 3 button markers on left front, 1st 1in. from lower edge, 3rd ¼in. below beg. of front shaping, and 2nd one evenly between.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front in reverse with 3 double buttonholes opposite markers.

To make a double buttonhole: With right side of work facing, k 3, cast off 4 sts., k 3, sl. 1 purlwise, k 3, cast off 4 sts., k 3. **Next Row:** Cast on 4 over cast off 4 sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 60 (62, 64, 66) sts. and work 11 rows in st-st. Change to No. 11 needles and k 2 rows. (1st k row forms fold of hem row). Cont. in st-st. and inc. 1 st. each end of 11th, then every 6th row thereafter until 96 (98, 100, 104) sts. Cont. until sleeves measure 13in. from fold of hem row or length required, ending on p row. Shape raglans as back until 8 (10, 12, 14) sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch, sew up raglan seams. Press seams open. Transfer border 21 sts. from holder to No. 11 needles and cont. on these 21 sts. until border fits to centre back neck. Cast off. Work other side the same, neatly join border ends. Press border and neatly attach to back neck. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams open. Fold facing and hems to inside and slip-stitch down. Neatly join mitred corners. Sew round double buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

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NEW! COMPACT* TOASTER
COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC
DOES AWAY WITH GUESSWORK
FOREVER!

Now you can say goodbye to burnt toast. The new G-E. Compact Toaster pops up your morning toast just as crisp as you like it. Simply dial the shade you want on the easy-to-read, easy-to-set, up-front colour control — the *automatic temperature-sensing* device does the rest. Extra wide slots take all types of bread and the heat-resistant carrying handles and feet remain cool. Easy to clean, too; hinged crumb tray, and beautiful chrome-plated body wipes gleaming clean with just a touch. **Gift priced at $27.95 (£13.19.6) — less when you trade in**

So compact that it saves 50% bench space.

GENERAL ELECTRIC*

*TRADE MARK OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, U.S.A. — WORLD'S LARGEST ELECTRICAL ENTERPRISE
MANUFACTURING PLANT: AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC (APPLIANCES) PTY. LTD., NOTTING HILL, VICTORIA

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Mother-in-law troubles and tips

PERHAPS "Ma" (who cannot get on friendly terms with her daughter-in-law) forgets to give credit where credit is due. I am not afraid to admit that my two daughters-in-law, my "girls," are better housekeepers, dressmakers, and cooks than I am, and I tell them so. Result — I have two happy sons, and Grandma is always welcome.

$2 to Mrs. S. Hingston, Nambour, Qld.

★ ★ ★

THE young wife doesn't want to be close friends with her in-laws. She just wants to be left alone with her husband and children. It's up to the mother-in-law to show the moral courage to take up some big interest or hobby and so become emotionally independent of the young couple.

$2 to Mrs. M. Simmons, Dee Why, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

DON'T try to make yourself over for your daughter-in-law. This only leads to confusion. She must love your son, so for his sake she will want to get on well with his mother. But how can she ever get to know you if you keep changing your personality and habits? Just be patient, and, above all, don't interfere. It might help if you met the girl's mother.

$2 to Mrs. R. Webb, Ivanhoe, Vic.

★ ★ ★

AFTER studying several mother-in-law and daughter-in-law relationships, I firmly believe that if d.-in-l's own mother is living, m.-in-l. will always come a very poor second. If the mother dies, then the girl will turn to her mother-in-law for mother love.

$2 to "Sincere" (name supplied), West Bundaberg, Qld.

★ ★ ★

IT is possible you are being too conscious of being the non-interfering mother-in-law. This can give the impression of not being interested enough. Young wives sometimes welcome a word of tactful and friendly advice from someone who has known their husband's moods, likes, and dislikes a lot longer than they. Try to forget the proverbial mother-in-law title, and offer your help more as a friend.

$2 to V. B. O'Donnell, Ferryden Park, S.A.

★ ★ ★

MANY young people feel ill-at-ease with their mother-in-law, through no particular fault on either side. You'll probably find things much improved when the grandchildren come along.

$2 to Mrs. J. Clancy, Randwick, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

MY advice is to sit down over a cup of tea and say honestly that when your daughter-in-law married, you had hoped she would have become very close to you, but that something seems to be bothering her, and what is it? Out in the open, it can be rectified. My own m.-in-l., the best ever, treats me as her own daughter.

$2 to Mrs. Robyn Holmes, Coma Vale, N.S.W.

LETTER BOX

• We pay $2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

New life from old films

PEOPLE of my vintage are able to recapture their youth with the old films shown on TV. What bliss to sit there doing an elderly swoon over Ronald Colman wearing a bulky suit and a hat like a sombrero, but still with the face that used to set our hearts jumping. The films were young when I was young, and though we've each gone our own way, the films getting better, while I merely get older, I'm grateful for the happy memories they evoke. Sometimes I fancy I can smell the scent, if that's the word, of the cigarettes I used to smoke, very small, gold-tipped, and tasting like compost. Ah, youth. How wonderful it is, especially when you're a good safe distance from all its problems and complexities.

$2 to Mrs. J. Bowkett, Launceston, Tas.

Boy housekeepers' boyish ways

HAVING had three sons in succession has made me a firm believer in boys being able to perform rudimentary household chores. They can cook a simple meal, sew on a button, and make a bed. Even so, the male character still emerges. In stripping a button from an old workshirt the other day, I discovered that it had been sewn on with string.

$2 to Mrs. Vera Buckley, Burpengary, Qld.

"Spook" cricket broadcast

I SUPPOSE you could call it a Spook Party. When we tried to play back a tape-recording of songs brought by guests, the tape was bare. Instead the tape-recorder gave us a short-wave broadcast of the cricket from South Africa. We all thought our guests were somehow having a joke, but when we turned the tape off, the machine still continued to broadcast the cricket. All I can say is I'm glad I don't understand electronics.

$2 to Mrs. June Sinai, Berala, N.S.W.

Plea to cure roaring snorer

HAS any reader an effective cure for this snorer, my husband? He can snore equally well on his back, his right or left side, or even lying on his stomach. When he goes to sleep watching TV, we have to turn the volume up. When he goes to sleep on the floor in front of the fire, his snores nearly loosen the floorboards. He has an amazing range of tones, from a high, squeaky sound, right down to a low, rasping sound, with whistles thrown in for good measure. Perhaps if I put him on record he might make the top ten.

$2 to "Snorer's Wife" (name supplied), Scottsdale, Tas.

It's the thought that counts

• In America a circus owner left a frozen baby elephant in storage for five years. Last month Mr. Dewayne Williams, a biologist and amateur taxidermist, bought it for his wife as a Valentine's Day gift. Mrs. Williams said she was pleased.

"Just what I've always wanted," did she say?
"An elephant — how nice — and frozen, too!"
No novice, she, at hiding her dismay,
Something that countless wives have learned to do.

"They said they'd change it," he'd assure her, "So
I kept the docket, just in case you might."
And stoutly she'd reiterate, "Oh, no,
Certainly not! It's not as if it's white."

— Dorothy Drain

A blue-light squid

YOUR recent article on fluorescent coral was of particular interest to our family. We were holidaying on Magnetic Island and found that the squid we had brought back for bait became luminous at night. We left it in a plastic bucket with water for one day, and by that night the bucket, water, and anything that had come in contact with the squid glowed with a bright blue light. Even when emptied, the bucket still glowed for several nights.

$2 to M. Anning, Wilston, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

WHO IS WHO?

I WENT to a lunch at a hotel last week. It was given by some people who make soup.

As I walked in a young lady asked my name. Then she picked up a large placard with my name printed on it, and pinned it on my coat.

This delighted me. Not because I wanted to advertise myself, but because I knew that all the other people would have their names on THEIR coats.

At that lunch there were several men whose faces I knew but whose names I had forgotten.

Without the labels I would have said: "How are you—um—" or "Nice to see you—uh—"

They wouldn't have known who I was, either.

There might have been one of those nasty moments when you have to introduce two people whose names you don't know.

I would probably have taken the coward's way out, muttering: "Excuse me—er—" and making a dash for the retiring-room.

As it was, I went up to these chaps boldly. With one swift glance at their placards I said: "Hello, Les!

Long time no see." And "Well, Harry, how's the family?"

The labelling of persons is a splendid idea.

It is not fair that everyone should be expected to remember who everyone else is.

Oscar Wilde said of somebody that "he had one of those typically British faces which once seen are never remembered."

An awful lot of us have faces like that.

I believe it would be a step forward if everybody were compelled by law to wear a prominent label with his or her name on it.

No doubt some people would object. Members of the underworld might not be keen to display a card reading: "Henry ('Tiger') Biffwell alias Albert ('Knuckles') McDong, etc."

But the majority would certainly gain from the rule. Young persons, for a start.

How many boys look at girls, and vice versa, and wonder who they are. It would be so much simpler if a sign proclaimed: "William So-and-So," or "Noeline Whozis."

I would not go so far as to include telephone numbers, though perhaps a few individuals would be glad to supply these as well.

I've only one stipulation to make —the badges with names should be good and big.

I went to another do lately where the guests were given tiny little name-plates.

I was introduced to a shapely lady who had one on her chest. As I peered forward and downward, she said: "Excuse me!" and walked off.

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LUCK FOR THE ROAD

By
KAY BOYLE

At her dinner party only Mrs. Amboy knew how much was at stake

THERE was 1938 — the summer of it — when Dennis Amboy and the boy called Malcolm White went out the bedroom window of the little house one night and left home together for a little while. They did not go up to Grandma Amboy's big house and take one of the cars from the garage, and they did not leave on their bicycles. It was Grandma who found the bicycles in the morning when they looked for the boys: the two wheels propped side by side against the boathouse, with the racoon tails and the baseball pennants and the other trophies of manhood in prescriptive gala on the handlebars.

They went on foot — at least for a part of the way — carrying their shoes, and by moonlight, although there was nothing except disdain for the lack of peril in it to have gainsaid their going by the light of day. They walked the three miles or more to what they wanted, and there — on John Hogarth's property — they broke the stables open and they got out the horses that their hearts were set on.

"So then what did you do?" Grandma Amboy asked young Dennis. It was the night his father brought him home, after the two days and nights that he had been away. "How much fence-clearing did you get before you broke his leg?" she asked, and she might have been speaking of anything excepting tragedy to him.

"We kept off the roads so they wouldn't get us," young Dennis said, "and we took 'em flying, every hedge and fence and stream. And then he fell, my horse fell, and I had to get the veterinary for him. I ran five miles to find him, and the veterinary drove me back with him, and he

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LUCK FOR THE ROAD

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put the bullet through him right away."

There was nothing like crying in his face, but when he spoke of the death the sound of his voice had altered. "The veterinary had seen our pictures in the paper, and he told us he was going to let the Danbury police know he had us." But in spite of the sleeplessness and hunger and the cut across his forehead, his eye met her eye.

"So you got as far as Danbury!" his grandmother said. "Blast it, I wish I'd been with you!"

But now it was her own son's turn to speak. He stood by the library table, his face haggard from the two days and nights of search, and he looked gravely at his mother.

"I think I'll handle things this time," he said. "Young Dennis has given us all a forty-eight hours we won't forget," he was saying — a good, kind, well-groomed man who spent his days on Wall Street because of the money he had to earn. "Now, this time Fran and I — after all, we're his parents — and this time we feel . . ."

"You're not fit to bring him up — neither of you!" said Mrs. Amboy. Her cheque book was there on the library desk, open before her, and she shook her fountain pen savagely before she began to write. "Old Hogarth's asking four hundred and fifty for the horse," she said, and she wrote the sum and the figures out and signed her name with a flourish. "Neither you nor Fran understand the boy. He's fifteen. You're middle-aged," she said.

Two years before, there had been something else. April had moved with singular tenderness up the Hudson Valley, and young Dennis learned to drive the station wagon that spring. That season the gardener was new to the place, and "blast him, blast him," thought Mrs. Amboy in irritation as she came down the kitchen-garden path and saw how he had set the lettuce in. The threadlike, white roots had been pressed in close enough to reach out and strangle one another, and the frail little pairs of leaves lay, row by row, fainting for succor in the soil. She was making hard and grim, for the greenhouse when Fran came up the driveway from the little house and spoke across the currant bushes to her.

"Young Dennis is in trouble," she said, and the color had gone from around her mouth. "He telephoned from the police station," she said.

"He telephoned *you?*" said Mrs. Amboy from the kitchen garden. That was the first thought, as quick as anger in her heart. She held fast to the head of her cane in the April sunlight. "Well, what's happened to him? Lost your tongue?" she said to Fran.

"Speeding," said her daughter-in-law. "Thirteen years old and speeding! Oh, Mother Amboy," she cried out, and it might have been she was asking some leniency, some spark of pity of her. "He's too young to drive the car!"

Mrs. Amboy looked at Dennis' wife beyond the budding currant hedge — at the quivering lips, and the soft eyes bright with tears.

"Weaned, isn't he?" she said, and her grip on the cane head tightened. "Not a cripple, is he? I'll go down and get him out," she said.

Her house was big, with a gabled roof, set back among trees on a height above the river. When there was snow, young Dennis came up with his friends from school and played at skiing on the grounds. In summer, there was the pond — the wooded depository of the property's trout streams dammed and set dreamily with islands. It lay just below the pine trees in the hollow where chestnut and sassafras and birch ran fragrant and wild, and slipperwort hung stripped, immaculate as satin.

There she put up the boathouse and the diving board so that young Dennis need not go to the seashore in the summer. If you wanted him here, you arranged the scenery for him. Summer and winter, you wanted him before your eyes because he was as handsome and sound as a nut, and because your own cooling, slaking blood ran quick and violent in his veins.

She saw to the work and the workmen on the place as a man might have done it—to the new garage being built for the town car, and the kennels being done over, and the boathouse that rose stone by stone by the pond. She'd stamp through the wet, rotting leaves and the tangled brush of the property, man enough and canny enough to say what was needed to them, showing them how and where with the point of her lifted cane.

But whenever she thought of her husband lying dead in the churchyard, impatience would get the better of her. "Gave up, slid from under!" she thought. "Resigned from the bank, and died in retribution for it! Gave up at sixty!" she'd say in contempt. "Catch me being tricked by them into dying!"

"Is my grandfather dead?" young Dennis asked her on the day of it. He was six that summer, and his eyes the same dark, stormy blue that hers had always been.

"Yes, dead!" she said with a snort.

"I'm never going to die," said young Dennis, and she knew the taste of the pride that drew his shoulders straight as wire.

Those were the quiet, affluent years, the pre-war years. Even in 1941, the war had not quite come. But in February, there was the broken plateglass window on the main street of the college town one Saturday night, and there were three of them involved in it. The three of them had been drinking, but young Dennis said he was the first one to start picking up the bricks and start flinging them through the glass.

Then he and the others had stepped inside the window and removed the hats from above the wooden high-cheekboned faces, and off the honey-colored ropes of hair of the models on display. Some of the hats had little veils on them, and some had fishnet filets hanging down behind, and they wore them all, the three young men: those with the cock feathers on them, and those with the flowers blooming on them, one on top of the other as they went down the main street singing.

They were wearing them still when Dennis reached the court house. Young Dennis and the two other boys were seated on the prisoners' bench with their eyes unsteady and the ladies' millinery worn sideways on their heads, but the humor had somehow gone from it.

"This is his third offence," Dennis told Grandma Amboy in the afternoon. "Fran and I talked it over. We want him to take the consequences of it. I left him there. We want him to serve his ten-day sentence out," he said.

"You and Fran are a couple of fools," said his mother. "He's my grandson. Jail isn't the place for him." But she waited until Dennis had gone down to drive to the little house before she put on her astrakhan coat and picked up her alligator bag and called for the chauffeur. "What price would you put on a plateglass window, a big one?" she said with a certain pride as she rode behind him in the town car. When they got there, she walked into the judge's room with her cheque book in her hand.

THE next year it was something else; and this —although it might have been taken as consummation of a kind, as the seal of solemnity set upon their lives at last — was outrage and bitterness to Mrs. Amboy. As quietly as Dennis Amboy and Malcolm White had gone as little boys out the window with their shoes carried in their hands, so they walked out and joined the Air Force together. Fran came up the gravel drive and stood on the other side of the hedge, and her words came separately over the leaves. Mrs. Amboy turned on her cane, her old ear harking, and her blood was turned to stone.

War was a thing outside them and alien to their pace of life, as a factory or a coal mine was outside them. It took ordinary people — took them permanently, perhaps. Only in error did it take away people who dressed for dinner and belonged to clubs. This thing that happened in 1942 had nothing of culmination in it for her; young Dennis in uniform was as outlandish as if he were wearing the ladies' hats from the broken window in the main street still, with the roses blooming on them and the veils hanging sideways across his nose.

The things that had gone before had merely been rehearsal — the speeding, the horse-stealing, the window-breaking had been part of the preparation for this that was to come. It was the actual drama now; the curtain was about to rise, and the lines of the cast were ready. Mrs. Amboy was seventy-four when she packed her overnight bag and called the town car and went down to Washington.

"You and I have known each other a good many years," she said as she sat down in old Hogarth's office.

"I won't deny it," Hogarth said, and he tried a smile, but she eyed him grimly.

"I heard you were messing around down here with the administration. Young Dennis is in a fix. That's why I'm here," she said.

"Whose horses has he been stealing now?" asked Hogarth.

"He's joined the Air Force," said Mrs. Amboy, and her mouth was bitter. "I want you to get him out."

It was when she began to talk about how much money it was worth to her that Hogarth told himself it was old age getting the best of

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Growing with Australia– for Australians

AMPOL

THE AUSTRALIAN COMPANY

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LUCK FOR THE ROAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

her at last, or the shock of young Dennis being in it now that had touched her mind, and he grew a little wary. There she sat on the other side of the desk, the proud, belligerent carriage of her head and the stormy light in her eye familiar enough, but the words she spoke were senseless to him.

"I don't want my grandson in the war. He wasn't cut out for that kind of thing," she was saying.

Old Hogarth straightened the papers on his desk, and he cleared his throat, and shook his cuffs and drew his coat sleeves down.

"I wouldn't mix money up with a thing like this, Mrs. Amboy," he said. "This has something to do with patriotism — national duty — things like that —"

"It's worth money to me, lots of money. I haven't found anything yet that money don't mix with," Mrs. Amboy said.

In spite of the nobility of the sentiments he expressed, he found it difficult to look at her now, and his eye moved uneasily from place to place in order to avoid her eyes. It took her an hour to see that with him there was nothing to be done. But he was simply one man in Washington, and this was merely the beginning.

She had gone down with an overnight bag, but she stayed two months there — a well-dressed, elegant-looking old lady with a cane in her hand, tapping her way into government offices and tapping her way out, with the strange, far vision of the fanatic set now like a veil upon her features. She went home only because young Dennis was coming home on a pass.

WHEN he and Malcolm White came back the weather was cold in the Hudson Valley, and they took their bicycles out. The spokes of the wheels had gone a little rusty, and the two young men —outsized and their legs too long now for the bicycles they rode — pedalled up the drive from the little house, and past the kennels, and down the path to the pond, and around it, the racoon tails, and the baseball pennants, with the flannel of them faded, hanging on the handlebars still, and the front wheels wavering as they rode.

It was part of the game to take it slowly: you had to pedal slowly, and if your foot once touched the ground, you had to go down the drive to the little house and start again from there.

"Sometimes it is said to fall a victim to the oyster," said young Dennis. The frost lay white in the shaded corners of the hedge, but where they cycled between the garden beds, the sun fell light as honey on their hair.

"What does?" asked Malcolm White, cycling just behind, and he lost his balance for an instant and teetered in peril on the edge, but his foot did not touch the frosted soil.

"The racoon or mapach," said young Dennis. "Its oyster-eating propensities have frequently been questioned, but racoons — or mapachs — have been found held by the closing oyster shells, unable to extricate themselves, and have perished miserably in the rising tide."

"Of public opinion?" asked Malcolm White in mock concern.

"Of water, my fine fellow," said young Dennis as he turned into the footpath through the pines.

"I have heard it said," said Malcolm White, and slowly, painfully, standing upright from the saddle, he took the hill, "that it is for this precise moment beachcombers wait to wrench off the coveted tail —"

"A beachcomber," said young Dennis, wheeling slowly down the kitchen-garden path, "is, according to the Oxford dictionary, a white man on a Pacific island who lives by collecting jetsam. The tail of the racoon is scarcely jetsam," he said, and he rode through the greenhouse door.

Grandma Amboy was at the other end, giving the gardener a piece of her mind in the greenhouse heat, but when young Dennis put his arm around her, she let the sound of it go.

"Flower pots aren't ornamental. They're intended to be filled with dirt," she was saying, but with young Dennis here she let it perish.

"Come on down to the pond with us," he said as he straddled the wheel. "We're going to open the sluices and watch the water go."

This they did every year: they opened the sluice gate of the pond, and once the water had poured from it, the bed lay drying and cracking a day or two in the sun or the wind. After the depths of it had hardened, they'd go in with their hip boots on and rake the leaves and the rotted boughs and the muck of the year away. There the pond would lie in the spring, so still, so sombre, so untroubled, perhaps even with a frail cuff of ice along its banks; and then one human hand would loosen the bolt in the sluice gate by the diving board, and out the transformed, foaming waters would go.

This was the ceremony every year, and every year for better than twelve years now young Dennis had done it; and now he squatted down — a flier in uniform — ready to let the deep, still waters spill over the bracken and brush in fury and swell to a torrent the thread of stream below.

"Here she goes!" he said, and his hand went out, but Mrs. Amboy placed the tip of her cane on the sluice gate a moment.

"There are other branches of the Service," she said, without any preparation for it. "I've been down in Washington. I've been investigating. If you took the trouble to ask, they'd transfer you," she said.

Young Dennis squatted there, looking up at her face, his hand out still, and for an instant he did not seem to understand.

"They'd do what?" he said then.

"They'd take you out of flying if you asked for it," his grandmother said.

Young Dennis stood up straight now, and, like hers, his mouth was grim.

"Out of what? Out of what did you say?" he asked her.

"Flying," said Malcolm White from the edge of the pond, and he raised his arms and made a fluttering movement.

"But I want to fly," said young Dennis. He said it slowly and exactly, and his eyes met hers. "You're not going to ruin the show, are you?" he said.

And then he saw what was happening to her face, and his hand went out, and he jerked the sluice gate open. The waters gave a low, quick gasp, like a sleeper stirring, and a shudder passed across the pond, like a hand across a dreamer's face. For a moment, the weight of water quivered at the brink, and then it arched, smooth and strong as the neck of a charger, and streamed marvellously away.

The three people stood there a little while, dwarfed, extinguished, watching the pure white arch of water fall, and behind them the dark, mysterious volume of the pond ebbed slowly, leaving a widening band of wet, marked black along its shore.

"You see, it's like this," said young Dennis in a troubled voice now that the thing was done. "You see, I want to fly, Grandma Amboy."

"So do little birds," snapped Mrs. Amboy, and she did not say any more.

Before they left that night, they took the racoon tails from the handlebars of their bicycles.

"To hang in the cockpit for the look of the thing," said Malcolm.

"*The appendage of the Procyon Lotor,*" said young Dennis, "*is repaied to bring luck for the road.*"

Mrs. Amboy said nothing to her son and nothing to Fran in the weeks that followed after, but she talked to her lawyer. There was nothing in law to cover the case, he told her with the professional man's indulgence of the wealthy; there was no legal way to keep Dennis from piloting a bomber in the air. So she packed an overnight case in time and she went down to Tampa. The plan was her own, and she knew exactly what to do.

She went by air, making use of the element almost in contempt now that she was going to get the better of it, and she taxied from the field to young Dennis' camp without stopping on the way. She asked for his captain at the provost marshal's desk, and as they made out the visitor's pass, she settled her pure white ruffle at her neck, and pulled the grey suede tighter on the back of her right hand.

"I've come to see you about

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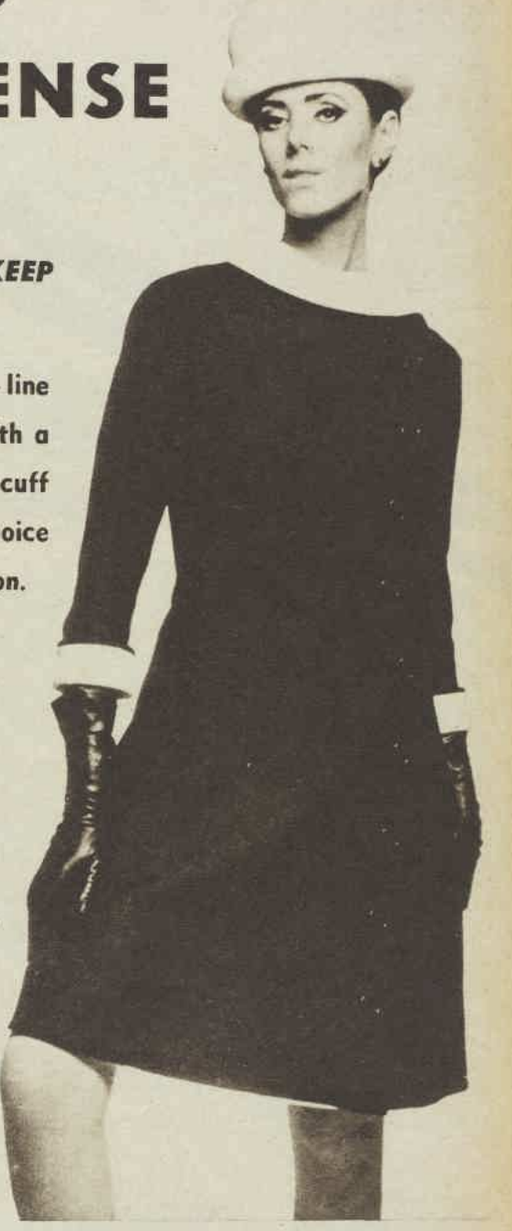
THE BOYFRIEND

"Had it made to measure, eh . . . made to measure whom?"

DRESS SENSE

By

BETTY KEEP



● **The princess-line coat-dress, right, with a white collar-and-cuff trim, is my design choice for a young matron.**

HERE is part of her letter and my reply:

"I have 4½ yards of 36-inch navy rayon to make a between-seasons dress. Could you suggest a style with a white pique trim? I am a young matron and like rather conservative, elegant styles. I take a 36-inch bust size."

Illustrated at right is the design you inquired about. The white collar and cuffs are detachable. The dress is cut on princess lines and has a side-button closing. Underneath the illustration are further details and how to order.

"Is it fashionable to wear a bright wool top with a floor-length, black crepe skirt?"

Yes, bright with dark is a good color slogan.

"If the bridegroom wears a dinner suit, should the best man dress in the same style? Also, is it correct for men to wear white kid gloves with a dinner suit?"

The best man, ushers, and fathers wear the same style of clothes as the bridegroom. It is not correct to wear white kid gloves with a dinner jacket.

"Can lace be worn in winter?"

Yes, lace is now considered an all-season fabric.

"Would it be correct to have my autumn suit made in a brightly colored wool?"

Yes. It's going to be a brilliant color season. Coming in strongly are all the reds, grass-green, all shades of orange, and brilliant pink.

1629.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1629 Vogue Paris original by Molyneux. Price $1.60 includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"My girlfriend and my sister are to be my bridesmaids and we can't agree on the styles for the dresses. Is it for me or my bridesmaids to make the final decision?"

You have the final say and it's your responsibility to find a design becoming to both girls. You also must be sure the choice of design complements the bridal dress.

"Is it correct for a girl wearing a formal bridal gown to wear jewellery?"

If the bride chooses to wear jewellery, it must be rather inconspicuous, such as a strand of pearls or a simple brooch. Often the jewellery worn by the bride is her husband's wedding present.

"I have to shorten a winter coat I have had for several years. What length should it be?"

No longer than to the knee-bone, and, of course, skirtlines do go as far as 4 to 6 inches above the knee.

"Would a pastel shade be suitable for a uniform to wear to work?"

If your employer does not object, I can think of no reason why a uniform could not be in a pastel color.

"I have bought some black textured stockings for autumn and wondered if I could wear them with a colored suit."

In Paris, one of the more chic stocking-and-suit ensembles was black stockings with a red suit.

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'TERYLENE' 75

Now Maglia charges onto the fashion-front with dashing, smashing Cavalry Twill! —other girls get their marching orders when you wear it!

Join forces with Maglia! Outsmart them all in this dashing slack-suit. Straight-as-a-die slacks keep eyes right—on you. Clever collar stands up so you stand out. And it's not just a smashing style! Maglia makes it in a whole regiment of colours. Each one with a super matching skivvy. It's the slack-suit that makes you the girl the boys are fighting for. So march off and get it from your nearest store! **You're the girl in the whirl in Maglia!**

In a range of dashing fashion colours, including Navy, Grey and Camel. Price $25.00.

Maglia ORIGINAL

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my grandson," she said, and she might have been any rich boy's grandmother walking into the best prep school in the country to have it out with the director about what he might be up to now. "I want him to drop aviation," she said as if it were not a branch of the Service, but Greek or Latin she was speaking of.

"Drop aviation?" said the captain. "You mean — drop aviation?"

His eyes had halted in concern on the elegantly dressed, well-bred old lady who faced him sharply with her gloved hands folded on her cane.

"Yes. Get out of it," said Mrs. Amboy. "He's had an education. He's not just anybody. I want to get him into something that will keep him from getting into trouble, getting shot up or anything like that," she said.

The captain's mouth dropped open a little, and he sat there in his well-cut uniform — a man in his forties with a piece of one war won and shelved behind him and the start of another in his blood already, not knowing what to say. It was only after a little while that he saw he was not expected to speak, that he had never been expected to speak. He was merely there to listen in respect, in humility even—if he could summon it—to what young Dennis Amboy's grandmother had to say.

"I don't want Dennis in it at all," she was saying to him. "He's got a lot that these other boys haven't got — a background, education, temperament, forebears. There's no sense in having Dennis killed off like the ordinary run of boys."

Even when she took the cheque book out of her bag, he couldn't get hold of the words to meet it. He saw her undoing the buttons of the grey kid on her right hand, and still he did not speak. The fountain pen — the old-fashioned kind that filled with a medicine dropper, he noted—was poised like a weapon as she watched his face.

"How do you spell your name?" she said.

"I don't understand," said the captain, and he sat there, stunned. "A cheque?" was what he said.

"Oh, not what you think! Not bribery!" said Mrs. Amboy with a snort as she wrote the date in. "Perhaps the

LUCK FOR THE ROAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

camp here needs a garden, an officers' club — whatnot. I thought about fifty thousand would cover it," she said.

He stood up now behind his desk, and his knuckles showed white on its surface as he leaned his weight on the wood. Such a respectable, sane-looking old lady she had looked when she walked into the place, he thought, and she was talking this gibberish to him now.

"My dear lady," he began, seeking the words still. "Blood isn't bought cheaply — there are other values — other standards—"

"Very well, I'll make it seventy-five," Mrs. Amboy said.

The captain waited a moment before he spoke, and there was a singular, an unpredictable fluctuation in his eye.

"And then what?" he asked quietly as he leaned upon the desk.

"And then Dennis leaves. You discharge him. He comes home with me," she said.

"I like to believe that certain things peacetime made easy, made nearly normal for us," said the captain, and his voice was steady, "have come to their own conclusion." His knuckles were white as naked bone on the wood as he leaned his weight upon them. "Perhaps we are even through with class distinctions —"

"I'm not talking about class distinctions," said Mrs. Amboy in impatience. "I'm talking about my grandson," she said.

The captain came around from behind the desk now, his eyes sardonic, but he leaned above her as gallantly as if he were — at some purely social function — offering her a plate of sandwiches or a cup of tea.

"Aside from all that," he said, "we've got a pretty satisfactory setup here. We don't need an officers' club or a garden. The Government's given us geraniums even — perhaps you noticed them outside. The only drawback is that we may not be here much longer to enjoy it." He was saying the words slowly, carefully to her, as if speaking them to a child, and he closed the cheque book gently in her fingers. "We shall probably be moving out one of these days," he said.

"Moving out?" said Mrs. Amboy, and her eye was sharp.

"You see, we've been preparing a good many months for the real thing here," said the captain. "We'll be going into action."

"Not with Dennis. I won't have it," Mrs. Amboy said.

This might, on the face of it, have been accepted as some sort of end, but to Mrs. Amboy it was little more than the beginning. If the captain had failed, there were other men in the place, smaller men, but men who might very well be made to serve, for the plan had become a shrewder one now.

On Friday night she gave the dinner party in the hotel for them — for eight of them: pilots, or gunners, or bombers, of whatever they happened to be. They took their places at table, and there she sat at the head of them, a handsomely dressed, sharp-eyed old lady, keeping the bite of her speech to herself for a wonder. What she was after, even young Dennis, seeing her sitting there with her mind on whether their plates and whether their glasses were kept filled, certainly did not know.

She spoke to one side and then the other, asked the wives' names, and the children's, and talked of the States they came from, learning without guile, it seemed, what these men who were aviators now had done before the war. The war, thought young Dennis, and as he looked at her he wondered — even for Grandma Amboy perhaps the miracle, the levelling of the ranks . . .

"Rats," she said from the other end of the table. "Don't refuse good things when they come to you. Have some more turkey, Ellory — what did you say the first name was? Thomas Ellory, have some more stuffing," she said.

Ellory had a delicate, weak face, long and narrow and almost bloodless. His neck was long and the Adam's apple jerked in it unhappily as he ate. His hands were as slender as a poet's, or a woman's, and his hair dropped in a colorless lock across his forehead. Who he was or where he had come from, none of them had ever disturbed his reticence to find out, and now young Dennis, looking the length of the table in speculation at him, knew he had asked him to come here with them not out of camaraderie but out of pity, perhaps merely because of the uneasy, almost shamed look in his eye.

"Have some more of the lemon meringue, Ellory," Mrs. Amboy was saying. In this way, through some unerring process of selection, she had chosen Ellory — as fatally as a knight in armor might have been chosen — from among the others there. But it was only as they had all risen to leave the dining-room that young Dennis heard them speaking of the other things together.

"It was losing the baby like that, after everything else," said Ellory in a low voice.

"She ought to have six months' rest, flat on her back, that girl," Mrs. Amboy said with decision as they passed under the arch of the dining-room door.

"I've made a kind of a mess of marriage, ma'am," said Ellory then, as if in apology to her.

"You certainly have," said Mrs. Amboy tartly, and then Dennis did not hear any more. He did not hear because of the other words that were being said to him in the hotel lobby. The other man in khaki stood before him, not dim, not wavering yet, but for a moment young Dennis did not understand the sense of what he said. He heard the name Malcolm spoken twice, and then the rest of it struck him a quick and terrible blow upon the heart.

"Crashed — on a routine flight — at six this evening, between here and —"

"Malcolm — Malcolm White!" cried young Dennis aloud, and he stood there blind before these strangers.

"Here, child, give me your hand, put it here on my cane," said Grandma Amboy, and hand in hand they crossed the rug to the elevator door together.

The appendage of the Procyon Lotor, said a voice they had never heard before, *is reputed to bring luck for the road.*

It was not that first night that Mrs. Amboy put the thing before Thomas Ellory. That first night at dinner was merely the laying of the ground. She had made the appointment for Sunday with him, and Sunday afternoon he came, and she ordered tea in the hotel lounge.

"What do you hear from Denver?" she asked as she passed the pastry to him.

"I had a letter yesterday. She's still in the hospital," he said.

"Who's paying the bills?" said Mrs. Amboy, and she watched — as a hawk will watch the calculated failing of its victim — the still unapprised and hopeless prospect of his face.

"I had to borrow," Ellory said, and the Adam's apple jerked in his throat.

"But that was the second time," said Mrs. Amboy. "You borrowed first for the house. Isn't that what you told me?" she said.

"Yes, I know," said Ellory, in pain, and he brought his narrow hands together. "We should have started off in a couple of rooms somewhere, with what I was making. But that was two years ago, and I was proud, and I wouldn't have anything less than a house—"

"So that was fifteen hundred the first time?" said Mrs. Amboy.

"Three thousand in all," said Ellory, and his eyes were seeking for succor, running like trapped things from cup to teapot to pastry plate, fleeing over the silver and linen. And then, without warning, they halted for an instant on the diamonds on her hand. "That's why she took the defence job — trying to pay things off," he said, and his eyes were running again from pillar to post. "A fifty-four-hour week when you're nearly six months —"

"When your wife gets out of the hospital she'll have to get busy," said Mrs. Amboy. "Three thousand. That's a lot of money."

"Ah, don't you think I don't lie awake thinking about it at night!" Ellory cried out, twisting his hands between his knees. "I'm going crazy with it!" he said, and he set his teeth together to hold the trembling sound of it in.

"She'll have to get right to work," said Mrs. Amboy, squeezing the lemon over her cup. "She'll have to keep at it night and day, no matter what condition she's in."

"I know it — my heavens, I know it," Ellory said.

To page 40

FOR THE CHILDREN

What is the most natural way to bottle feed baby?

Leading baby authorities agree that 'resilient softness' and 'natural shape' are essential for the perfect teat. Only Maw's combine the two. Maw's cherry shape gives correct feeding action — while Maw's exclusive 'dipping' process gives a life-like softness moulded teats lack. You've only got to feel a Maw's teat to feel the difference. Maw's standard teat is in four single hole sizes.

Maw's

Ask your family chemist to show you all Maw's nursery supplies.

TM4/8

******** AS I READ THE STARS ********

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting March 1

ARIES MAR. 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ You have the love star in your sign, which is excellent for romance, except that she gets depressed on the 2nd and crotchety on the 5th. March 4 is the best day.

TAURUS APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Weekend is excellent for visiting loved ones, family, and friends; good to deal in real estate. March 1 could be delaying and hindering, and March 3 favors love and romance.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
★ If you have any new projects to begin, avoid 1st, 2nd, and 5th, but get as much done before next week. Also bolster your marriage set-up, since it could be under stress later.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, navy. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ Things should be prospering for the July 14-22 birthday bracket — opportunities for a rise in life, and for expansion. Make the most of this week. Weekend is favorable.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
★ There's a big hand-out from a generous friend at the weekend. Perhaps a long-cherished wish is realised. However, keep an eye on finances, 5th — you might spend more than intended.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ You have a very good chance to realise an ambition, to rise a little in life, especially at weekend. Don't be disheartened by a few set-backs — perhaps on March 5.

LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Sat.
★ Your instinct for "togetherness" might get some jolts, 1st, 2nd, and 5th, but this week is to be used to the full, as next is upsetting. Nice vibrations 3rd, 4th, favor luck.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ Well, you've got your tough ruling planet in his own — and your — sign. Many of you feel 15 feet tall, and mad with go-go. March 1, 2, and 5 adverse, but opportunities are there.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
★ There could be minor vexations and delays in the marriage set-up, but all comes out well, 3rd-4th. You could find the 5th hard to handle, but 6th and 7th are good.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ There's a strong, favoring wind blowing through all to do with career, so set full sail before rough weather next week. Make the most of March 3 and 4, which favor work conditions.

AQUARIUS JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Try your luck between noon and 2 p.m. on the 2nd, although zip the purse on the 1st. March 3 and 4 are favorable for finances. It all points to a dollar-boost.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
★You're still in your self-promotion period — time to big-note yourself and reach for success. Pisces tend to underrate themselves, but if you don't go this week, you could get stuck next.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"STEPHANIE."—Fitted shift with keyhole neckline at back is available in lush-green, pink, or yellow trimmed with navy and navy trimmed with green.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $10.50; 36 and 38in. bust, $10.70.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $6.75; 36 and 38in. bust, $6.95.

Postage and dispatch 60 cents extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 74. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.

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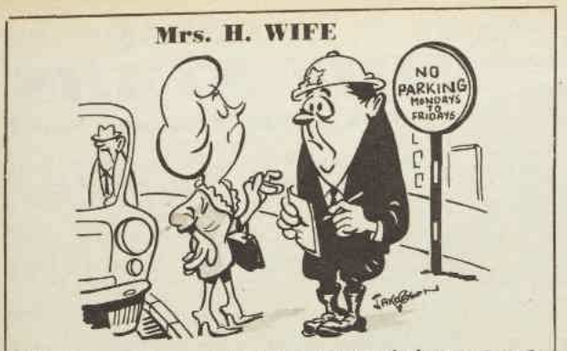

"My licence is in my red handbag, but you don't expect me to wear red with this outfit, do you?"

LUCK FOR THE ROAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

"Look here, young man. Have another cup of tea," she said, and she leaned forward and poured it. "You and I had better talk things over. We might strike a bargain," she said.

"What kind of a bargain, ma'am?" he asked, but there was nothing at all like hope, there was scarcely interest, in his voice.

"Now listen to me," said Mrs. Amboy. "I never wanted Dennis in this war. I never approved of it, Ellory." If he saw the look of bright, mad exaltation in her eye he gave no sign; the moment had not yet come for him to look around uneasily. "But now that he's got in it, I'm not going to have him killed. I'm not going to have them do to him what they did to Malcolm White. I've made up my mind to that all right," she said, and she winked one eye in crafty decision across the pastry and the cups.

Ellory sat watching her face now, and he did not speak, but something had halted the desperate racing of his eyes and charmed the blood in his veins to stillness.

"I don't know how bombers work — that's not my business," she was saying to him. "That's part of the information you could give me, Ellory. You could tell me how the men are placed — in what relation — how close or far — and in what way they depend on one another. You could tell me how one man might be of service to another man in case the plane got into trouble. If one man wanted to save another's life, you could tell me how it might be done. I mean, if he were paid well and if he watched night and day for the chance to do it."

"The chance to do what?" said Ellory, then.

"The chance to save the other man's life," said Mrs. Amboy, and her voice was crafty, low. "Suppose Dennis were piloting a bomber, and there was trouble — would there be any man near him, any man on his team—"

"Crew, Mrs. Amboy," Ellory said, and he ran his tongue along his lip.

"All right, crew," said Mrs. Amboy, and she had no patience with it. "Would there be any special man in his crew," she said across the tea things to him, "who could protect him — manage to keep him out of action—"

"You mean, dishonorably — even dishonorably?" said Ellory scarcely aloud, and his eyes were fleeing from corner to corner of the hotel lounge, seeking cover, it might be, from their own indecorous sight.

"I'm merely talking about life and death. Don't bring big words into it," Mrs. Amboy said. "I'm talking about money — a lot of money — money I'd like to give away. I'd like to give ten thousand dollars, Ellory, to someone who would keep an eye on Dennis." And suddenly, as she talked, she was an old woman, she was a poor old woman asking to be fooled as a special favor to her. She sat with her old hands fumbling on the cane head. "Maybe we could strike a bargain," she said.

ELLORY sat quiet a moment, and then he drew his tongue along his upper lip again, and his eyes were moving fast.

"There's the control officer — the control officer in the astrohatch," he said, and his voice was scarcely audible. "He gives the orders to the pilot."

"All right! Now we're getting somewhere," said Mrs. Amboy. "The control officer gives the orders to the pilot."

"Yes, that's it," said Ellory.

"And this control officer — does he always go out with the same pilot? Is he always on the same pilot's crew?" asked Mrs. Amboy.

Ellory waited a moment, and then he ran his tongue along his lip.

"Yes," he said, and he cleared his throat. "That's the way it works. There's a kind of a crew set up for each ship, and it doesn't change."

"So that if a control officer wanted to alter a plane's course, he could give any orders he felt like to the pilot. He could tell him to take another direction—" said Mrs. Amboy, and she waited.

"Yes," said Ellory. He seemed to speak with difficulty now. "He could do that if he wanted to," he said.

"So a control officer — he could get a pilot out of combat even?" asked Mrs. Amboy. She was leaning toward him over the residue of tea in the cups and the ends of pastry, her eyes as shrewd as a hawk's eye on him.

"Yes," said Ellory, but he did not look at her face. "He could do whatever he had an interest to," he said.

"All right," said Mrs. Amboy cannily. "Just one more thing. Tell me who's the control officer on Dennis' crew?"

Ellory looked at her uneasily and looked away before he spoke.

"I am, ma'am," he said in a moment, and he ran his nervous fingers through his hair.

. . . .

In a month they shipped out, they were sent overseas, and Mrs. Amboy went back to the quietly moving Hudson. The corn was getting ripe, and the beets were ready for preserving, and she saved the orange rinds from breakfast and boiled them up with carrots for wartime marmalade. The first week

To page 42

The greatest party idea since salted peanuts!

New bite-size crunchy cocktail crispbreads!

A Mini-size Vita-Weat! Why didn't we ever think of it before? Now that we've made it, we think it's the greatest party idea since salted peanuts. And we love salted peanuts! For one thing, Mini Vita-Weat are the perfect size for delicious snacks and hors d'oeuvres. And even if you make them hours before your guests arrive, they stay crisp. Taste great with everything you like to eat. Anyone for a party?

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● Obtain a free playing card (shown below) from an Ampol Service Station. Cards issued during the first two weeks commencing March 1, apply to Game No. 2 and will be marked accordingly. (Game No. 1 is already in progress.) The second issue of cards will apply to Game No. 3 and so on, to Game No. 6. Now you have a playing card, play Cross-Out in two simple, straight-forward steps:

STEP 1. Your Cross-Out Playing Card has twenty-five scenic pictures photographed in one State of Australia. These pictures are described in the Game Book. All you are asked to do is identify the State in which they were photogaphed.
Write the name of the State in the space where indicated at the bottom of the card.

STEP 2. Now match the pictures on your playing card with those in the corresponding game in your Game Book. Cross out all those that match. If you can match five consecutive pictures in a straight line—across any line, down any line or diagonally either way, you have a winning card—provided you have carried out Step 1 correctly.

● If you think you have a winning card, the table on the back of the card will indicate the prize. Now fill in your name and address and mail to Brian Garvey & Associates Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box No. 344, Kingston, Canberra, A.C.T.

Rules and Conditions:

1. No person who is an employee of Ampol Petroleum Limited, its dealers or agents, or is a person engaged, as a principal or employee or otherwise, directly or indirectly, in the printing and production of Cross-Out material, or is a member of the family of any such person, may participate in any way in the competition.
2. The Company reserves the right to correct any typographical or mechanical error or other error or errors which might appear in any published matter in connection with the game, and to reject winning cards, not obtained through legitimate channels. In the event of a mechanical printing error (or errors) resulting in a card (or cards) which could be construed as a correct and winning entry (or entries) the Company reserves the right to reject such a card (or cards) and decisions rejecting such card will be solely within the Company's discretion and will be final.
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4. Prizes will not be exchanged nor will cash be given in lieu thereof, and trips won to points outside Australia must be taken within 12 months from the winning date announced by the judges. The port of embarkation and disembarkation is determined as Sydney, N.S.W.
5. Cards which are judged by the judges to be winning cards will be acknowledged but otherwise no correspondence will be entered into.
6. Each entry form must be received on or before the date shown on such entry card. The judges reserve the sole right to reject any damaged or mutilated card (or cards) received and their decision in such instances will be final.
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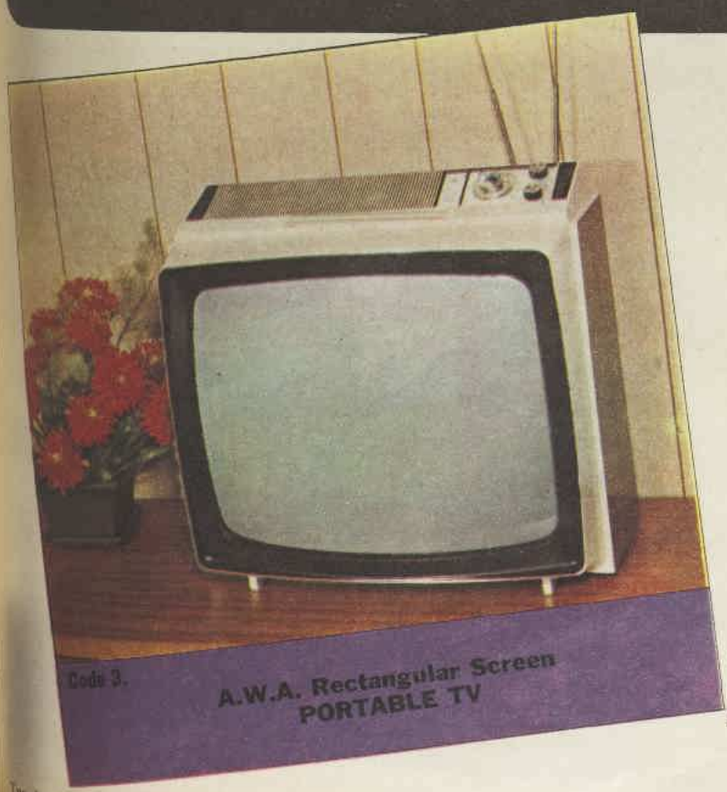

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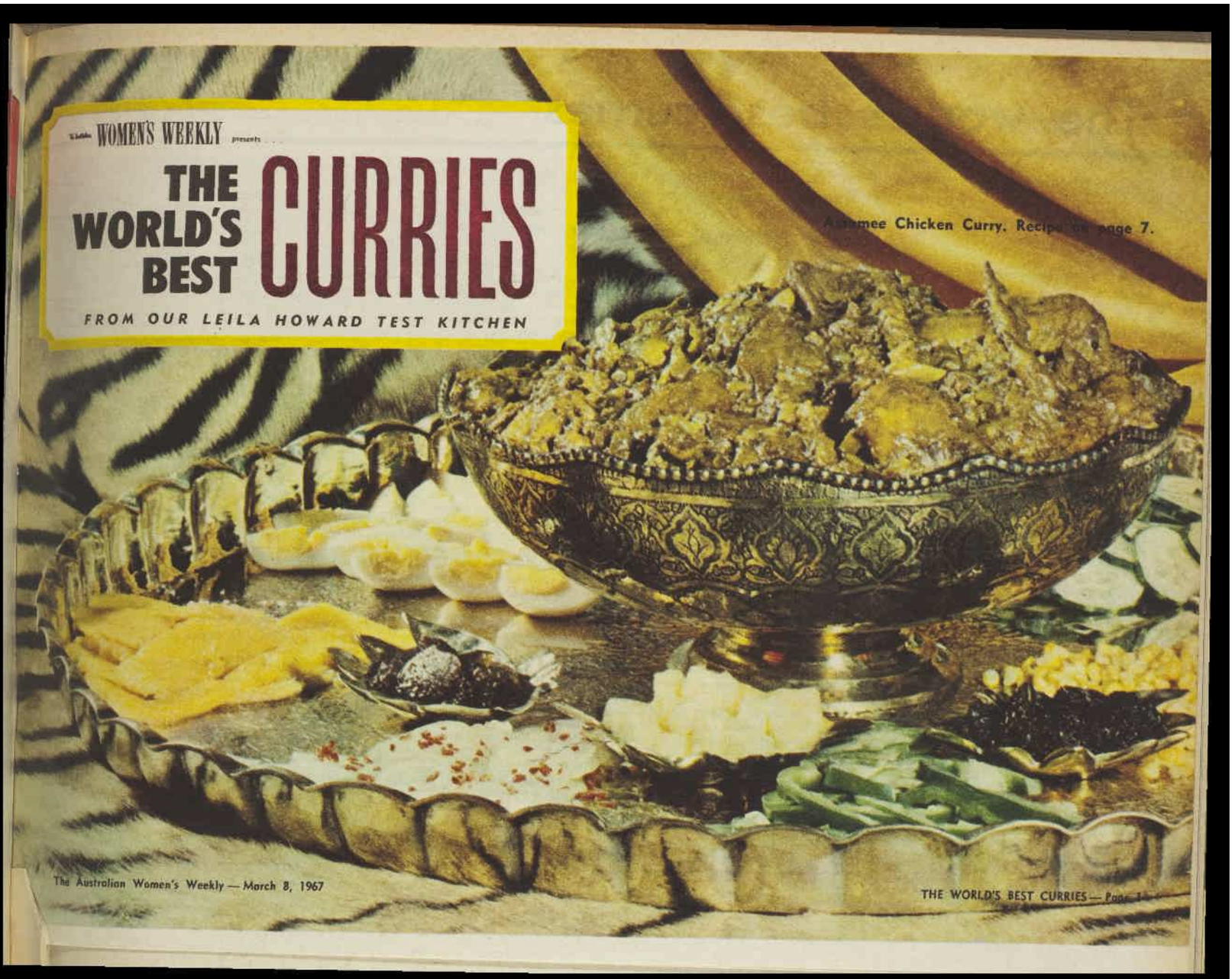

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The world's best curries

Recipes in this book will enable you to make a wonderful variety of curries — with poultry, fish, meat, vegetables, eggs, fruit. There are also many types of side-dishes to serve with them, and some delicious fruit-flavored desserts suitable to end a curry meal.

MOST of the great curries of the world come from South-East Asia — the countries of India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, Thailand, Malaysia, and Indonesia.

The curries, whether mild, hot, liquid, or dry, are a subtle blending of spices intended to enhance, not overpower, the flavor of the main ingredient.

Commercial curry powder can be used as a "starter" in making curry. You can supplement it with several of the spices that go into most blends of curry powder (cumin, coriander, ground or fresh green ginger, cardamom, etc.), adding or subtracting until you have the blend which suits you best.

For the art of curry-making lies not in hot spicing but in the delicacy of flavor-blending.

Flour is never used to thicken Asian curries; flour is a cereal and because curry traditionally is served with some form of cereal such as rice, chapattis (see page 13), etc., this is considered enough.

Mr. A. E. ("Tiger") Ady, of Sydney, an authority on Asian spices, has given us the following information, showing how curries can vary according to their country of origin:

Where they originated

BURMA: Burmese curries are not highly spiced, although garlic is used generously. Burmese are Buddhists. Rice is the staple diet, but fish and vegetables are used in abundance.

CEYLON: The Ceylonese can be broadly divided into three groups: the indigenous race known as the Sinhalese, who are Buddhists and vegetarians; the Tamil Indians, who came from India, who have been fishermen for centuries, and whose curries naturally feature fish; the Burghers, Christian descendants of the Dutch and Portuguese settlers, whose curries are rich and spicy.

All make good use of the abundance of coconuts on the island, and a basic feature of most Ceylonese curries is the use of coconut milk as stock.

Traditionally, Ceylonese curries are very hot; chilli powder as an ingredient is not incorporated in the spices blended to make curry powder, but is always added separately; this enables each household to adjust the hotness of the curry according to taste.

Ceylon produces some of the best cinnamon in the world and this spice is included in most of their curries.

INDIA: In such a vast country, with varying climatic and agricultural conditions, it is natural to expect a great variation in curries also.

The people are mostly vegetarians, although there are certain castes who eat poultry and eggs.

In the north, curries are mild — like those of Pakistan.

Toward the south-east is Goa, a colony founded by the Portuguese. Pork Vindaloo (see recipe on page 5) is a typical curry.

From the lovely valley of Kashmir come the few Indian curries containing fruit.

The inhabitants of Bengal are mostly vegetarians and rely greatly on spices to make delicious curries out of the vegetables available. Aubergine (eggplant) is one of the most commonly used vegetables in Bengal curries.

The farther south you travel in India, the hotter the curries become. In Madras, chillies grow abundantly and are used liberally. Madras curries are therefore much hotter than those of the north.

INDONESIA: Compared with Indian curries, those from Indonesia contain relatively few spices. Coconuts are plentiful; coconut milk is used in nearly all curries and coconut oil is the common cooking oil.

Tasty, hot chillies are used often.

MALAYSIA: As in Ceylon, coconuts are plentiful, and many Malayan curries are made with coconut milk. Tamarind, a sweet-sour fruit pulp, and blachan, a dark paste made with shrimps (or prawns) give varying flavors to curries.

Chinese and Indians went to the country in great numbers in the nineteenth century to work in the tin mines and rubber plantations. The Indians brought their curries; the Chinese influence can be seen in the delicious satays for which Malaysia is famous.

PAKISTAN: Curries are usually mild but rich — yoghurt, sour cream, and goat's milk are often used to thicken the gravies.

Most Pakistanis are Moslems and consider the pig an unclean animal; therefore, pork curries are not eaten in Pakistan.

Rice is a traditional curry accompaniment — but, as wheat is grown abundantly, different types of unleavened breads such as chapattis and puris are often served in place of rice.

THAILAND: Like the Burmese, the Thais are Buddhists and rice is their staple diet. The country is threaded with many waterways and canals, thus bringing an abundance of fish. Thai curries are not heavily spiced, but many are seasoned with pungent fish or prawn sauces.

Curry ingredients

All curry ingredients and accompaniments mentioned in this book are obtainable in Australia.

Ghee (or clarified butter): Now manufactured in Australia; sold in packets.

However, if ghee is not obtainable, butter can be clarified in the following way:

Place butter in saucepan, heat gently until bubbles form on surface. Increase heat a little; skim foam from surface as it forms. Remove from heat, let stand a few minutes so sediment will settle. Strain through fine muslin into basin, leaving sediment behind in saucepan.

Coconut Milk or Cream: This can be made with freshly grated or desiccated coconut. Cover ½lb. coconut with 2 cups hot milk, boiling chicken stock, or water. Allow to infuse for 20 minutes. Strain through muslin, squeezing all the milk from the coconut; this is the coconut milk.

For coconut cream, make as above, allow to cool, then refrigerate overnight. The coconut cream will rise and form on the surface, can be lifted off with spoon.

Tamarind Sauce or Paste: Imported, can be bought in jars. However, if not available, for each tablespoon of tamarind sauce or paste called for in recipes, substitute a dessertspoon of plum jam, combined with 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Lemongrass: A lemon-scented herb that can be grown in home gardens. If not available, substitute 1 dessertspoon finely grated lemon rind for 1 blade lemongrass.

Please Note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.

● Picture on page 1 by staff photographer Bill Payne.

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MEAT CURRIES

THAI PORK CURRY (at left) combines tender morsels of pork with brightly colored vegetables. Recipe, page 5.

FROM INDONESIA is the Beef, Prawn, and Noodle Curry at right — a fine fork dish. See recipe overleaf.

BURMESE BEEF CURRY (left) is ideal for those who like a mild but well-flavored curry. This recipe is overleaf.

PAKISTANI BIRIANI (right), a lamb curry layered with savory rice, is flavored with rosewater. Recipe overleaf.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

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BURMESE BEEF CURRY

(Picture on page 3)

- 2lb. chuck steak
- 4 tablespoons oil
- 4 onions
- 4 cloves garlic
- 2in. piece green ginger
- 2 teaspoons turmeric
- ¼ teaspoon chilli powder (or to taste)
- 1 cup beef stock
- 2 teaspoons soy sauce
- salt

Cut meat into 1in. by ½in. strips. Chop onions, crush garlic cloves, finely chop ginger. Heat oil, brown the meat and add the chopped onions and ginger and crushed garlic. Cook until golden. Add turmeric, chilli powder, beef stock, bring to the boil. Cover, simmer gently 1 hour or until meat is tender. Add soy sauce, and salt to taste.

INDONESIAN BEEF, PRAWN AND NOODLE CURRY

(Picture on page 3)

- 1lb. slivered beef
- ½lb. shelled prawns
- 1 cup sliced cooked chicken
- 1 tablespoon hot curry sauce or 2 tablespoons curry powder
- 4oz. butter
- 1 tablespoon chopped celery
- 1 chopped large onion
- 2 cups sliced carrots
- 1 cup shredded cabbage
- ½ teaspoon black pepper
- 1 crushed clove garlic
- 1lb. thin egg noodles, cooked
- 1 cup chicken stock
- ½ teaspoon salt

Mix the beef, prawns, and chicken with curry sauce or powder. Heat butter, fry mixture 5 minutes. Cover, cook further 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add the vegetables, pepper, and garlic, cook further 3 minutes. Put in the cooked noodles, chicken stock, and salt. Mix, cook over low heat about 7 minutes.

PAKISTANI BIRIANI

(Picture on page 3)

- 1lb. long-grain rice
- 2lb. boned shoulder of lamb
- ½ cup yoghurt
- 2 medium finely chopped onions
- 3 crushed cloves garlic
- 1in. piece green ginger, finely chopped
- 1 teaspoon ground coriander
- ½lb. ghee or butter
- ½ teaspoon ground cardamom
- 4oz. sultanas
- 1oz. slivered blanched almonds
- 2 medium sliced onions
- 1 teaspoon turmeric
- 2 x 1in. cinnamon stick
- ½ cup cream
- ¼ cup rosewater
- ½ cup frozen peas

Boil rice in plenty of boiling salted water 10 minutes. Drain, set aside.

Cut meat into 1in. pieces, place in bowl with yoghurt, the finely chopped onions, garlic, ginger, coriander, and cardamom.

Heat half of the butter in frypan; fry sultanas and almonds a few minutes until sultanas are puffed up and almonds golden. Remove, drain, set aside.

Drain meat, reserving yoghurt mixture; put meat into pan, brown well. Reduce heat, add sliced onions, turmeric, cinnamon sticks, and reserved yoghurt mixture. Cover, simmer gently ½ hour or until meat is tender. Drain meat and onions, reserving liquid.

Melt remaining butter, coat sides and base of casserole. Place layer of rice over base, sprinkle with 1-3rd of the sultanas and almonds, top with layer of meat. Continue with these layers, ending with layer of rice sprinkled with sultanas and almonds. Sprinkle each layer of rice with remaining melted butter. Mix rosewater, cream, and peas into reserved liquid, pour over dish. Bake, covered, in moderate oven ½ to ¾ hour or until all liquid has been absorbed and rice is dry and fluffy.

CEYLONESE BEEF BADUN

- ¾ tablespoon coriander
- 1 tablespoon cumin
- 2lb. chuck steak
- 1 small sliced onion
- 5 chopped cloves garlic
- 1in. piece sliced green ginger
- 2 x 1in. pieces cinnamon
- ¾ cup vinegar
- 1 sprig parsley
- ½ teaspoon turmeric
- ½ teaspoon chilli powder (or to taste)
- 1½ cups coconut milk
- 2 tablespoons ghee or butter
- ¾ cup coconut cream
- salt
- lemon juice

Place coriander and cumin in dry saucepan, roast over medium heat until dark chocolate brown in color. Add meat, cut into 1in. cubes, and all other ingredients except butter and coconut milk. Bring to boil, cover, and simmer 1½ or 2 hours, or until meat is tender. Uncover pan, add coconut milk, simmer further 15 minutes; strain, reserving gravy. Melt butter, fry meat a few minutes, then pour gravy back again and reheat through. Add salt and lemon juice to taste.

INDONESIAN BEEF CURRY

- 1lb. round steak
- 1 sliced medium onion
- 2 sliced cloves garlic
- 1 tablespoon oil
- 1 tablespoon curry powder
- 1 teaspoon ground coriander
- salt to taste
- 1 teaspoon ground caraway
- 1 cup diced green beans
- ½lb. noodles
- 1 cup cabbage cut in ½in. squares
- 2 cups coconut milk

Wash beef, cut into 1in. cubes. Brown onion, garlic, curry powder, and spices in oil. Add beef and salt; brown well, then add coconut milk. Bring to boil, then simmer, stirring frequently, 40 minutes. Add beans, noodles, cook further 15 minutes; add cabbage, cook 5 minutes.

JAVANESE LAMB

- 2 teaspoons ground coriander
- 1 teaspoon finely chopped red chilli
- 1 teaspoon cumin
- ¼ teaspoon saffron
- 1 teaspoon ground ginger
- 2 crushed cloves garlic
- salt to taste
- 3lb. boneless lamb cut into 1in. cubes
- 1 cup vinegar
- 4 tablespoons oil
- 1 cup water

Mix together spices, salt, chilli, and garlic, roll pieces of lamb in this mixture. Place in bowl, pour vinegar over, marinate 1 hour. Drain, discard vinegar. Heat oil in pan, brown meat on all sides. Add water, simmer, covered, 40 minutes or until tender.

MADRAS DRY CURRY

- ½ cup vegetable oil
- 2 large chopped onions
- 5-6 sliced cloves garlic
- 2lb. chuck steak
- salt
- 2 tablespoons curry paste or powder
- 2 tablespoons tamarind puree or paste

Heat oil, fry onion and garlic until golden. Add curry paste or powder, mix thoroughly, then add tamarind puree or paste, and meat, cut into 1in. cubes. Cover, simmer 1½ to 2 hours or until meat is tender. Add salt to taste.

MALAYSIAN LAMB CURRY

- 2lb. boned shoulder of lamb or mutton
- 4oz. ghee or butter
- 12 finely sliced onions
- 8 crushed cloves garlic
- 2 cups buttermilk
- ¼ to ½ teaspoon chilli powder
- 1 teaspoon turmeric
- 3 tablespoons curry paste or curry powder
- salt

Cut meat into 1in. cubes. Place in saucepan with remaining ingredients, except salt. Bring to the boil, cover, and simmer gently until meat is tender. Season to taste with salt.

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GOANESE PORK VINDALOO

2 large finely chopped onions
5 crushed cloves garlic
1 teaspoon ground cardamom
¼ teaspoon chilli powder (or to taste)
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
2 teaspoons ground cumin
2 teaspoons turmeric
2 teaspoons dry mustard
3 tablespoons vinegar
2lb. lean stewing pork
4 tablespoons oil
1 large sliced onion
2in. piece green ginger

Place in bowl the finely chopped onions, crushed garlic, and all spices. Mix to a paste with a little of the vinegar, divide into 2 portions. To one portion add remainder of vinegar and pork cut into 1in. cubes. Leave to marinade 6 hours. Reserve second portion.

Heat oil, fry sliced onions, finely chopped ginger, and reserved second portion until onions are golden. Add pork mixture, bring to the boil, reduce heat, simmer 1¼ to 1½ hours or until meat is tender, adding a little water if necessary.

INDONESIAN LIVER CURRY

2 tablespoons oil
10 sliced medium onions
1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind
2 crushed cloves garlic
1 fresh red chilli
1 green pepper
1½ teaspoons coriander
¾ teaspoon cumin
¾ teaspoon fennel
1½lb. liver
1 beef bouillon cube
1½ cups coconut milk
salt

Heat oil, fry onions until tender. Add lemon rind, garlic, spices, chopped chilli, and green pepper, and fry gently a few minutes. Add liver cut into 1in. cubes, fry on all sides. Add beef cube dissolved in coconut milk, bring to boil, simmer 20 minutes or until liver is tender. Season to taste with salt.

THAI PORK CURRY

(Picture on page 3)

2lb. lean pork
4oz. ghee or butter
1 chopped onion
1 dessertspoon mustard seeds
1 dessertspoon cumin
8 cloves
1 fresh red chilli
1 cup coconut milk
1 chopped stalk celery
1 chopped green pepper
1 cup chopped green beans
1½ tablespoons soy sauce
salt

Cut pork into 1in. cubes, fry in butter with onion, mustard seeds, cumin, cloves, and chopped red chilli. Continue to cook gently until pork is almost tender. Add coconut milk, vegetables, and soy sauce, bring to the boil. Simmer gently 10 minutes. Season to taste with salt.

THAI BEEF CURRY

1¾ cups coconut milk
2lb. chuck steak
2 teaspoons soy sauce
1 teaspoon brown sugar
2¼ tablespoons peanut butter
8 crushed cloves garlic
6 chopped shallots
¼ teaspoon chilli powder or to taste
1 finely chopped blade lemon grass or
1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind
salt
spinach

Bring coconut milk to the boil. Add beef cut into thin slices, soy sauce, sugar, peanut butter, shallots, garlic, chilli powder, and lemon grass or rind. Simmer gently, covered, 1 to 1¼ hours or until meat is tender; add salt to taste.

Serve on bed of cooked spinach with rice as an accompaniment.

WEST PAKISTANI KURMA CURRY

1½-2lb. boned shoulder lamb or mutton
1 teaspoon ground coriander
1 teaspoon ground cardamom
1 teaspoon poppy seeds
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1¼ teaspoons ground cloves
1 teaspoon ground black pepper
½ teaspoon salt
2in. piece green ginger
4 cloves garlic
1 finely chopped onion
½ cup yoghurt
2oz. butter or ghee
1 sliced onion
¼ cup slivered almonds

Cut lamb into 1in. cubes. Combine all spices, seasonings, finely chopped ginger, crushed garlic, chopped onion, and yoghurt. Place meat in this marinade, leave several hours.

Heat ghee, fry sliced onion until golden; remove, reserve for garnish. Fry almonds, remove, reserve for garnish. Drain meat, reserving marinade, add meat to pan and brown well. Add marinade, stir well, cover, and simmer 45 minutes to 1 hour, or until meat is tender. Garnish with reserved fried onion rings and almonds.

KASHMIR CURRY

2lb. boned shoulder of lamb
1 cup sour cream
2 teaspoons garam masala
4 teaspoons curry powder
4oz. ghee or butter
2 tablespoons slivered blanched almonds
½ cup sultanas
½ cup thinly sliced dried apricots
4 sliced cloves garlic
2in. piece finely chopped green ginger
2 sliced large onions
salt, lemon juice

Cut meat into 1in. cubes. Place in bowl with sour cream, garam masala, curry powder; stir well, leave to marinate several hours.

Heat butter in saucepan, fry almonds until golden, remove, drain, and reserve. Fry sultanas and apricots until plumped, remove, and drain. Fry garlic, ginger, and onions until golden. Add meat and marinade, cook 5 minutes on medium heat. Add sultanas and apricots, cover, and simmer 45 to 60 minutes, until meat is tender; add salt and lemon juice to taste. Garnish with the almonds.

PINEAPPLE KOFTA CURRY

KOFTA MEAT BALLS

1½lb. lean minced beef
½ cup shredded cabbage
pinch ground ginger
1 large onion
1 clove garlic
pinch ground cloves
1 green pepper
2 teaspoons curry powder
1 teaspoon lemon juice
salt
seasoned flour
oil for frying

CURRY

2 tablespoons butter or ghee
2 sliced onions
1 crushed clove garlic
¼ teaspoon ground ginger
½ teaspoon turmeric
1 tablespoon curry powder
¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
pinch cinnamon
2 large tomatoes
1 diced small potato
1 cup pineapple cubes
1½ cups coconut milk
salt
hot fluffy cooked rice

Meat Balls: Mince or finely chop onion, garlic, and green pepper. Mix together cabbage, ginger, cloves, curry powder, and meat. Season with salt and lemon juice: add minced ingredients. Roll into balls, dust with seasoned flour. Brown balls in hot oil. Drain, put aside.

Curry: Skin tomatoes, slice thickly. Heat butter in pan, add onion and garlic, saute until light brown in color. Add ginger, turmeric, curry powder, cayenne, and cinnamon. Stir well, cook 3 minutes. Add tomatoes, potato, and pineapple. Cook gently 5 minutes, stirring all the time. Add coconut milk and salt to taste.

Add meat balls to curry sauce. Cover, simmer gently about 15 to 20 minutes. Do not stir but shake pan lightly from time to time. Serve with rice.

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FISH CURRIES

MALAYAN LOBSTER CURRY

(Picture on this page)

4oz. ghee or butter
5 chopped onions
2 crushed cloves garlic
2 teaspoons ground ginger
pinch cayenne
2 tablespoons curry powder
2 chopped tomatoes
2 teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons flour
3 cups coconut milk
1 cucumber
1lb. lobster meat
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 dessertspoon plum jam

Peel and cube cucumber, cube lobster meat. Heat butter, saute onions and garlic 10 minutes. Add ginger, cayenne, salt, curry powder, and tomatoes. Cover, cook over low heat 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Stir in flour, add coconut milk slowly. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 minutes. Add cucumber and lobster, cook over low heat 15 minutes. Combine lemon juice and jam, and add, mixing well. Serve hot with boiled rice.

MALAYAN FISH CURRY

2lb. white fish
4oz. ghee or butter
8 small sliced onions
2 bayleaves
10 sliced green chillies
8 cloves garlic
2 tablespoons coriander
¼ to ½ teaspoon chilli powder
3 cups coconut milk
1 dessertspoon tamarind sauce

Cut fish into 2in. pieces and fry gently in hot ghee. Remove, drain, and keep warm. In same pan fry onions and green chillies until onions are tender. Add the crushed garlic, coriander, chilli powder, and bayleaves, fry a few minutes. Add coconut milk, bring to boil, simmer gently 20 minutes. Add fish and reheat. Add tamarind sauce to taste.

MALAYAN LOBSTER CURRY cooks in coconut milk: diced cucumber adds a delightful, fresh taste to the finished dish. The recipe is given on this page.

INDONESIAN CURRIED FISH

1lb. prawns
1 tablespoon oil
1 medium onion, finely chopped
2 crushed cloves garlic
1 tablespoon curry powder
1 cup milk or coconut milk
¼ cup thin noodles
1 bayleaf
1 teaspoon ground coriander
1 teaspoon ground caraway

Shell and clean prawns. Heat oil, fry onion and garlic 2 minutes. Add prawns, curry powder, coconut milk, noodles, bayleaf, coriander, and caraway. Bring to boil, reduce heat, simmer 15 minutes, stirring constantly.

Variation: Replace prawns with 1lb. fish fillets cut into 2in. pieces.

BURMESE PRAWN AND BAMBOO SHOOT CURRY

3 tablespoons oil
4 sliced onions
2 teaspoons turmeric
¼ teaspoon chilli powder (or to taste)
boiling water
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
2 cloves garlic
2 tablespoons finely chopped green ginger
2lb. fresh prawns
2 cups coconut milk
1 small can bamboo shoots
salt

Heat oil, fry sliced onions until they are golden. Add turmeric, chilli powder, and 1 tablespoon boiling water. Simmer a few minutes, then add finely chopped onion, crushed garlic, ginger, and 1 tablespoon boiling water. Continue to cook until oil rises to surface. Add prawns, coconut milk, sliced bamboo shoots; heat gently. Season to taste with salt.

CEYLONESE PRAWN AND TOMATO CURRY

1½lb. prawns
2lb. tomatoes
½ teaspoon chilli powder
1 small chopped onion
½ teaspoon turmeric
½in. piece green ginger, sliced
1 tablespoon tamarind puree or tamarind sauce
3 cups coconut milk
1 tablespoon oil
salt
3 chopped cloves garlic

Heat oil in saucepan, fry onion until golden. Peel and chop tomatoes, add to pan with remaining ingredients except prawns. Simmer, uncovered, until sauce has reached desired consistency. Add shelled prawns, stir over gentle heat until warmed through.

INDIAN PRAWN AND POTATO CURRY

(Picture on pages 8 and 9)

2lb. prawns
½lb. small, new potatoes
3 medium-sized tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon garam masala
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 onion
1oz. ghee or butter
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
½ teaspoon turmeric
¼ teaspoon chilli powder (or to taste)
½ to 1 cup hot water

Fry chopped onion in melted butter. Add turmeric, salt, and chilli powder; cook 2 to 3 minutes. Add peeled sliced tomatoes and, finally, the potatoes. Cook 5 minutes, stirring continuously. Add hot water, bring to boil, simmer gently 15 to 20 minutes or until potatoes are tender but not broken. Carefully mix in peeled prawns, garam masala, parsley, and lemon juice. Simmer, covered, 5 minutes.

THAI PRAWN KEBAB CURRY

2lb. prawns
1 cup halved button onions
1in. piece green ginger, sliced
1 large red pepper
1 cup oil
1 small grated onion
2 cloves garlic, crushed
1 dessertspoon turmeric
¼ teaspoon chilli powder

Shell prawns. Thread on to small skewers alternately with the halved onions, chunks of red pepper, and slices of ginger. Heat oil in large frying pan. Fry grated onion and crushed garlic with turmeric and chilli powder about 15 minutes. Add the kebabs, cook over medium heat, turning skewers from time to time. When prawns are heated through, curry is ready. Serve with rice.

Note: If skewers are unavailable, place kebab ingredients in frying pan as above and cook, stirring occasionally. Serve spooned over rice.

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CHICKEN CURRIES

ASSAMEE CHICKEN CURRY

(Picture on page 1)

3lb. chicken
2oz. butter or ghee
salt
1 teaspoon ground black pepper
2 to 3 bayleaves
1 tablespoon turmeric
pinch chilli powder
½ teaspoon cloves
¾ teaspoon cardamom
½ teaspoon cumin
½ teaspoon coriander
¾ teaspoon ground ginger
2 x 1in. pieces cinnamon
6 to 8 cloves crushed garlic
1in. piece green ginger
2 chopped onions
1 cup chicken stock

Joint chicken. Heat butter in saucepan, add all ingredients except chicken, chopped onion, and stock; fry 5 minutes. Add chicken joints, brown well on all sides. Add chopped onion and cook gently, stirring occasionally, 25 to 30 minutes. Gradually add stock, simmer 1 hour, or until chicken is tender. Allow to cool, refrigerate overnight. Remove any excess fat, reheat gently.

BURMESE CHICKEN CURRY

2 cups coconut milk
½ cup oil
2 finely chopped onions
3 crushed cloves garlic
1 teaspoon ground ginger
1 dessertspoon curry powder
3lb. chicken
½ cup boiling water
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons cornflour
3 tablespoons cold water
1lb. cooked broad noodles
1 finely chopped red chilli
2 chopped hard-boiled eggs
3 thinly sliced shallots

Heat oil in saucepan, add onions, garlic, and ginger; saute 10 minutes. Add curry powder, stir over heat 2 minutes. Remove flesh from chicken, cut into cubes. Add to saucepan, cook 15 minutes. Stir in 1 cup coconut milk, boiling water, and salt. Simmer, uncovered, 30 minutes. Blend cornflour with cold water, add to pan, stirring, until boiling point is reached. Simmer 10 minutes. Add remaining coconut milk and bring back to boil. Remove from heat.

Arrange the hot noodles on large plate, sprinkle with chopped chillies, hard-boiled eggs, and sliced shallots. Arrange chicken mixture on top.

INDONESIAN RIJSTTAFEL

2 young chickens (about 2½lb. each)
3 tablespoons oil
2 tablespoons curry powder
4 onions
1 tablespoon green ginger, peeled and cut into slivers
2 crushed garlic cloves
2 chopped green peppers
1 chopped red pepper
½ teaspoon turmeric
giblets from chickens
chicken stock
2 tablespoons currants
3 cucumbers
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon flour
¼ cup milk
salt, pepper

Cut chickens into large pieces. Heat oil in large pan, stir in curry powder. Brown chicken pieces in hot oil, then add finely chopped onions, ginger, garlic, peppers, and turmeric. Chop giblets finely, add to pan with currants; add sufficient chicken stock to cover. Simmer, covered, until meat commences to fall from bones. Remove chicken from pan, remove skin; cut meat into serving pieces.

Cut scrubbed unpeeled cucumbers into 1in.-thick sections, add to sauce with lemon juice. Simmer gently until cucumbers are tender. Strain liquid into small pan, add flour combined with milk; cook, stirring, until thickened. Return to large saucepan, together with chicken pieces and cucumber. Simmer gently, covered, additional 5 minutes, adding a little more milk if sauce is too thick. Season to taste. Serve with boiled rice.

MALAYSIAN HOT CHICKEN CURRY

2 tablespoons vegetable oil
8 small finely sliced onions
4 cloves
1in. piece cinnamon stick
1½lb. chicken pieces
¼ teaspoon chilli powder (or to taste)
1 chicken bouillon cube
2 cups coconut milk
salt

Heat oil and fry onions, cloves, and cinnamon until onions are tender. Stir in chicken pieces, chilli powder, chicken cube dissolved in coconut milk. Cover, simmer 1 hour or until chicken is tender. Add salt to taste.

INDIAN CHICKEN PULAO

(Picture on page 9)

3lb. chicken
1 large chopped onion
1 chicken bouillon cube
1in. green ginger, finely chopped
salt
½lb. ghee or butter
3 finely sliced —large onions
2 tablespoons slivered blanched almonds
½ cup sultanas
2 x 1in. sticks cinnamon
1 teaspoon cardamom
½ teaspoon mace
½ teaspoon ground cloves
2 crushed cloves garlic
1lb. rice
1 teaspoon ground black pepper
1 teaspoon saffron

Place chicken in saucepan with chicken cube, chopped onion, ginger, and salt, cover with boiling water, bring to boil, and simmer, covered, ½ hour. Remove and drain; reserve strained liquid. Melt butter in saucepan, fry sliced onions until golden. Add chicken, brown well on all sides. Add almonds, sultanas, garlic, and spices, except saffron. Then add rice and sufficient chicken stock to cover. Cover pan, simmer very slowly, adding more stock or water, if necessary. Add saffron when rice is nearly cooked.

To serve, place chicken, either whole or carved into joints, on hot dish and cover with rice. A garnish of sliced hard-boiled eggs can be added.

INDONESIAN CURRIED CHICKEN

1 tablespoon oil
1 finely chopped fresh red chilli
4 finely chopped onions
½in. piece lemon-grass or
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ teaspoon turmeric
2 teaspoons coriander
1½ teaspoons cumin
½ teaspoon fennel
2 teaspoons salt
2½lb. chicken
1 chicken stock cube
2 cups coconut milk
1 dessertspoon tamarind sauce

Heat oil, fry chilli, onions, lemongrass or lemon rind, and spices 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add salt; allow to cool slightly. Rub outside and inside of chicken with this mixture, place in baking dish, pour over combined remaining ingredients. Bake, uncovered, in moderate oven 1 hour or until tender, basting frequently.

Joint chicken, place in dish, pour over the thick gravy. Serve with either a savory rice, green salad, or potatoes and other vegetables.

WEST PAKISTAN CHICKEN CURRY

2½ to 3lb. chicken
2oz. ghee or butter
1 sliced large onion
3 crushed cloves garlic
1½in. green ginger, finely chopped
1 teaspoon turmeric
1 cup chicken stock
1 cup yoghurt
1 small sliced green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 teaspoon garam masala
salt

Joint chicken. Heat ghee in pan, fry onion, garlic, ginger, and turmeric 5 minutes. Add chicken joints, brown well on all sides. Add chicken stock, cover, simmer 45 to 55 minutes or until tender. Stir in yoghurt, green pepper, garam masala, parsley; season to taste with salt.

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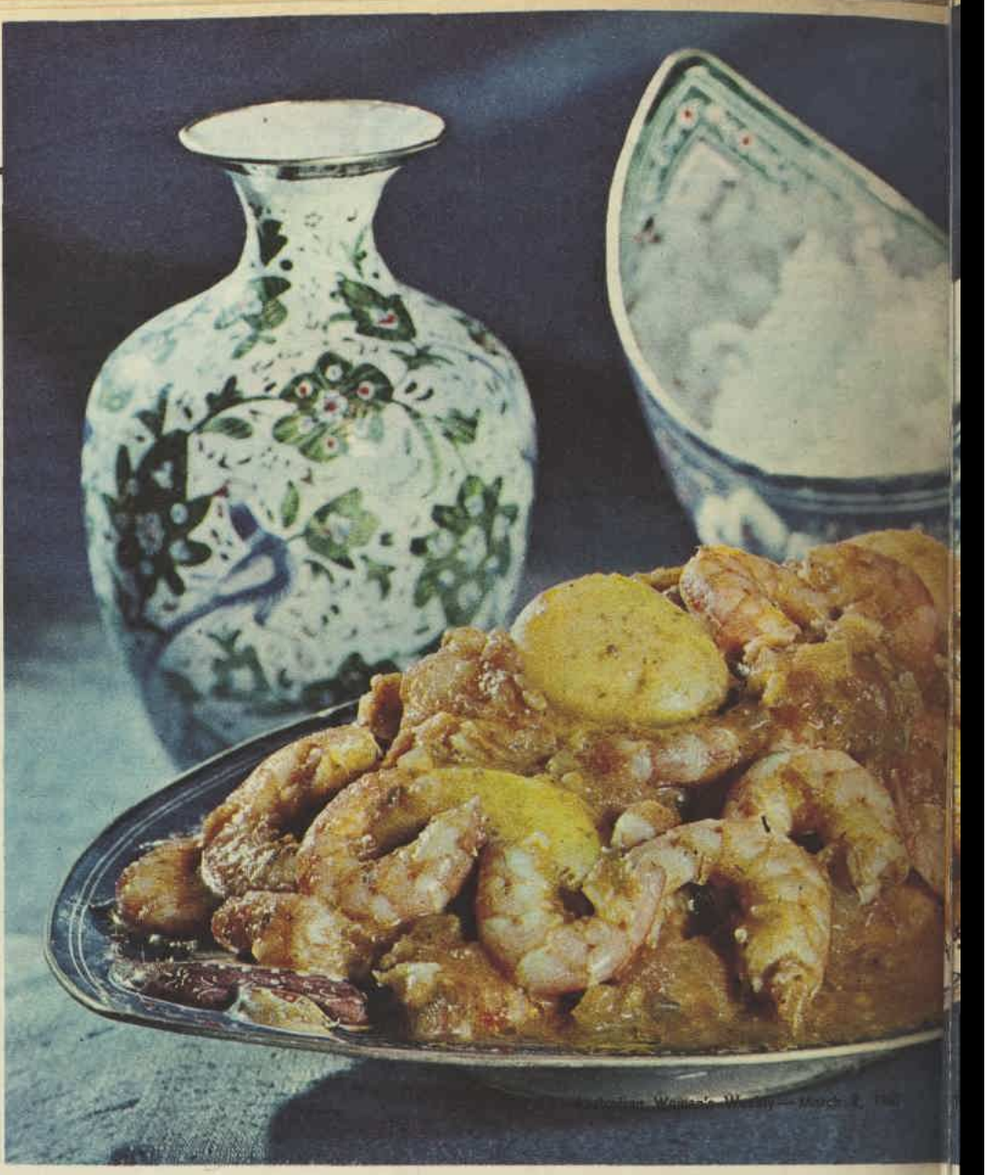
CEYLONESE FRUIT CURRY (below) is unusual, has a good flavor, can be served as a first course or main dish. This recipe is given on page 10.



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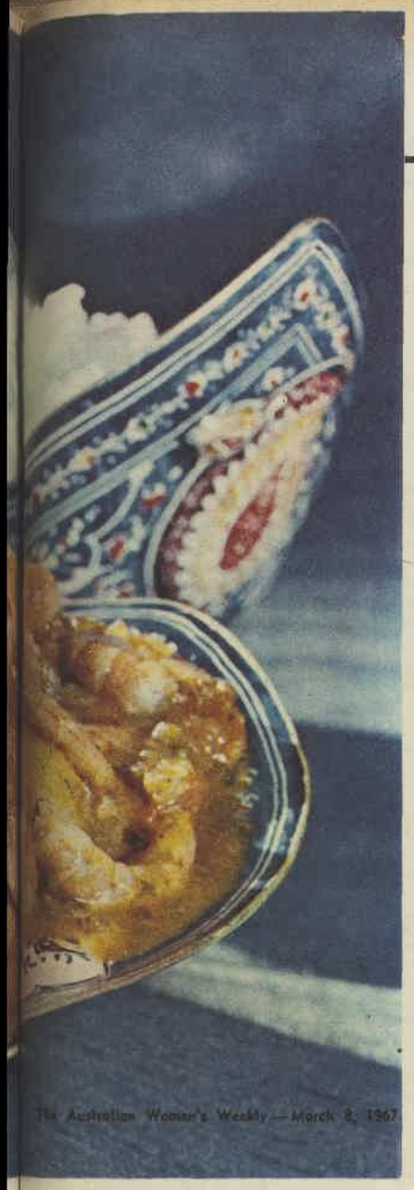

PRAWN AND POTATO CURRY (left), a delicious Indian dish with the subtle flavor of garam masala added to seafood and vegetables. See page 6.

CURRIED POTATO SALAD (above) can be served hot or cold; it makes a good accompaniment to grills or to cold meat. Recipe, page 10.

INDIAN CHICKEN PULAO, richly flavored with saffron, has almonds and sultanas, garlic, and spices. This recipe is on page 7.

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Vegetable, egg, and fruit curries

CEYLONESE FRUIT CURRY

(Picture on page 8)

2 large onions
½oz. ghee or butter
1 dessertspoon curry powder
1 teaspoon milk
1 slice fresh or canned pineapple
1 small papaw
2 bananas
1 tart apple
½ lime or lemon
1 dessertspoon desiccated coconut
1 tablespoon coconut cream
½ teaspoon ground ginger
1 teaspoon sultanas
pinch pepper or chilli powder
salt
1 teaspoon currants

Slice onions thinly, heat butter in saucepan, cook onions until golden, stirring occasionally. Add curry powder and milk, cook quickly 5 minutes. Peel papaw, bananas, and apple. Cut all fruit into bite-sized pieces. Squeeze over lime or lemon juice. Add to saucepan with the onions, cook 10 minutes. Add coconut, coconut cream, ginger, sultanas, currants, pepper or chilli powder, and salt to taste; simmer very gently 1 hour. Serve with boiled rice and border of pappadums (see page 15).

MALAYAN EGG CURRY

1½ cups chicken stock
4 sliced medium onions
2 sliced green chillies
1 sliced clove garlic
1 teaspoon turmeric
1 dessertspoon curry powder or to taste
½ cup desiccated coconut
6 hard-boiled eggs
salt

Place all ingredients, except hard-boiled eggs and salt, in large saucepan. Bring to boil, simmer 30 minutes. Add salt to taste. Shell hard-boiled eggs and halve lengthwise. Add to sauce, cook gently until heated through. Serve with boiled rice and lemon wedges.

CURRIED POTATO SALAD

(Picture on page 9)

6 large potatoes
¼ cup french dressing
1 cup chopped white onions
2 cups mayonnaise
1 tablespoon curry powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Peel potatoes, cook until tender but still firm. While still warm, cut into cubes, place in large bowl, sprinkle over the french dressing. Gently mix in chopped onions and parsley. Blend ¼ cup mayonnaise with curry powder and salt, then stir in remaining mayonnaise. Fold mayonnaise into potato mixture, mix well.

INDONESIAN VEGETABLE CURRY

1lb. mixed vegetables
2 fresh red chillies or 1 red pepper
1 cup shelled prawns
2 cups chicken stock
1 tablespoon oil
10 small onions
salt

Note: Mixed vegetables above can include aubergine (eggplant), beans, peas, cauliflower, pumpkin, chokoes, etc. If hot curry is desired, use chillies; if mild, use red pepper.

Chop finely the onions and chillies. Heat the oil in saucepan, fry onions and chillies until onions are golden. Add chicken stock and a little salt. Slowly bring to boil, add the vegetables, cook gently until barely tender. Add prawns, cook until heated through.

INDIAN POTATO CHAHKEE

1lb. potatoes
¼ cup oil
2 or 3 sliced onions
1 tablespoon curry powder
salt to taste
1 cup water

Peel and quarter potatoes. Heat oil in saucepan, fry sliced onions until golden, then stir in curry powder and salt. Add potatoes, cook 10 to 15 minutes. Then add the hot water, simmer until potatoes are quite tender.

BENGALI AUBERGINE CURRY

2oz. ghee or butter
2 large sliced onions
2 thinly sliced cloves garlic
1in. piece finely chopped green ginger
1 tablespoon ground coriander
1 teaspoon turmeric
¼ teaspoon chilli powder or to taste
1 teaspoon ground cumin
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon fenugreek
2 large tomatoes
1 large aubergine (eggplant)
salt
chicken stock

Heat butter in saucepan, saute the onions, garlic, and ginger until onions are just tender. Add spices, stir well, continue cooking over low heat 5 minutes. Add peeled and chopped tomatoes and diced eggplant. Pour over sufficient stock barely to cover. Simmer 20 minutes or until eggplant is tender. Do not overcook. Add salt to taste. Serve with plain boiled rice and, if desired, Bombay duck.

INDIAN BEAN FOOGATH

½lb. green beans
water
1 tablespoon desiccated coconut
4 cloves garlic
2 green chillies
4 small onions
½in. piece green ginger
2 tablespoons ghee or butter
½ teaspoon turmeric
salt

Note: Instead of beans, spinach or cabbage can be used. If so, substitute ½ teaspoon black pepper for chillies. The use of turmeric is optional.

Wash and string beans, chop finely. Place in saucepan with ¾ cup water, salt to taste, and 2 of the onions, finely chopped. Boil until soft, simmer until all the water evaporates, remove from heat. Brown remaining onions in another pan in ghee, add ginger, turmeric, garlic, chillies, beans. Stir 3 minutes, then remove. Add coconut, return to heat for 1 or 2 minutes. Serve with plain rice.

MALAYAN HOT FRIED POTATO CURRY

1½lb. potatoes
salt
8oz. ghee or oil
4 finely chopped onions
8 crushed garlic cloves
½ teaspoon turmeric
¾ teaspoon cumin
1 tablespoon ground coriander
1 teaspoon poppy seeds
½ teaspoon ground cloves
½ teaspoon ground cardamom
¼ teaspoon cayenne
½ teaspoon black pepper
1oz. roughly chopped almonds
1in. piece finely chopped green ginger
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
½ pint yoghurt
½ cup coconut milk
½ teaspoon garam masala
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Select small potatoes of even size, peel, and prick all over with fork. Cover with cold water, add 1 tablespoon salt, soak ½ hour; drain. Dry well in clean cloth. Heat 6oz. of the ghee in frypan, brown potatoes on all sides until almost cooked. Melt remaining ghee in another pan, fry onions, garlic, spices, and almonds until onions are tender. Gradually add yoghurt and coconut milk, then potatoes. Cook gently until tender. Add garam masala, chopped parsley, season to taste with salt.

INDIAN ALOO MATTAR

1lb. potatoes
1lb. peas
1lb. tomatoes
1 teaspoon turmeric
1 teaspoon chilli powder
1 teaspoon ground coriander
1 teaspoon ground cumin
2 cups yoghurt
salt to taste
4oz. ghee

Peel and dice potatoes and tomatoes, shell peas. Heat ghee in pan, fry potatoes and peas lightly, then remove and drain. Mix spices into the ghee, fry a few minutes, then add potatoes, peas, and tomatoes. When soft and well cooked, stir in yoghurt. Season to taste.

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INDIAN EGG CURRY

(Picture at right)

2 onions
2 cloves garlic
½lb. tomatoes
4oz. ghee or butter
1 teaspoon ground ginger
2 teaspoons coriander
1 teaspoon turmeric
¼ teaspoon chilli powder
1 teaspoon cumin
1 teaspoon paprika
salt to taste
1 teaspoon garam masala
6 hard-boiled eggs

Peel the onions and garlic cloves. Slice 1 onion thinly, chop remaining onion with the garlic. Peel and chop tomatoes. Heat the ghee or butter, fry the sliced onion until golden. Remove from heat, add the onion and garlic mixture and spices, except garam masala; add salt to taste. Return and fry 5 minutes. Add tomatoes, simmer until sauce has reached desired consistency. Add shelled and halved hard-boiled eggs and garam masala, simmer further 5 minutes.

CEYLONESE VEGETABLE CURRY

2lb. potatoes
2oz. ghee or butter
6 sliced onions
3 fresh red chillies
1 dessertspoon curry powder
2 cups chicken stock
2 tablespoons tamarind puree or sauce
2oz. desiccated coconut

Note: Aubergine (eggplant) or 1lb. green beans can be used in place of the 2lb. potatoes in this recipe.

For a hotter curry, use 6 red chillies instead of 3.

Peel and dice potatoes (or dice aubergine, or top, tail, and string beans and cut into 1in. lengths). Heat ghee or butter in saucepan, fry potatoes, sliced onions, and whole chillies until onions are soft and beginning to brown. Stir in curry powder, stock, tamarind puree or sauce, and coconut. Bring to boil, simmer, uncovered, 20 minutes or until vegetables are tender.

INDIAN EGG CURRY and rice, which is served, for pretty effect, in hollowed-out corn husks. This curry recipe is given at left.

DHALL (right), a bland side-dish, can be made from lentils (red and yellow bowls) or dried peas (green bowl). The recipes are overleaf.

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SIDE-DISHES OR SAMBALS

SIDE-DISHES or sambals are an essential part of a curry meal. They can be savory, sharp, pungent, sweet, salty, or tart.

The curry connoisseur combines sweet with sour, pungent with mild, mixing a little of each with mouthfuls of the curry and rice.

Choice of sambals is wide—although, at a genuine Indian dinner, perhaps only two or three might be offered—such as chutney, pickled vegetables, or Bombay Duck.

Bombay Duck, unlike its name, is fish—dried and salted. Although the smell, while cooking, is a little overpowering, they are very appetising and a traditional curry accompaniment. Fry in a little hot oil until golden brown, about one minute, using a fish slice to keep them flat; drain well. When cool, they should be quite crisp. Crumble them over the curry.

Any of the following sambals make delicious curry accompaniments:

Fried, chopped bacon; plumped raisins; desiccated coconut—plain or mixed with chopped mint; pickled walnuts; cucumber, chopped, mixed with lemon juice, salt and pepper; chopped hard-boiled egg—plain or mixed with chopped green chillies; preserved cumquats; wedges of lemon or lime; green or red pepper, chopped or cut in slivers, then blanched in hot water or sauteed in a little butter; crumbled potato chips.

Slices of banana tossed in butter or dipped in lemon juice, served plain or tossed in coconut; preserved or crystallised ginger; cubed cucumber marinated in coconut milk; diced pineapple; onion-rings browned in butter; a variety of chutneys; mashed potatoes mixed with chopped onion, green chillies, vinegar, and salt.

Salted peanuts; pickled onions; chopped chives; chopped lemon peel; sliced tomatoes or tomatoes chopped and mixed with chopped onions, a little chopped green chilli, lemon juice, salt and pepper.

DHALL WITH TOMATOES

- ½lb. red lentils
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 dessertspoon curry powder
- 4 peeled and chopped tomatoes
- 2 chopped onions
- 1 tablespoon oil
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 crushed clove garlic
- 1 dessertspoon paprika
- 3 cups stock or water

Soak lentils in cold water one hour; drain. Place lentils, salt, curry powder, tomatoes, and onions in pan, cover with stock or water. Bring to boil, reduce heat, and simmer, covered, 30 minutes or until lentils are tender, adding more stock or water, if necessary. Add dry mustard, oil, garlic, and paprika, and simmer further 10 minutes.

MINT CHUTNEY

- 1oz. mint leaves
- 1oz. parsley
- 1 small green chilli (optional)
- 2 or 3 tablespoons tamarind sauce
- salt
- sugar

Wash mint and parsley, discard hard stalks. Chop and grind leaves and chilli to a paste with knife or electric blender; add tamarind sauce. Season to taste with a little salt and sugar.

LENTIL DHALL

- 1 chopped large onion
- 2 finely chopped green chillies
- 1oz. butter or substitute
- ½lb. brown lentils
- ½ teaspoon turmeric
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon ground coriander

Soak lentils in cold water one hour; drain.

Saute onion and chillies in butter until tender. Add drained lentils, turmeric, and sufficient water to cover well. Bring to boil, simmer until lentils are tender, adding more water if necessary. Add salt, dry mustard, and coriander; mix well. Mixture should resemble thick soup.

COCONUT SAMBAL

- ¾ cup desiccated coconut
- ¼ cup shelled prawns
- 2-3 dried chillies
- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
- salt
- juice 1 lemon

Mince or chop the prawns, chillies, and onion very finely. Mix with the coconut, season with salt. Moisten with lemon juice.

SPLIT PEA DHALL

- 1 cup split peas
- 1 finely chopped onion
- 2oz. butter or substitute
- 1 dessertspoon curry powder
- 1 pint stock
- salt to taste

Soak peas overnight in cold water; drain. Mix with onion, butter, curry powder, and stock in saucepan. Bring to boil, cover, and simmer 45 minutes to one hour or until peas are tender. Add more stock or water, if necessary, during cooking. Add salt to taste, continue to simmer a little longer until mixture resembles thick soup.

If desired, add a few drops green food coloring for brighter color.

THANAT

(Burmese Cucumber Salad)

- 3 large green cucumbers
- boiling water
- vinegar, salt
- 2 tablespoons sesame seeds
- ½ cup sesame oil
- 6 large sliced onions
- 10 sliced cloves garlic
- 1 teaspoon turmeric
- 1 teaspoon sugar

Peel and core cucumbers; cut into fingers approximately ¾in. x 3in. long. Place in saucepan, cover with boiling water, add 3 tablespoons vinegar. Bring to the boil, simmer gently until cucumbers are transparent. Drain, sprinkle with a little salt.

Fry sesame seeds in clean, dry frying-pan until pale gold in color; remove and reserve for garnishing. Heat oil, fry onions and garlic until golden. Remove, drain on absorbent paper. Add turmeric, sugar, and salt to oil in frying-pan. Fry a few minutes, then add 2 to 3 tablespoons vinegar. Correct seasoning.

Place cucumber in serving dish, pour dressing over. Garnish with fried onions and sprinkle with sesame seeds.

Note: Cabbage, celery, carrots, beans, capsicums, and eggplant can also be prepared in the same way.

HOW TO EAT CURRY

INDIANS are dexterous with their hands at eating curry. For Westerners, however, a fork and spoon are best — not just a fork.

When choosing from the delicious side-dishes to curry — the sambals of chutney, pickles, etc. — put just a small quantity on the plate. Eat the sambals intermittently by taking a little of one, then another, mixing each with a spoonful of curry and rice.

If you have a very hot chilli pickle, it is easy, with a spoon and fork, to break off just a little of the chilli and mix it with a good quantity of rice — thus making a savory mouthful, instead of a fiery one.

The blandness of rice cuts down the hotness of curries. If you have a curry that is rather too hot for your taste, mix it with a generous amount of rice. It will then be pleasantly palatable.

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PURIS

4oz. plain flour
4oz. finely ground wheatmeal plain flour
¼ pint water
1 teaspoon melted butter or ghee
1 dessertspoon oil
ghee for frying

Place flours in bowl, add sufficient of the water to make a soft, pliable dough. Add melted butter, knead until smooth. Cover bowl with damp cloth, leave in warm place for one hour. Divide into 16 pieces and, using a little oil on the hands, shape into balls. Grease rolling-pin and board with oil, roll each ball into thin pancake. Heat ghee until smoking hot, place a puri in frying-pan. Turn immediately and press with fish slice until the puri puffs up. Cook until golden. Drain on absorbent paper; serve as soon as possible.

MALAYAN CUCUMBER SAMBAL

1 green cucumber
1 small thinly sliced onion
2 tablespoons coconut milk
salt, pepper
lemon juice to taste

Peel cucumber, cut in half lengthwise. Discard all seeds and slice. Add remaining ingredients; season to taste. If a hot relish is desired, add a sliced green chilli.

THAI BAMBOO SALAD

1 cup coconut milk
1 chicken bouillon cube
2 sliced onions
12 medium-sized prawns
1 small can bamboo shoots
1 dessertspoon canned shrimp paste
salt, lemon juice
green chillies
chopped parsley

Bring coconut milk to boil, add crumbled chicken-stock cube and onions; simmer gently until onions are tender. Add shelled prawns, finely sliced bamboo shoots, and shrimp paste. Reheat, add salt and lemon juice to taste. Garnish, if desired, with newly sliced green chillies and chopped parsley.

THAI FRIED BEAN SPROUTS

2oz. bacon fat or lard
6 cloves garlic
¼lb. chopped, shelled prawns
4oz. lean pork
¼lb. canned bean sprouts
soy sauce
sugar, pepper

Heat fat and saute crushed garlic. Cut pork into thin slivers, add, and fry until crisp. Then add prawns and bean sprouts. Cover, simmer five to 10 minutes or until bean sprouts are tender. Season to taste with soy sauce, sugar, and pepper.

SAFFRON RICE

1 finely chopped onion
1oz. butter
½ teaspoon saffron
2 cups long-grain rice
4 cups hot chicken stock

Heat butter in large saucepan, saute onion until golden. Add well-rinsed rice, stir over heat until rice is coated with butter. Add saffron to hot chicken stock. Pour gradually into saucepan, stirring constantly. Bring to boil, reduce heat, and cook slowly, covered, 16 to 18 minutes until stock has been absorbed and rice is tender.

INDONESIAN TOMATO SAMBAL

1 tablespoon oil
2 crushed cloves garlic
1 small finely chopped onion
3 fresh red chillies or
¼ teaspoon chilli powder
1lb. sliced firm tomatoes
2 chopped leeks
salt
1 tablespoon brown sugar
1 teaspoon tamarind sauce
½ cup thick coconut milk

Heat oil and fry garlic and onion until tender. Add finely chopped chillies, tomatoes, and leeks; fry a few minutes, season with salt, sugar, and tamarind sauce. Add coconut milk, bring to the boil; reduce heat, simmer 10 minutes.

CURRY SAUCES TRANSFORM LEFTOVERS

A GOOD curry sauce, such as those below, is a practical way of using up left-over meat and vegetables. Make the sauce, add the meat, and cook just long enough to heat through.

CURRY SAUCE

1½ cups chicken stock
½ cup white wine
4oz. fresh or desiccated coconut
3 onions
1 apple
4 celery sticks
2 tablespoons oil
½ teaspoon ground ginger
1 tablespoon curry powder
½ teaspoon salt
pinch cinnamon
3 tomatoes
6 peppercorns
2 bayleaves
juice ½ lemon
1 tablespoon red currant jelly
1 dessertspoon cornflour
3 tablespoons cold water

Pour boiling stock (can be made with stock cubes) over coconut, cover, and infuse 15 minutes. Drain, reserve liquid. Slice onions, peel and dice apple, slice celery, peel and chop tomatoes. Heat oil, fry onions until lightly brown. Add prepared celery, apples, and tomatoes, cook further 5 minutes. Add curry powder, spices, salt, peppercorns, bayleaves. Pour on reserved coconut stock and wine. Cover, simmer 45 minutes. Sieve curry sauce, pressing through as much of vegetables as possible. Add lemon juice and red currant jelly. Blend cornflour with 3 tablespoons cold water, add to sauce. Bring up to boil, stirring continuously. Boil 2 minutes.

For a hot curry sauce, add chilli powder or chopped red chilli to taste.

SWEET CURRY SAUCE

3oz. butter
1 medium onion
2 cooking apples
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon chopped raisins
2 tablespoons curry powder
3 tablespoons flour
1 pint chicken stock
1 teaspoon brown sugar
2 tablespoons red currant jelly
2 teaspoons lemon juice

Chop onion, peel, core, and chop apples. Melt butter, cook onion until transparent but not brown. Add prepared apples, lemon rind, raisins, and curry powder; cook 2 minutes. Blend flour to smooth paste with a little water, and add; cook further 3 minutes, stirring all the time. Gradually pour in stock, add sugar and red currant jelly, cover and simmer 30 minutes. Strain through muslin, stir in lemon juice.

SPICED FRIED PRAWNS

2 cups shelled prawns
3 teaspoons coriander
pinch powdered ginger
2 teaspoons sugar
2 crushed cloves garlic
1 dessertspoon vinegar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon black pepper
oil for deep frying

Combine all ingredients, except prawns and oil. Coat prawns with this mixture, leave three hours. Deep-fry in hot oil, drain on absorbent paper. Serve hot.

CHAPATTIS

½lb. wholemeal plain flour
½ teaspoon salt
¼ pint water

Place flour and salt in basin. Add water, mix to a fairly stiff dough; knead well. Divide mixture into quarters. Roll each piece to a circle about ¼in. thick on lightly floured board. Heat griddle or ungreased frying-pan. Cook each chapatti 2 minutes on each side. Transfer to griller without the rack; grill chapattis until they swell and puff up, turning once.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

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DESSERTS . . . . . .

FRESH FRUIT makes a good dessert after curry. Serve papaw, pineapple, mango, a juicy orange, or some ripe passionfruit.

● Desserts served after curry should be light and refreshing—the fruit shown at left is ideal, or try some of these delicious fruit desserts specially planned to follow a main-dish curry.

ORANGE CREAM

- 1 dessertspoon gelatine
- 1 tablespoon cold water
- 4 egg-yolks
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup sweet white wine
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 cup cream

Soften gelatine in the water. Beat egg-yolks and sugar in top of double saucepan; add the wine. Place over hot water and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture coats spoon. Add the gelatine, stir until dissolved. Stir in orange and lemon juices. Cool, then chill until consistency of unbeaten egg-whites. Whip cream, fold into the orange mixture. Pour into lightly oiled mould, chill until firm.

If desired, decorate with whipped cream and orange slices.

SIDE-DISHES that add color and taste are chutney, peppers, nuts, chillies, cumquats, chapattis, bombay duck, and pappadams.

SIDE-DISHES . . . continued

PULAO RICE

- ½lb. long-grain rice
- 2oz. ghee or butter
- 2 sliced onions
- 1 crushed clove garlic
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 1 cup peas
- 2½ cups hot water

Clean, wash, and soak rice half hour. Heat ghee, fry onions until golden. Add drained rice, garlic, salt, and peas; continue to cook five minutes, stirring. Gradually add hot water, mix thoroughly, and bring to the boil. Simmer, covered, 20 to 25 minutes, or until all liquid has been absorbed and rice is tender.

Note: Any of the following ingredients can also be added: Cloves, cinnamon, caraway seeds, turmeric, ginger, red pepper, coriander, parsley, garam masala, or cumin.

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to serve after curry

CARAMEL CREAM PEARS

4 firm pears
¼ cup sugar
1 tablespoon butter
1 cup cream

Peel pears, cut into quarters, core. Arrange in well-buttered shallow ovenproof dish (not glass; the cold cream, when added, may crack the dish). Sprinkle with sugar, dot with butter. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, or until the sugar is dark brown; baste once or twice during cooking. Pour the cream over, stir gently. Cook further 2 to 3 minutes.

INDIAN FRUIT TAJ

2 large oranges
2 large bananas
lemon juice
1 tablespoon slivered dates
1 beaten egg-yolk
½ cup softened vanilla ice-cream
½ cup whipped cream
½ to 1 tablespoon rum

Peel and section oranges; arrange sections in serving bowls or glasses. Slice bananas over the orange sections, sprinkle with lemon juice. Stir together softened ice-cream, beaten egg-yolk, whipped cream, and rum; spoon over fruit, garnish with dates.

ORANGE ICE

2 cups sugar
4 cups water
grated rind 1 orange
½ cup orange juice
few drops orange food coloring

Combine sugar and water in saucepan, bring to the boil, boil 5 minutes. Add orange rind and juice; cool. Tint with a few drops of orange food coloring. Pour into refrigerator trays, freeze. When on the point of hardening, stir vigorously with a fork; continue stirring occasionally until mixture has set through.

LEMON SOUFFLE

4 eggs
juice and finely grated rind of 2 lemons
4oz. castor sugar
½ pint cream
½oz. gelatine
¼ cup water

Tie band of paper firmly around 4½ to 5in. souffle dish, taking it about 2in. above edge of dish, oil lightly. Beat egg-yolks with sugar, lemon rind, and juice over hot water until thick; remove from heat, beat until cold. Dissolve gelatine in water, fold into egg mixture with softly whipped cream. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, pour into prepared dish. Chill until set. Gently remove paper.

INDIAN BANANA OMELET

4 eggs
2 mashed bananas
sugar
milk
cinnamon
ghee or butter

Separate eggs; beat the yolks and whites separately. Stir mashed banana into egg-yolks, add sugar to taste and a little milk to thin the mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Heat a little ghee in heavy omelet pan, pour in egg mixture, cook over heat until underside is set. Then place under pre-heated medium griller and cook until golden on top. Dust with cinnamon.

MANGO MOUSSE

16oz. can mango pulp
1 tablespoon gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¾ cup sugar
1 pint cream

Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over hot water. Add to mango puree with lemon juice and sugar. Whip cream, carefully fold into mango mixture. Spoon into serving dish; chill until set.

FRESH APPLE CHUTNEY

2oz. desiccated coconut
¼ cup hot milk
1oz. salt
2 tablespoons chopped onion
2 large green apples
2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper or dash cayenne
juice 1 lemon

Soak desiccated coconut in hot milk 20 minutes, drain and discard liquid. Dissolve salt in bowl of cold water. Peel, core, and chop apples; place in the salted water, let stand 10 minutes. Drain apples, mix with onion, pepper, and drained coconut. Place in glass dish, sprinkle with lemon juice, toss, and serve immediately.

PAPPADAMS

Pappadams are savory lentil biscuits. They are difficult to make at home, but they can be bought in packaged form ready to cook.

They cook in a few seconds. Drop them one at a time into hot oil; they will puff up almost at once. Drain well on absorbent paper. They should be crisp and dry, not greasy to touch. If necessary, dry them off, when cooked, in slow oven.

FRIED CHILLIES

12 dried red chillies
oil for frying
3-4 finely chopped prawns
salt

Place chillies in dry saucepan, shake over gentle heat a few minutes. Put them through electric blender. Heat a little oil in small saucepan, add the chillies, chopped prawns, and a little salt. Stir over heat a few minutes. Serve as a relish.

MALAYAN ONION SAMBAL

2 large onions
2 green chillies
2 tablespoons vinegar
salt

Slice onions thinly. Discard all seeds from chillies and slice thinly. Combine all ingredients, add salt to taste.

GROUND CHILLI SAMBAL

24 fresh red chillies
2 small onions
¼lb. prawns
oil for frying
lemon juice
salt, sugar

Peel onions, slice onions and chillies finely. Heat some oil in small saucepan, fry onions and chillies until onions are golden. Add shelled and chopped prawns, salt and sugar to taste, and lemon juice to moisten.

This sambal is very hot—only ½ teaspoon is put on each plate.

JAVANESE SPICED CUCUMBER

1 large cucumber
white vinegar
water
½ teaspoon curry powder
salt to taste

Peel and slice cucumber, put in saucepan, cover with 2 parts vinegar, 1 part water. Add curry powder and salt, bring to boiling point. Remove from heat, leave to cool in liquid. Drain well.

BENGAL CHUTNEY

1lb. sultanas
1lb. dates
½lb. dried apricots
½lb. dried peaches
1lb. green tomatoes
3 large green apples
2 large red chillies or red peppers
4oz. green ginger
1lb. brown sugar
2oz. salt
1 quart vinegar
1 dessertspoon allspice
1 dessertspoon cloves

Put sultanas, dates, apricots, and peaches through mincer, or chop finely. Place in pan with chopped, peeled tomatoes, chopped apples (peeled and cored), chopped, seeded chillies or peppers, chopped ginger, salt, brown sugar, vinegar, allspice, and cloves. Cook steadily until it reaches thick chutney consistency.

Bottle while hot, seal when cold.

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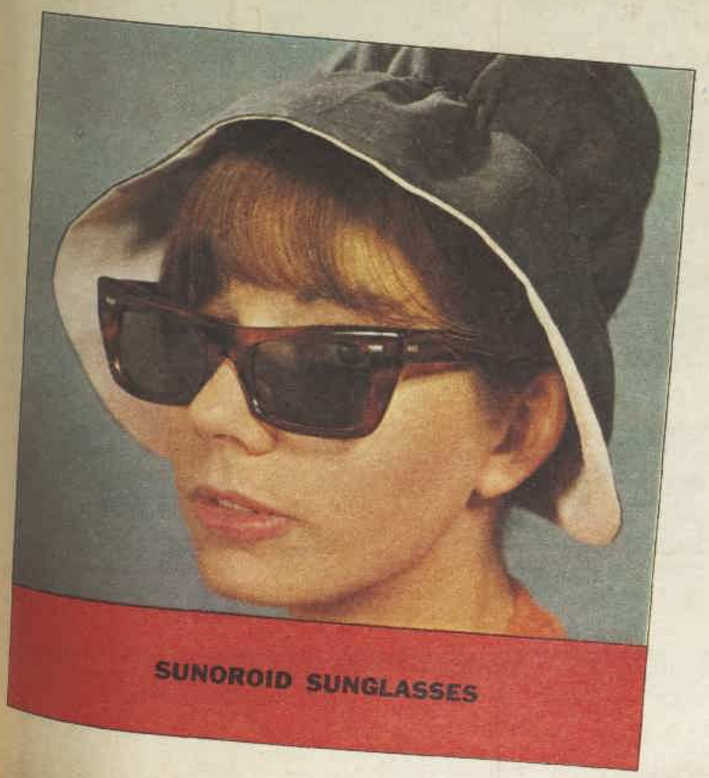

SUNOROID SUNGLASSES

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SAVE THIS SECTION TO PLAY ALL 5 GAMES

LINCOLN DARE-DEVIL TEST TRACKS

LITTLE TUPPENCE DRESSABLE DOLLS BY LINCOLN

PLUS THOUSANDS OF $1 SPECIAL LOTTERY TICKETS

Game No. 1 now in progress—concludes February 28, 1967.

AMPOL CROSS-OUT '67 GAME No. 2

Magnificent twin-turreted cathedral shows more than a spicing of Spanish architectural influence.

The man who found one of the richest goldfields in history rests forever in the city his find helped establish.

Stern lines of this old convict church evoke thoughts of the early days of the State's history.

Conical old windmill and slate-roofed cottage look almost out of place in this distinctly Australian State.

Abandoned pearling lugger rotting away reminds us of the death of a once lucrative industry.

Casket of the buccaneering seafarer who discovered Terra Australis long before the immortal Cook.

This striped emu chick, caught in a patch of sunlight, pecks away for titbits in the sand.

Architectural testimony to a city's heritage, and its place in the world of tomorrow.

Drama in concrete as this modern highway bridge spears out across the famous "Narrows."

High tailplane of an intercontinental jet juts into the grey clouds above the city's airport.

The "Spitfire," battlecharger that saved a city, reflects a city's homage to its role.

Historic home of the leader of the famous "pioneering 400" who established one of the State's richest districts.

Modern highway system spirals across the sandy reaches to the city beyond.

Controversial sculpture reclines on the green lawns of the City Art Gallery.

A touch of London in the centre of this bustling, expanding Australian city.

Restored symbol of the early days—a pioneer's sturdy stone cottage.

Historic battlemented barracks bring a breath of "Old England" to this famous western city.

Riding serenely at anchor, this pearler brings back a breath of the days when pearling was at its peak.

SEE AUSTRALIA WITH AUSTRALIAN-OWNED AMPOL

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SAVE THIS SECTION TO PLAY ALL 5 GAMES

THOUSANDS OF PRIZES

AMPOL CROSS-OUT '67 GAME No. 3

Spinnaker ballooning in a brisk off-shore breeze, a famous 12-metre yacht shows its paces.

Extreme contrasts in architectural concepts are seen in one of the city's most historic streets.

Inner bay reflects a city's enthusiasm for boating on the harbour.

This famous symbol of the early pioneers is one of the State's most photographed dogs.

Atmosphere of the colourful tropics makes ideal setting for the "Big Banana."

Dramatic concrete arch spans out over one of the State's busiest waterways.

Massive concrete weir in the southern part of the State controls water flow into one of the world's finest irrigation systems.

Colourful, shallow-draught Aquavan enables holiday makers to cruise the shallow waterways of the State.

Giant radio telescope probes the heavens as Australia's biggest export earners graze peacefully.

Looking out over the spectacular Aquarium Marineland to the famous Seminary on the hill.

Throwing up sheets of spray on the choppy waters, the hydrofoil is one of the harbour's most popular tourist attractions.

Weathered buildings and copper domes date back to 1856, adding to the richness of a great city's history.

Powerful Snow Cat rests near the peak of Australia's leading winter playground.

Soaring skyscrapers reflect the dynamic growth of Australia's largest city.

Steel spans march in spidery precision across one of the State's most famous rivers.

The flowing lines of this graceful temple bring a touch of the East to a dynamic Western metropolis.

The great soaring sails of a new opera house jut into the sky above one of the world's finest harbours.

Historic colonial-style residence of the Queen's representative set in colourful gardens and green lawns.

AMPOL CROSS-OUT '67 GAME No. 4

Tomb of the German pioneer who helped make this State one of the world's great wine producing areas.

Looking like a proud eagle, this weathered rock seems to stand sentinel on a famous island off the coast.

The reasons why this city is called the "City of Hotels and Churches" stand amicably side by side in the sunlight.

This old oil urn reminds young tourists of the days when rough and rowdy whalers sailed southern seas.

Great wine storage bins gleam in the bright sunlight beside the winery.

Mud hut stands as evidence of ingenuity of State's early pioneers.

An old tall house squats squarely by the roadside against a backdrop of green rolling hills.

Rock formations, sculptured by time and weather, dramatically frame lady tourist on off-shore island.

Framed between autumn's brown leaves, this famous Lutheran church sends its steeple soaring skyward.

Monteforte stands with his back to the ceremony being enacted at this famous southern lookout.

England/Australia night flight pioneer, Sir Ross Keith Smith, and crew, contemplate Memorial visitors.

The "Bintang Terang" sailed from Hong Kong to enter Sydney to Hobart race and now fishes for its keep.

Old pump, water workhorse of this famous wine city's early days, stands austerely outside Irrigation Office.

Australia's largest tanker taking shape in this southern shipyard, dwarfs the men building her.

Incredible "House of Pebbles" fascinates tourists to this southern State.

The old "Sandfly" still delights many tourists to this historic southern State.

Shades of the past! Paddle wheel steamer rests in shadow of a giant river gum.

One way to beat the heat, dust and flies of an opal field. Live underground.

SEE AUSTRALIA WITH AUSTRALIAN-OWNED AMPOL

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SAVE THIS SECTION TO PLAY ALL 5 GAMES

THOUSANDS OF PRIZES

AMPOL CROSS-OUT '67 GAME No. 5

Serene waters set against tropical palms and sandy beaches inspired Edmund Banfield to write "The Beachcomber."

Hard-hatted oil drillers in search of the elusive "black gold" that would pour millions into the nation's economy.

Leaping flames are a reminder of the ever-present danger of bushfires in this hot northern State.

Colourful "puffing billy" is a great favourite with the children in this leading cane-growing centre.

One of the State's most beautiful churches stands in its rugged rock setting.

Striking memorial to the State's greatest poet stands in the countryside he loved so well.

The multi-coloured fish abounding around the coral cays defy the imagination with their brilliance.

Symbols of a tourist paradise. Fighting fish and a pretty girl against the blue skies.

Famous tower dominates a city in the hazy air of descending twilight.

Hero of many processions, "Puffy" still stands with his old air of alertness atop his sandstone monument.

Horseriders pause to take in the breathtaking panorama that stretches out below them.

Edmund Banfield, the man whose book, "The Beachcomber," helped make the "reef" one of our most popular resort areas.

These glass-bottomed boats give tourists a magnificent view of fascinating underwater life on the "reef."

The "New Endeavour" returns under full sail to the famous Passage named by Captain Cook.

Stark white picket fence frames historic Anglican church out in "Steele Rudd" country.

In the far north, aborigines re-enact one of their timeless tribal dances.

Spray flying, this friendly porpoise leaps high for tourist titbits at feeding time.

Vast size of this State makes light aircraft ideal for transport and crop dusting.

AMPOL CROSS-OUT '67 GAME No. 6

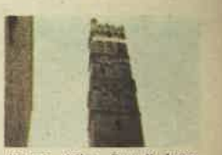
Winter's barren trees form a lacy pattern against the sky on the Harley Street of this southern city.

The big parade prior to the running of one of the world's racing classics.

Behind a carpet of clover-clad lawn, sits the home of one of Australia's most famous poets, Adam Lindsay Gordon.

This southern city's most famous station, with its great dome dominating the surrounding area.

Ski lodge stands in the dazzling white of this southern snowfield.


Historic "Shot Tower" looms into the overcast sky of this famous southern city.

The ceaseless pounding of southern seas have created this spectacular stretch of Port Campbell coastline.

A crew of "eights" rhythmically swings along this famous southern river between tree-fringed banks.

Famous southern music bowl rears up out of the green lawns in this State's largest city.

Triple spires stabbing into the sky, this historic church dominates the outskirts of the State's biggest city.

Dramatic tribute to its fallen heroes, this city's war memorial stands amidst lush green lawns.

Rolling green pastureland runs up to the craggy cliffs of this southern coast.

This bustling, dynamic southern city is fast overtaking Sydney as Australia's biggest city.

Twin ribbons of light stretch across this famous bridge into the light-bejewelled city beyond.

The "William Ricketts Sanctuary" set in the rugged splendour of the Dandenongs.

Twin-chimneyed stone cottage of famous southern botanist, William Guilfoyle.

Power farming reflects the prosperity of this southern State's vast wheatlands.

Rambling brick barn sprawls over the green sward in an art colony of this southern State.

SEE AUSTRALIA WITH AUSTRALIAN-OWNED AMPOL

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' questions about their interesting antiques.

● "Child's teaset."

WHAT has always been known in our family as a "child's teaset" consists of six each cups, saucers, and plates, two serving plates, milk jug, sugar basin with lid, teapot, and small bowl. I cannot find any markings on the china, but know it has been in our family for 85 years and belonged to another child before that. The teapot is 4½in. high, serving plates are 6in. across, bread-and-butter plates 4¾in. across. — Mrs. J. Trenerry, Clapham, S.A.

This unique "child's teaset" of singular design is probably Staffordshire ware. It is early Victorian and dates about 1845-55. The Leeds Pottery made similar "child's teasets." Few complete matching sets of this type have survived.

● Vase with cover.

IN England I acquired a "Vase with Cover," which was given to a friend by a woman who had retired from service in Queen Mary's household and who was about to open an antique shop.

It was, it seems, the Queen's custom to give retiring staff who embarked on this kind of venture several small antiques from her large collection. Of course, the pieces were not to be identified as being from her collection, but sold on their merits. It is possible my vase was such a piece. It is 13in. high, the two pictures are signed "Kaufmann," the frames and patterning are in gold.—Mrs. D. M. Hudson, Nedlands, W.A.

The vase was made in Austria at the Vienna Pottery about 1880-90. The decorative panels are after a painting by Angelica Kaufmann, who worked in England during the last quarter of the 18th century. Her work has been much copied in recent times.

Angelica Kaufmann was not a ceramic artist. Any porcelain or pottery bearing the name Kaufmann is of recent vintage. Usually the design is transfer-printed in multi-color, over which some hand coloring is sometimes applied, giving the appearance of complete hand-painting to the novice collector.

CAN you give me some information about my antique writing desk? The front is inlaid with copper and mother-of-pearl. I bought it in The Hague, but the dealer thought it came from England.—Mrs. F. Olsen, Den Haag, Holland.

Your interesting writing desk of singular design was made about 1845-55 (Victorian). The style is unusual for an English example. However, something about it gives me the impression it was in fact made in England, perhaps for the Continental market. Only a careful examination of the craftsmanship would assist an expert in determining the country of origin — for example, the dovetailing of the drawers and linings, etc.

English examples of the period are usually lined with cedar, open-grained mahogany, or oak; Continental specimens usually with pine.

● Antique writing desk.

Chilled and chocolatey! New Carnation Chocolate Mousse Cake

A delicious no-bake Carnation mix and chill recipe. It's easy. A cool dessert cake with a smooth chocolate filling, whipped to velvet texture with Carnation Evaporated Milk and topped with crunchy almonds. Only Carnation Milk gives you recipes like this. Because Carnation whips beautifully — just like cream. Tastes as good, and it's more economical, too. Carnation, the milk 'from contented cows'.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE CAKE

1⅔ cups (14½ oz can) undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk; 1 cup water; 3 level tablespoons cornflour; 3 level tablespoons sugar; 2 level teaspoons gelatine; 2 level teaspoons instant coffee; ¼ lb block dark cooking chocolate; 24 or 30 single sponge fingers.

Line the bottom and sides of an 8" x 4" x 3" loaf tin with greaseproof paper, let the paper extend beyond the rim. Line the sides with sponge fingers, and the bottom of the loaf tin as well if desired. Break chocolate into squares. Place cornflour and sugar in a saucepan, add coffee, gelatine and 1 cup Carnation Milk diluted with 1 cup water. Blend and stir over medium heat until boiling. Remove from heat, add chocolate and stir until smooth. Cool until partially set. Whip the remaining well chilled Carnation Milk until stiff. Fold in the chocolate mixture. Into the loaf tin alternately add two layers each of pudding and sponge fingers. Chill 2-3 hours. Lift from tin and remove paper. Decorate with whipped cream and toasted almonds. Serves 6.

NEW!
Easy-to-open can

Now the Carnation can has a raised rim that makes it easy to open with any can opener.

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This is a BAND-AID Dressing undressing.

There's no faster first-aid. Zip off protective wrapper, peel back tabs, press on dressing. Next time a hurt happens, cover it quick!

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LUCK FOR THE ROAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

in August, Fran came up the drive from the little house, and the card without any picture on it was in her hand.

"Young Dennis has got safely over," she said, and Mrs. Amboy stood up with the trowel gripped in the fingers of the worn kid glove, and she stared across the hedge at her. "Here's the APO address. He's got there safely," Fran said. In a moment, thought Mrs. Amboy in contempt, Fran's voice might break in two and clutter up the garden.

"Arrived safely?" Mrs. Amboy said. "Were you worrying about that?" She could see the card, with young Dennis' signature written on it and she spoke her first thought in irritation. "So it came to you, did it?" she said.

"The War Department sends them out," said Fran.

"I've had some correspondence with them. They know my address as well as yours," she said.

THERE was something else that was on her mind, but she said nothing about it. Only when she went to her desk, she took the packet of cancelled cheques from the drawer. She slipped the July bank statement from under the elastic band that bound them all, and she went through them slowly, carefully again, laying them one on the other, date by date, before her. But the cancelled cheque made out to Thomas Ellory's name in the sum of ten thousand dollars was not among the others there.

She sat at the library desk, and the leaves moved softly at the window, and she took her glasses from her nose and tapped them against her hand. He had needed the money, and yet he had not cashed the cheque, she thought in speculation. She thought of the story, and she tried to compose some other ending for it. So for a little while it was not young Dennis' face or any possibility of his death that she saw before her. It was, instead, the face and figure of a young woman in a Denver hospital, a young woman with no money in the bank, and no baby to carry out in her arms . . .

A stretch of time went by before the wire from the War Department was brought up to the big house. It was an afternoon that Fran was at the Red Cross rolling bandages, and the boy on the bicycle found the door of the little house closed, so he followed on up the drive. There was the sound of the wheel on the gravel, like a whisper on the drowsy air, and Mrs. Amboy paused in the greenhouse and lifted her head. It might have been that the raccon tails were swinging still on the handlebars outside, and that young Dennis' voice would say in a minute:

When engaged in this curious custom the mapach or racoon grasps the edible matter in both forepaws and moves it rhythmically backwards and forwards.

And the voice of Malcolm White might say aloud as he teetered on the saddle:

I believe you were saying its oyster-eating propensities have frequently been questioned?

The War Department communication told Mrs. Amboy across the filtered sunlight that young Dennis Amboy was missing for three weeks in the Pacific area with all members of his crew. Missing might be the proper word for spectacles or a fountain pen you had put into another bag, thought Mrs. Amboy, laying the wire down on the watering can; it had nothing to do with young men in a bomber. Young men talked out loud, said where they were, rode bicycles up the driveway. Missing! she thought, as if in contempt for the vagueness and the inexcusable carelessness of it. The pilot, the bombardier, the rear gunner, the control officer in the astrohatch — they were men with parachutes, rubber boats, they couldn't be dismissed like that.

It was someone else that she thought of now as she stood alone in the greenhouse's light — the face and the figure of someone for whom no weapons had been provided, who had been assigned no paraphernalia of escape, given no ammunition, lying flat on a hospital bed and calculating the payments due on a house that a fool named Ellory had decided not to live in any more.

She did not write at once, but when the August bank statement and the parcel of cancelled cheques came in the first week in September, she sat down and wrote the letter. She addressed it to Mrs. Thomas Ellory on North Colfax Avenue, Denver, and she made no mention of the cheque made out to Thomas Ellory, because it was not among the others there. The letter was not a long one. It said merely, in Mrs. Amboy's sloping, regular hand:

My dear Mrs. Ellory:

A few months back I had a couple of conversations with your husband. He was training with my grandson down at Drew Field at the time. I understand he is control officer in my grandson's bomber crew, and that the lot of them are reported "missing." I know my grandson, so I don't put any faith in the story. But your husband was worried about your health at the time, so I thought I'd take the trouble to inquire about it.

Yours very truly,

At the end, she added a postscript.

"How did you make out with the payments on the house?" she wrote.

In ten days the answer came to her, written from a hospital ward in a high-school-girlish, backhand writing. It said:

My dear Mrs. Amboy:

It was kind of you to write and ask about me. I hope to be out of here and able to take on a defence job again in just a little while. It's been so long because of blood-poisoning that set in. Then I'll be able to take care of the payments on the house. I'm not quite sure what you mean by Thomas being "control officer" of your grandson's bombing crew. Tom is a pilot himself—they only train pilots at Drew Field, you know. He's been listed missing since August the tenth. Perhaps they were out on the same mission together. But I know how you feel about your grandson, because I have the same kind of faith in Tom.

Mrs. Amboy walked suddenly out the door and down through the kitchen garden. Her gardening gloves hung just inside the greenhouse door's glass panes, and she jerked them off the hook in the sun and slipped them on her hands. Faith in him, faith in Thomas Ellory! she thought, and she seized the trowel up from the shallow pan of earth. Control officer in the astrohatch! Paying ten thousand dollars to be tricked! she thought in fury. She had come to the tomato beds now and she stopped and looked at them blindly, *balefully*. The plants were yellowing and spreading out in long, lacy, ineffectual boughs.

"So you tricked me, Ellory," she said, and now she was on her knees by the plants, and she stabbed the trowel's blade into the crumbling soil.

I suppose that's what you might call it, ma'am, said Ellory's drifting, spineless voice, or some memory of it, and she looked at the two small tight-fisted tomatoes that hung on the plant before her, fixing them in venom as if they were not fruit or vegetable but Ellory's pale, perfidious eyes.

"Very well then," said Mrs. Amboy. She dug savagely into the earth at the roots of the plant and turned it over, baring to the September sun the underlayer of damp, fragrant soil. "And why did you do it?"

I suppose for the money. Because I wanted the money, he said.

Mrs. Amboy snorted as she moved to the next plant on her knees.

"Except you didn't cash the cheque," she said.

I was trying to make up my mind to that, Ellory's voice, or her calculation of it, answered. I took it overseas with me. I thought I'd come to make up my mind about it better over there.

"Oh, I see," said Mrs. Amboy. "So you preferred to leave her lying there, not knowing how to pay the bills!"

Yes, said Ellory as if in apology to her, I suppose that's what I did. You see, I knew I couldn't do what I told you I'd do, because I had nothing to do with any other bomber. I never had anything to do with anybody else's bomber. I was just a pilot like anybody else, he said.

"So that was part of the lie to get the money!" said Mrs. Amboy in fury to the tomato plants.

YES, I guess that was part of it, ma'am, Ellory, or some bitter recollection of him, answered.

And then you never cashed the cheque! After all that, you never cashed it! Mrs. Amboy said.

No, said Ellory, but I always kept it on me. I don't know why, but I always kept it on me. Perhaps it made me feel I had something when I didn't have anything—a kind of power outside myself to turn to some time—a kind of last resort, if I could bring myself to use it, and as the breeze moved through the plants it might have been that Ellory had lifted his narrow, nervous hand and run it through his hair.

"So you went traipsing around with that in your pocket, while she had nothing but blood - poisoning, and debts, and a bed in a hospital ward to keep her company!" said Mrs. Amboy as she kneeled there in the path.

Yes, ma'am, said Ellory in a troubled voice, but, you see, I couldn't save Dennis. It was crazy, what I told you I could do. And as long as I couldn't do it, I didn't have the right to use it—

"A little bit late for honor," said Mrs. Amboy bitterly, and that night she

To page 44

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1500 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

(Advertisement)

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"I have to confess," says Nancy Leith, "that I'm an every-spare-moment knitter. For this outfit I discovered this pretty new yarn: Patons Pure New Wool Pebble."

PURE NEW WOOL

A simple jacket, with matching skirt, from Patons Book 815.

Nancy Leith is small, pretty, fair-haired — and an industrious knitter.

In her on-duty hours she operates a switchboard, with great tact, and efficiency and charm. But her current knitting project lies always at her elbow — ready for her "every spare moment".

"Anyone who knits as much as I do is always on the look-out for something new", says Nancy.

"I found this pattern in Patons Book 815, and then I discovered new Patons Pebble. I think it's a really attractive yarn — sort of tweedy when it's knitted up, because it's got all these flecks of colour. And it's very soft and warm and it's pure new wool and of course it's Patonised to resist shrinking.

"That's mostly why I knit with Patons yarns – because they are Patonised, they are shrink-resistant, and that makes all your time and effort worthwhile.

"Yes, I'm thoroughly thrilled with my new Pebble outfit. Guess what? I've already started on another!"

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It is said that every time you wash your face you start a wrinkle, but now you can smooth and beautify the skin as you cleanse. No more taut dry skin when you use this cleansing milk that removes every trace of make-up with a dissolving action that leaves the complexion smoother, clearer, and free from wrinkle dryness. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Delph cleansing milk that gives the complexion a look of youthful beauty.

LUCK FOR THE ROAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

made the decision: she telephoned Fran at the little house to say she was going away.

"I'm taking a trip," she said. "I'm going out to Denver."

"But, Mother Amboy," said Fran, "that's a long way for you to go!" She might as well have added: "You're seventy - five, remember, Mother Amboy."

"It's near enough by air," she snapped. And why couldn't the woman brace up, she thought in impatience? Why did she have to sit martyred there in the little house with her voice gone quiet and her eye gone dim, and the map of the South-west Pacific area pinned up on the wall? "Wife of one of young Dennis' friends," she said. "I'm going down to see her. One of the pilots that he knew, listed as missing. She doesn't believe a word of it, either. Got blood-poisoning in a hospital," she said.

That would fix her, she thought. It wasn't young men who took horses over hedges and broke plateglass windows on Main Street who would slip from life like culprits! "Matter of spirit," she said, and she jammed the receiver back on the hook again.

Because she was travelling, then, she didn't see the War Department's second wire when it came. The first she knew of what had happened was when she walked into the Brown Palace in Denver, with her two neat air-weight suitcases following behind. She had put her cane aside, and snapped her glasses on her nose to sign in at the desk, and there was the evening paper lying on the counter. "Italy Surrenders," the headlines said, and somewhere on the page below it her eye found instantly: "Denver Flier and Comrades Rescued after Twenty-Eight Days at Sea."

So she did not go up to her room, but she went out on the sidewalk, motioning the doorman in braid aside, and she hailed a taxi with her lifted cane. As soon as the door of it was closed, she opened out the paper, and it might have been that Ellory sat down on the seat beside her and took off his aviator's helmet and ran his nervous fingers through his hair.

We were out on a scouting hop, he said, and she did not look up from the print of the newspaper before her. Line by line, in spite of him, she was going to read it through. A bomber was flying just to the right of me, was what Ellory said, and I knew we two were off the course. We'd lost the others. There was a rain squall just before us, and I figured we'd find the others when we got through that squall. And then I saw that this plane off my right wing was having trouble . . .

"Oh, he was, was he?" said Mrs. Amboy, and at the sound of her voice speaking out the taxi-driver looked up into the windshield mirror in query at her. She was sitting there on the seat alone, and she quickly turned the page.

We didn't know who was piloting the plane, Ellory went on with it. Because of the rain squall, we couldn't see the number on her. He was having engine trouble, but we didn't know that till later. We didn't know anything except that he was getting ready to bring her down, and setting a heavily armored war job down on water when she's been made to set down on land isn't a picnic for anybody . . .

"But he did it," said Mrs. Amboy with a certain pride and grimness. "It says here that he did it—"

They sank at once, Ellory was saying. They didn't have time for anything. They went right under.

"It says here," said Mrs. Amboy, and she shook the folds of the newspaper out as if for a better sight of the words, "it says here that you were out of gas yourself—"

We'd been out on a flight that took us to the maximum range of our aircraft, Ellory said, the uneasy, apologetic sound of it familiar in her ears. So even at that my gas was getting low. Add to it that we were off the course, and then when the other ship went down, I circled a time or two around where she went out of sight. And then we saw two men of her crew were swimming—two who'd got out of her were swimming. But they couldn't have lasted long, he said.

"So then it came into your head to bring yours down on the water, too?" asked Mrs. Amboy, and she did not take her eyes from the page.

I was just trying to get their position so as to send help back, Ellory went on with it, but the sun had set. It was beginning to be evening, and I didn't like the idea of leaving those two men behind. And then—I guess it was just about then, he said in his troubled, uneasy voice, I saw there wasn't a chance of getting home on the gas we had, so there wasn't any choice left. I passed back word to stand by for a landing in the water, and I brought her down, he said.

The taxi took the corner fast, and Mrs. Amboy felt herself swaying toward him with the paper in her hands.

"Very well," she said sharply, and she straightened up. "They say here that Bomber Pilot Ellory is up for a decoration. They say he saved Bomber Pilot Amboy's—"

We didn't go under at once. We had fifteen minutes to inflate the rafts and stow the emergency gear and get clear of the ship, Ellory said. And then I saw for the first time who the other pilot was—he was swimming near us in the water. We'd done our training at Drew Field together—fellow named Dennis Amboy. There wasn't much room, but we pulled him and his tail gunner up with us in the rubber boats . . .

"Look," Mrs. Amboy said, and for a minute she saw nothing now—not the print on the newspaper's page or the hospital drive unwinding beyond the window—because of the weak and womanish thing that had happened to her eyes. "Look, Ellory, you fool," she said. "That cheque. You cash it—"

But Ellory seemed to be talking of something else entirely.

Funny what you'll find out on a trip like that, he said, and Mrs. Amboy had lifted the newspaper again as if to shield her face from what anyone might see. Only one of us on those rafts had cigarettes—a package of them, Ellory said. They were wet all right at the start, but after a few days of the kind of weather we had, it didn't take them long to dry. We had cigarettes, the way it was, but we didn't have any matches.

SHE could hear him give the jerk of laughter. But one of the fellows had a magnifying glass, and I happened to have a piece of paper. It was a piece of paper I'd set some store by, so I had it on me. It wasn't a love letter or anything like that, he said, and she heard him jerk the laughter out again. It was a kind of a business matter, and I'd taken it with me, trying to make up my mind about it. But, you know, the sun's rays concentrated or deflected or whatever it is through glass like that will set fire to paper. So we lit the cigarettes like that. We divided them up between the two rafts. There were enough to go twice around . . .

"So that was the cheque?" said Mrs. Amboy to the silence. She had come to the end of the column of print, and the taxi had halted, and the steps of the hospital were there. "So that was the cheque?" she said, and for the instant that she sat there, an old woman in a taxicab alone, fumbling the change out of her bag, she felt Ellory's eyes meet hers in apology, and he lifted one hand and ran his fingers through his hair.

She paid the driver, and she walked up the steps and through the hospital door, the evening paper under her arm, her cane grasped in her hand.

"The women's ward," she said to the girl behind the desk.

"Third floor, left, end of hall," the girl said without looking up.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Amboy in what might have been taken for humility.

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(Advertisement)

Pest Proof Your Home the Safe way

SURVIVAL of insect pests is not possible with a newly developed Fumigation-Effect Aerosol spray which does not contain any poisonous substance to harm the lungs or delicate nasal tissue and therefore can be sprayed with complete safety near children and pets, near food and in areas where food is stored.

AUSTRALIAN homes are continually confronted by the irritating menace of flies and mosquitoes. These annoying insect pests invade the home to present a dangerous threat to the family's good health and clean living habits and it is in the interest of Public Health to ensure that homes are effectively proofed against flies and mosquitoes this summer.

A. The common housefly (musca domestica) the carrier of diseases such as hepatitis and gastro enteritis. Flies, and all insect pests can effectively be eliminated with the powerful fume-action of Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide.

It is now possible through the accidental discovery of an insecticide that is totally effective against all insect pests to ensure that homes are rid of these disease carrying pests. This new Pea-Beu aerosol spray does not contain any poisonous substance to harm lungs and delicate nasal tissue and is guaranteed safe to spray anywhere in the home, near children and pets, in the nursery, and in area where food is served and stored.

A few short bursts of the powerful fume action is sufficient to ensure that no insect can escape death because the Pea-Beu spray forms an umbrella pattern that penetrates every crack and crevice searching out and destroying all insect pests, in fact no insect can survive the lethal fume action of Pea-Beu. This action was described by observers "as if by an electric shock."

Pea-Beu aerosol is the most powerful Insecticide

A recent survey which included laboratory testing conclusively proved that Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide is 50 per cent stronger than any other leading brand. Its high concentration means its use in the home is most economical, even though it costs slightly more.

Many people still use the cheap, poisonous sprays. In the interests of public safety greater care should be exercised in the selection of insecticides. Pea-Beu aerosol was found to contain no poisonous active ingredients and is guaranteed safe to spray anywhere throughout the home.

The immunity to Pea-Beu by flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, spiders, fleas, moths, bugs, silverfish, ants, in fact all household insect pests, is unknown.

The powerful "fume-action" of the pleasantly perfumed Pea-Beu penetrates deep into every crack and crevice, killing all insect pests and retains its killing effectiveness long after spraying.

Safety Factor Proven

To demonstrate his complete confidence in this new non-hazardous insecticide a doctor and his four young children ate food which had been extensively sprayed with insecticide in the presence of an audience consisting of Press reporters, business executives, nursing sisters, and research chemists.

The findings were amazing. The Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide had in no way altered either the taste or the odour of the food and subsequently there were found to be no ill effects or dangers presented by the build-up of precipitated spray residue or by any other cause.

"It is tremendously important to make the public insecticide safety conscious," Dr. Watling remarked afterwards. "This insecticide, which is absolutely safe, as well as highly effective, can be freely applied in kitchen cupboards or pantries, leaving no deleterious residue to contaminate crockery, cutlery, or foodstuffs to harm the health or delicate lung tissue."

Powerful Pea-Beu insecticide in aerosol or powder form is now available through chemists and leading stores and is the safe, positive way to ensure your home is pest-free this summer.

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Only people cry

By
ALICE WINTER

SHE could hear the wind outside but that was all right. It wasn't crying. She wasn't afraid. She was just thirsty again. She got up and this time remembered to put on the new little bathrobe and slippers and went out of her dark bedroom toward the dim light at the end of the hall.

In the kitchen she kept from looking at the shining black squares of the windows. She didn't think of the places she had been before. All day long she had been careful. She hadn't done any of the bad things that made them give you back to the social worker. She turned the water on softly. She was very quiet and careful. At the last place she had splashed too much.

On her way back to the bedroom, she heard the lady say, "Is the child up again? I wonder if she can't sleep." Maybe getting up after you went to bed was one of the bad things to do here.

She lay in bed, not listening to the wind or seeing the darkness of the room. She walked along the street in the sunshine and there were flowers all around and birds singing, and she came to the house where her mother and father were waiting for her. And they hugged her and cried because they had found her again. They had been looking everywhere for her, too.

When she woke up the next morning there was no sound in the house. She lay very still because then maybe the name of the people at this place would come to her. But the words "Mr. and Mrs. Foster" kept running through her mind and she had to go over it all again. She had to think about that time long ago when the social worker had taken her to her first foster-home.

She had been so little and dumb that she had thought the name of the people was Mr. and Mrs. Foster. Then she learned how it was, and that a foster-home was a house where the man and his wife needed some money. And if they let her come and live with them the welfare court would send them a cheque every month.

Suddenly, the name Watson popped into her mind and she got up and started making her bed. As she moved, the frowning faces moved and she could hear their silent voices. She straightened the bottom sheet, tucked it in and pulled up the top sheet and blanket. Then she put on the spread. She was glad she had remembered to fold it the night before. When she was finished, she stood off and looked at the bed, and she couldn't see anything wrong with it. But maybe the faces could.

Then she remembered the third place back. There the beds were aired every morning. You threw back the covers and opened the windows and an hour later you made the beds. She wished she knew what to do.

In the bathroom, she washed her face and hands and brushed her teeth, using only a little toothpaste. When she was dressed, she hung her nightgown in the cupboard and went to the kitchen.

When she appeared in the doorway, Mrs. Watson gave a little jump and said, "Well, Ellen, you startled me. Sit down and have some coffee."

There was something different. At this place don't be too quiet. "I tell you it's creepy, the way she sneaks around the house. I look up and there she is." "I couldn't stand the noise. I'm just not used to having a kid around."

"Do you always wake up so early?" Mrs. Watson yawned and pushed her hair back from her face.

"Yes, ma'am. But I don't have to. I could sleep later."

"Heaven knows I could, too. But General Motors calls. Ed has to be at work at eight-thirty, and with the long drive there's *no* sleeping late."

"No, ma'am." Should she offer to get up and cook Mr. Watson's breakfast? "Not that I wanted her for the work, mind you, but all she did was sit around and read." "She was always butting in, trying to take over. Always wanting to do something for the Mister." She would keep quiet, wait and see.

Ellen poured cream and spooned sugar into her coffee. It wasn't too bad if you made it sweet enough.

She wondered if her mother would want her drinking coffee. Mrs. Watson didn't look a bit like her mother, but nobody did. Nobody was as pretty as her mother. Her mother was always clean and had powder on her nose and smelled like the flowers that were around her.

They told her she had never seen her mother, but if she hadn't how could her mother's face be clearer than Mrs. Watson's right now, even with Mrs. Watson sitting there across the table from her.

Mrs. Watson kept drinking coffee and began to look more awake, and finally she said, "What do you want for breakfast, honey?"

From the look of the kitchen, with the skillet on the stove and a carton of eggs set out, this wasn't a cornflakes place.

"I like eggs," she said and tried to sound definite.

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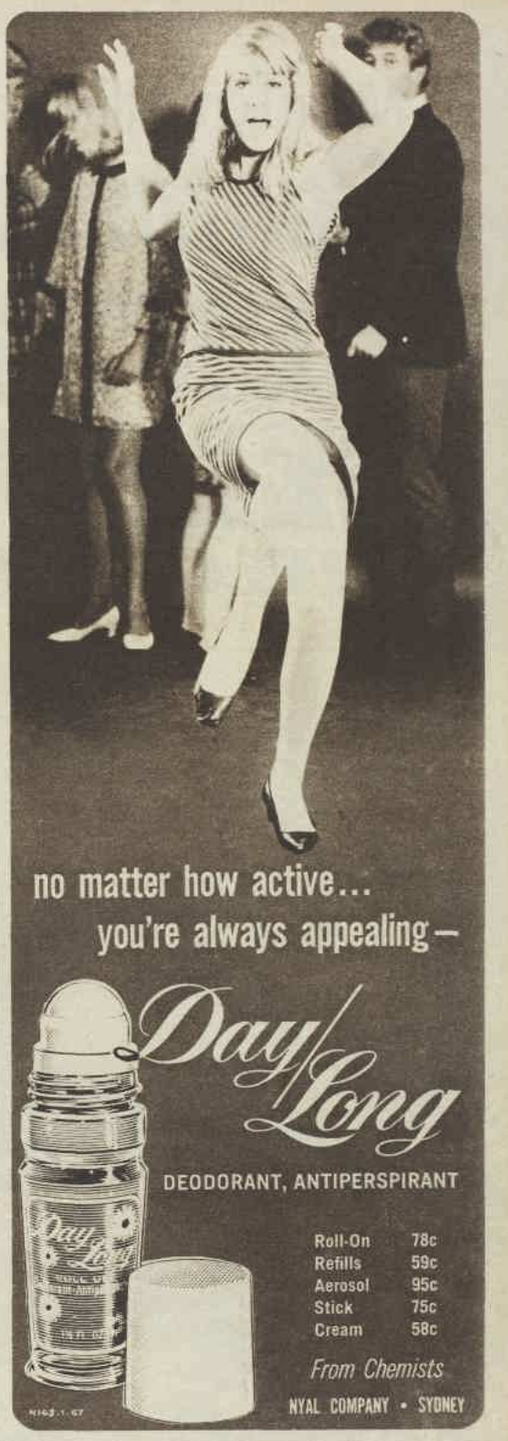

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New Discovery Now Makes It Possible to Shrink and Heal Haemorrhoids Without Surgery

Stops Itch—Relieves Pain in Minutes

New York, N.Y. (Special): A world-famous institute has discovered a new substance which has the astonishing ability to shrink haemorrhoids without surgery. The sufferer first notices almost unbelievable relief, in minutes, from itching, burning and pain. Then this substance speeds up healing of the injured tissues all while it quickly reduces painful swelling.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so—even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—now offered in both ointment or suppository form called Preparation H.

In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes bowel movements less painful. It helps to prevent infection (a principal cause of haemorrhoids).

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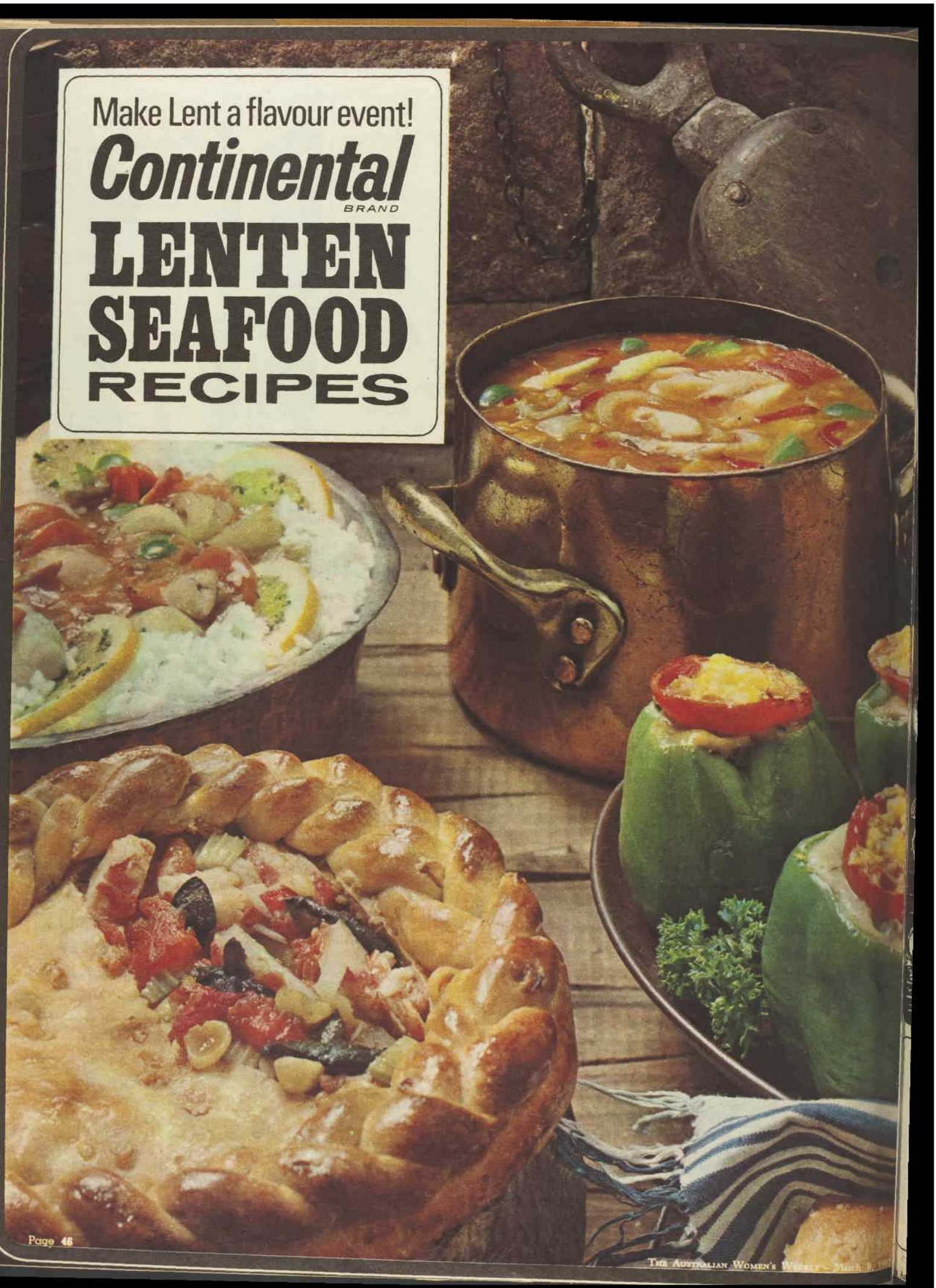
Continental BRAND LENTEN SEAFOOD RECIPES



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Make Lent a flavour event!

Continental BRAND LENTEN SEAFOOD RECIPES

1. **SALMON SUPREME** — a delicious combination of salmon, capsicum and Continental brand Mushroom Soup.
2. **NEPTUNE CURRY** — this zesty seafood curry is enriched by Continental brand Garden Vegetable Soup.
3. **FISH SOUP PROVENCAL** — rich and spicy because it's made with Continental brand Tomato Vegetable Soup.
4. **MARINERS PIE** — an epicure's delight made with Continental brand Tomato Vegetable Soup.

1 SALMON SUPREME

1 pkt Continental brand Mushroom Soup
4 capsicums, 1½ oz. margarine
½ cup chopped celery
2 level tablespoons cornflour
½ pint milk
1 lb can salmon
2 small tomatoes
grated cheese

Method: Cut capsicums across in half and carefully remove seeds. Add capsicums to boiling salted water, cook 3 minutes, drain and cool. Melt margarine in saucepan, fry celery then add soup mix and cornflour. Blend in milk then stir until sauce boils and thickens. Empty salmon into basin (do not drain), flake, remove any bones. Mix salmon into sauce then fill each capsicum and stand up in ovenware dish. Arrange slice of tomato on top and some grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

2 NEPTUNE CURRY

1 pkt. Continental brand Garden Vegetable Soup, 1¼ lb. Tasmanian Scallops
¾ cup water, ½ lb. carrots—sliced
2 large onions—chopped, 1 tablespoon oil
2 level tblespns curry powder, 2 cups water
1 dstspn tomato paste
1 cup chopped capsicum

Method: Rinse scallops under running cold water, remove black vein. Place scallops into saucepan with ¾ cup of water, simmer 3 minutes. Fry sliced carrot and onion in hot oil with curry powder 2 minutes. Add soup mix, blend with water. Strain liquid from scallops into soup, stir until boiling. Simmer 15 minutes. Mix through tomato paste, capsicums and scallops and simmer 5 minutes longer. Serve with boiled rice.

3 FISH SOUP PROVENCAL

1 pkt. Continental brand Tomato Vegetable Soup, ½ onion, sliced
½ cup each chopped celery and capsicum
1 dessertspoon oil
½ lb. fish fillets, boned and skinned
1 tomato, diced
3 cups water

Method: Fry onion, celery and capsicum in hot oil then add fish which has been chopped into 1" pieces, and stir until fish changes colour. Add tomato and soup mix, blended with water. Stir soup until mixture boils and then simmer 15 minutes. Serve with freshly baked garlic bread.

4 MARINERS PIE

1 pkt. Continental brand Tomato Vegetable Soup, 1 oz. margarine
4 oz. fresh mushrooms, ½ cup chopped celery
½ lb. potatoes, peeled
½ lb. frozen crabmeat OR 1¼ lb. cooked prawns
¾ pint water
½ lb. savoury pastry

Method: Melt margarine, add sliced mushrooms and celery, fry 2 minutes. Empty into casserole dish, add sliced potatoes, crabmeat (or shelled prawns). Empty soup mix into saucepan, blend with water and stir until soup boils. Pour into casserole dish, mix ingredients together. Allow pie filling to cool while preparing pastry. Place small coffee cup upturned in centre of pie. Roll 2/3rd pastry into circle. Mould remaining pastry into 3 long strips and plait together. Cover pie with round pastry, glaze top, then put plait around edge. Glaze pie again then bake in hot oven ½ hour. Reduce temperature 50°F and bake further ½ hour.

More delicious Lenten Seafood dishes in the free Continental recipe leaflet at your store now.

Continental BRAND MEATLESS SOUPS

MUSHROOM SOUP • GARDEN VEGETABLE SOUP • TOMATO VEGETABLE SOUP

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ONLY PEOPLE CRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

"Eggs it'll be. What about some bacon?"

"Yes, I like bacon, too."

She sat at the table while Mrs. Watson fixed breakfast for both of them. Different sentences kept going through her mind. "Would you like me to set the table?" "Could I help you?" "Shall I put the eggs away?" But she didn't use any of them. She would wait until she knew.

When they had finished eating, Mrs. Watson lit a cigarette and looked at her and said, "You're a quiet little thing."

Ellen smiled, but not too much. "She's always grinning like a Cheshire cat." "I couldn't stand the way she moped around. I never once saw her smile."

"What do you like to do, Ellen? I want you to be happy here."

"I like to read. But I like to work, too. I like to wash dishes and things like that."

"Do you really now?" Mrs. Watson's eyes twinkled. "Well, I tell you what. I'll wash the dishes today, but every once in a while I'll let you do it. I promise. I won't be piggish."

"Yes, ma'am."

"You don't have to keep saying ma'am all the time, Ellen. From now on you're part of the family. Ed and I always wanted a little girl. With our boy married and gone away, you just fill the bill."

"Yes, ma'am" almost slipped out but she was being careful. Mrs. Watson didn't have to say that about wanting a little girl. She knew they were paid for keeping her, and that was all right because she didn't choose them any more than they chose her. They didn't look a bit like her father and mother. It was even.

But she would like to stay here until her parents found her. Now that she was older, she was glad she had never been adopted because that would have meant changing her name, and they never would have known where she was. When she was little, and didn't understand, it had been different.

Mrs. Watson smiled and said, "Now I don't want to hurt your feelings and don't go away mad, but I'm going to wash the dishes."

She put her arm around Ellen's shoulder and said, "You run on, honey, and do whatever you want for a while. Later on, we'll go to the grocery store."

. . . . .

When Mr. Watson came home that night, Ellen was in her bedroom reading the new book Mrs. Watson had bought her. His voice was loud, and he must have been just inside the door when he said, "Where's that little girl of mine?" He should have known the social worker wouldn't be likely to be there then.

Mrs. Watson said, "She's in her bedroom reading. She loves to read. She's going to be a real student, I can see that."

"That's the ticket," he said, and then he came to the bedroom and knocked on the door as though it really were her room. When she opened the door, he was there smiling, and he rubbed his hand over the top of her head and his voice was quieter and he said, "Hello, Ellen. How's the girl tonight?"

"Fine," she said, and smiled just right.

The three of them went to the kitchen, and Mrs. Watson had coffee ready and they sat there drinking it. Ellen choked a little on hers, and Mrs. Watson said, "Honey, I don't think you like coffee. Actually, I don't suppose you're old enough to be drinking it." She got up and heated milk and made hot chocolate.

Mr. Watson said, "Say, where's that rabbit mug I had when I was a kid? Get that down for her, Marg."

They talked then, but every once in a while one of them would give her a look as though she were doing some very unusual thing to be sitting there drinking from the rabbit mug. It made her feel sorry for them. They didn't know that sometimes it was like this in the beginning, and that after a while they would get tired of her. But maybe this time she would find out the bad things soon enough and could keep from doing them.

The next day the neighbor from across the street came over and brought her little boy. Ellen was in her bedroom reading when she heard the lady say, "I have yet to see your little girl. Doesn't she play outside?"

"She will," Mrs. Watson said. "She's still getting used to being here."

"Is she dark or fair?"

"Blonde, a pretty blonde."

"I'd like to see her."

Ellen didn't wait to be called. She got up and went out so the lady could look her over.

"Here she is now," Mrs. Watson said, and held out her arm, and Ellen went and stood beside her. She didn't look down or sniffle or twist her hands.

The neighbor said, "She is a pretty little thing." Then she leaned forward and looked straight into Ellen's eyes and said, "You're a very lucky little girl. I hope you know that."

"Yes, ma'am," Ellen said, but at the same time Mrs. Watson said, "Phooey!" and it was the first time Ellen had seen her mad.

Her voice was different right away, though, not mad any more. And she said to Ellen, "This is Jimmy. There are cookies in the jar. Why don't you two sit at the kitchen table and have some."

Ellen caught back the "Yes, ma'am" in time and said, "All right," and Jimmy followed her to the kitchen. He was just her size and she wondered how old he was, but she didn't ask him. For a while they just sat there eating cookies, but finally Jimmy said, "I got an aeroplane."

To page 50

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New from Continental BRAND

CHEESE AND LEEK SOUP

WELSH STYLE

The exquisite soup that set Welshmen singing, brought to you now by Continental.

It is a skilful blend of tasty cheese and succulent garden-fresh leek pieces with a sprinkling of subtle spices.

This delicious Welsh soup is exclusive to Continental and has arrived just in time for Lent. Mouth-watering! Marvellous for recipes too! Why not try the two on this page?

CUTLETS MARINA

4 Jew Fish cutlets or steaks. 1" thick,
4 slices of cheese
1 pkt. Continental brand Cheese & Leek Soup, ¾ pint milk
1 heaped teaspoon each tomato paste and anchovy paste

Method: Place cutlets into greased ovenproof dish, cover with foil, bake 10 min. in moderate oven. Blend soup mix in saucepan with milk, anchovy paste, tomato paste and stock from fish. Stir until sauce boils. Pour sauce into serving dish, arrange fish in sauce with cheese on top. Bake in moderate oven 15 min. Garnish with creamy potato.

SKIPPER FILLETS

1½ lb. Copha shortening, 1 egg
1 packet Continental brand Cheese & Leek Soup, stuffed olives
3 large bream fillets
Mayonnaise (optional)

Method: Gradually melt Copha in a saucepan until hot. Beat egg, empty soup mix onto kitchen paper. Cut each bream fillet diagonally across in half. Dip fish into egg, roll into soup mix. Press mixture on firmly. Fry fish fillets in hot Copha until crisp and brown. Serve hot with mayonnaise containing chopped olives.

New Welsh Style Continental brand Cheese & Leek Soup has EXTRA FLAVOUR, EXTRA GOODNESS. Try it tomorrow!

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Dorothy Gray's 3-step formula for beauty

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Cleanse: Soap and water is not enough . . . it tightens and dries the skin, and doesn't do a deep down cleansing job. For a really efficient general cleanser, choose Dorothy Gray's Salon Cold Cream — the lightest, fluffiest, most thorough cleanser ever.

STEP 2
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STEP 3
Nourish: Skin needs food if it is to retain its youthful bloom. Yet not all skins are alike in the type of nourishment they need. That's why D.G. *blend* their nourishing creams into three special mixtures, one just right for you. Your fully trained Dorothy Gray consultant will help you select the right preparations for your particular skin type. She really *understands* skin beauty.

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"I have a book." Ellen brushed crumbs from her lap. "A brand-new book."

"It's a Boeing."

"I'm going to have a new bracelet, too. My mother has a new gold bracelet for me."

Mrs. Watson had come to the doorway and her face looked soft and almost sad, but then she smiled and said, "Your mama's ready to go home now, Jimmy. Come along." . . .

One night a week later, Ellen lay in bed worrying because she hadn't found out any of the bad things. She couldn't keep from doing them if she couldn't find out what they were. She had been almost sure, at first, that getting up after you went to bed was one of them. But the night before, she could hear the wind outside, and she got up to get a drink of water. But the wind was still there when she went back.

She got up again and went to the bathroom and, on the way back to her room Mrs. Watson came out into the hall and said, "Can't you sleep, honey? Is something bothering you?"

She hadn't planned to say it at all. "The wind, it sounds like it's crying." She looked down at the floor, not able to look at Mrs. Watson's face.

"Sometimes the wind does sound like that." Mrs. Watson said. "But the wind can't cry because it isn't a person. Only people cry."

They went into Ellen's bedroom then and Mrs. Watson pulled the covers up close around her, and they listened to the wind together until Ellen fell asleep.

The next evening when Ellen went in to dinner, there on her plate, with her name on it, was a gold bracelet. She smiled at the Watsons and said thank you, but she didn't want a gold bracelet from them. It was a good thing she'd got over being a cry-baby a long time ago."

That night after dinner, Jimmy came over with his birdhouse. "It's coming apart, Mr. Watson," he said. "Can you fix it for me?"

"Sure, Jimmy boy. Come on down to the basement. You come, too, Ellen."

There were all kinds of tools down there and Mr. Watson said, "I know something my girl can do for me while Jimmy and I get this fixed up. See here, the way I do this," and he took a nail and showed her how to straighten it out. She took the hammer, and on the very first nail the hammer slipped. She hit her finger and a lot of words rolled out. Mr. Watson turned to her.

He looked serious and he said, "Those aren't the kind of words we use here, Ellen." He didn't say anything more for a moment, and Ellen waited. Then he said, "I'll tell you a string of words that are all right in this house. 'Ding Dang Fiddle Faddle,'" and he started laughing. She started laughing, too, and she hadn't even thought about it ahead of time.

. . . .

The next Saturday Ellen and Mrs. Watson went to a big store downtown and the assistant tried four different dresses on her. Mrs. Watson said, "They all look nice on you, and none of them is too expensive. Which do you like best?"

Ellen didn't look at the pink one. She looked at Mrs. Watson for a hint, but Mrs. Watson just sat smiling at her. The assistant said, "With her eyes, the blue is nice." She was glad the assistant had said it, and she watched Mrs. Watson's face but it didn't change. She just said, "Yes, but Ellen can wear any color

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

ONLY PEOPLE CRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

well. It's whatever she wants. She's the one who will wear it."

"I like them all," Ellen said at last and then she wished she could bring the words back. It sounded as though she wanted them all. "Hint, hint, hint, if she'd come right out and said what she wanted, I wouldn't have minded."

"I know what we'll do." Mrs. Watson stood up. "We'll go upstairs and have an ice-cream and think it over."

While they ate the ice-cream, Mrs. Watson told Ellen how it was when she was a little girl, with three brothers and two sisters, and how they lived on a farm and had a cow and made a playhouse in the barn loft with bales of hay.

Ellen could see it all and when they had finished their ice-cream, Mrs. Watson said, "Have you decided which dress?" And without thinking Ellen said, "I like the pink best."

The next day they went to church and Mrs. Watson took her to Sunday-school class and introduced her to her teacher. The lady said, "We're glad to have you, Ellen. What a pretty dress."

Ellen said thank you and waited. "I couldn't have taken her any place in the things she had, I can tell you. You've never seen anything like it."

Mrs. Watson just patted Ellen's shoulder and said, "I'll be back later," and left . . .

On Monday, Ellen went to the store on the corner for a can of baking powder, and Jimmy was there and they walked out of the store together. When they were in front of the Watson house, Jimmy said, "My mama says I can't play with you any more. She says that isn't the kind of language I need to hear. She isn't surprised."

"Your mama's fat."

Jimmy swung at her then. He hadn't said orphan or homeless brat, but all of a sudden she was hitting him back and he was all the kids that ever had. She was strong and she could have fought anyone.

Her arms were still flailing when Mrs. Watson came out and stopped her. "What on earth's the trouble with you two?"

Jimmy was sniffling and Ellen knew now that she'd done it.

Jimmy's mother ran out and put her arms around Jimmy and said, "I saw it. She hit first. She's a no-good trouble-maker."

Mrs. Watson said, "I have an idea Jimmy was as much to blame as Ellen." Mrs. Watson looked at both of them, and Ellen had never seen her look so cross. "Come in, Ellen," she said and went into the house.

Inside Mrs. Watson started making biscuits. "You'd better wash your hands and set the table," she said. "Fighting doesn't settle anything, you know, it only makes things worse."

"Yes, ma'am," Ellen said, and she wished it was time to go to bed and she could get away from Mrs. Watson's cross face. It was too late for them to send her back tonight.

That night after Ellen went to bed she was thirstier than she had been for a long time. She got up and as she passed the Watsons' bedroom door she heard Mrs. Watson's voice and she stopped to listen.

". . . . don't know what Jimmy did, but I'm sure of one thing, she didn't start it."

"No, she's not a trouble-maker. I've never seen a kid try so hard."

"Too hard. The poor baby isn't sure we won't bite."

"She'll get over it. I couldn't think more of her if she were my very own."

"She is our own, our very own."

A terrible, black feeling settled down in Ellen. How could she ever find the bad things here? These people even lied to each other. Even when they were alone and thought no one could hear them, they lied to each other.

. . . .

Another month went by and still she hadn't found out the really bad things, the things that made them send you away. One morning as she was leaving her room, she looked around and saw that everything was neat, and she went to her cupboard and took her nightgown out and threw it on the bed, just any old way. She waited all morning but nothing happened, and her nightgown was back in the cupboard and nothing was said.

That was the beginning. Some mornings she didn't make her bed. Mrs. Watson would say, "Come on, get your bed made now," and sometimes she made it by herself and sometimes Mrs. Watson helped her.

One evening she put a lot of broccoli on her plate and didn't even taste it. Mrs. Watson said, "Next time, don't take so much," but she didn't look as though it was a really bad thing.

One day she went to the library three blocks away and stayed an hour longer than she was supposed to. It was almost dark when she got home. Mrs. Watson didn't like it, she could tell that. "I was about to come looking for you," she said. "Next time, be sure to come back on time." But Mrs. Watson seemed to feel sure that next time she would, and she didn't say any more about it.

One Saturday afternoon when they had finished eating lunch, Mr. Watson leaned back and said, "How would you girls like to step out? What do you say to a movie, or maybe the zoo?"

"There's a Walt Disney at the Avenue," Mrs. Watson said. "Which would you like, Ellen?" Adults liked movies better than zoos, but then some of them thought if you didn't like the zoo you weren't normal. They didn't like it, either, if you said, "It doesn't matter."

Mrs. Watson was looking at her face and it began to seem to Ellen that she could read Mrs. Watson's mind and that she wanted her to say "movie." But Mr. Watson said, "Maybe you'd like us to decide this time. It's such a beautiful day, let's go to the zoo."

"Sure, that's fine." Mrs. Watson stood up. "Let's not even wait to do the dishes. Let's just up and go."

They put the food away and piled the dishes in the sink and walked through the living-room where the morning papers were lying all over. Mrs. Watson's knitting was out from the night before and the big ashtray had a dead cigar in it. And when they came back it was just the way they had left it. They had just returned when the social worker arrived.

Mr. Watson said, "Come in, come in, we'll put on the coffee pot." And he went out to the kitchen.

Mrs. Watson picked up her knitting and said, "Sit down. We've just got home." And she started knitting and didn't say one thing about the way the house looked. "I can tell you, young lady, you better get this house cleaned up. If that woman from the court comes and finds it like this, you'll be back so fast it will make your head swim."

Mrs. Watson said, "Hasn't this weather been wonderful?"

The social worker said, "Yes, it certainly has. Well, we deserve it after the kind of spring we had."

They pretended not to pay any attention to the house.

Mrs. Watson acted as though the social worker was just anybody. "Oh, yes, we're getting along fine. Get out your new shoes, dearie, and show them to Miss Wilson." "Here, Miss Wilson, sit here. I declare, I can't keep this house tidy. I had it all straightened-up yesterday but I took the child to the zoo."

Mr. Watson was the same as always, too. He came to the door and said, "Coffee's ready. Do you want it in here or at the table?"

Mrs. Watson said, "Oh, let's go out to the table." And they went out and sat right beside the sink full of dishes.

Pretty soon, Mrs. Watson said, "Ellen, why don't you and Miss Wilson walk up to the library?" She turned to Miss Wilson, then. "It's a lovely new building, a branch we've needed for a long time." And so Miss Wilson didn't have to ask to see Ellen alone.

Ellen told her about the new dress and church and the zoo and how she'd been good and helped with the housework. "Only Mrs. Watson did most of it. And the house usually looks nicer than it does today," she said.

Miss Wilson smiled and said, "It looked good to me, Ellen, yes, very good. I think

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD

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ONLY PEOPLE CRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

we've found the place where you really belong." But Ellen knew it was just a stopping place. A place to wait for her parents.

When they got back, Miss Wilson thanked the Watsons for the coffee and Mr. Watson said, "Come back soon. Any time." But Ellen could tell he meant it. She could see that when Mr. Watson scattered papers all over the living-room or when they rushed off and left the dishes, it was all right. It wasn't bad.

That evening after the social worker had been there, Ellen cried. She was carrying an empty pickle jar out to the garbage tin and she dropped it on the back path and it broke. She knew it wasn't worth anything, and she knew no one would care, but she started crying and couldn't stop. And Mrs. Watson put her to bed and sat there until she fell asleep.

For the next few days, lots of things made her cry. She was turning into a cry-baby. Once when she burned her fingers making candy, and once when she couldn't find her library book and it was due that very day, and once when she saw a cat kill a baby bird, she cried.

The wind never did cry again.

From then on, and slowly, the voices began to fade. She still heard them sometimes. Sometimes she said or did what they told her to. But gradually they were going away.

In bed at night she sometimes said the words to herself: *"my father, my mother,"* and something hurt her, something leaving, something gone.

At night, just as she was going to sleep, she sometimes thought, *"Nothing bad. Nothing bad to send you away."* But one day she found out how fooled she had been.

She hadn't planned to tell the lie. But when the new kids moved in next door that afternoon, they made it so easy for her, almost as if they wanted her to lie, or their mother did.

She sat on the steps and watched the men unloading the truck, and she saw the father and mother going into the house. The mother was holding the little girl's hand and the little girl was carrying a doll. The father stood outside in the yard a while and walked around and looked up at the roof and at the bushes and trees, and then he went inside.

Soon the boy and girl came out and saw her and the girl said, "Hi, we just moved in."

Ellen got up and walked over to the driveway and said, "I saw you. I've been watching."

The boy said, "Come on, let's play catch," and he pulled a ball out of his pocket and they made a triangle and threw the ball to each other. Ellen didn't miss the ball once, and a feeling of fitting in with the new children was strong in her.

After a while, Mrs. Watson called her and she went inside. There was a big plate of cookies covered with wax paper, and Mrs. Watson said, "Honey, take these over to our new neighbors but don't go inside. After they get settled, we'll call on them."

Ellen took the cookies over and gave them to the boy. When he came back out of the house, the three of them started turning handsprings on the grass and Ellen wasn't very good at it, but she could tell she would get better.

Pretty soon the mother came out of the house and said, "Honey, those cookies are delicious. You thank your mother for me. What's your name?"

"Ellen."

"I mean your last name."

"Watson." It came out naturally and it seemed real and true. Even the sound of it was right. But she knew it wasn't true and her name was Ellen Ganin, but this time she lied on purpose and she repeated it in one sentence and said, "My name's Ellen Watson."

That was when she looked up and saw Mrs. Watson standing in the doorway with a different look on her face than she'd ever had before. And Ellen could see it all right then: the packing, and the social worker and Mrs. Watson being polite to each other and saying sometimes these things don't work out. "I'm sure you tried." "I did my best." "Don't worry, we'll find another place. "I tried to do my Christian duty."

Ellen turned, then, and ran into the house past Mrs. Watson and into her bedroom and closed the door and lay on the bed. And it wasn't dark and the wind wasn't making sounds outside but she was walking in the sunshine on her way to find her father and her mother.

This was the first time on the walk that she had ever noticed what dress she had on and it was the pink one and she could see herself walking along. She was carrying the book Mrs. Watson had bought for her and she wore the bracelet with her name on it in gold that Mr. Watson had given her. It took her longer than usual to find the house and she thought she might never come to it.

But when, at last, she did, and her mother held out her arms to her, her mother's face was just like Mrs. Watson's and Mr. Watson was standing behind her. They were glad they found her and they were so glad they started to cry and she started crying, too.

Mrs. Watson was leaning over the bed smoothing her hair and saying, "Don't cry, honey. Everything's all right." Then Mrs. Watson said, "Mother's here."

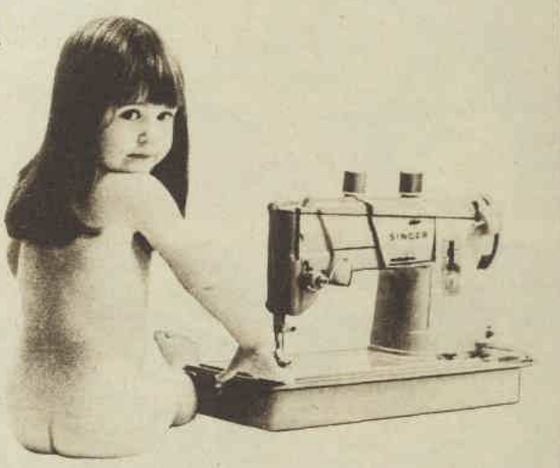
(c) 1963 by Alice Winter

FROM THE BIBLE

● *Our God gave us courage to speak the Good News of God to you, even though there was much opposition.*
— I Thessalonians, 2; 2. (Today's English Version.)

● "Today's English Version" presents the New Testament in down-to-earth, modern language. It was produced by the Bible Societies; Dr. Bratcher, of the American staff, undertook the main work of translation.

"For every woman who has nothing to wear"



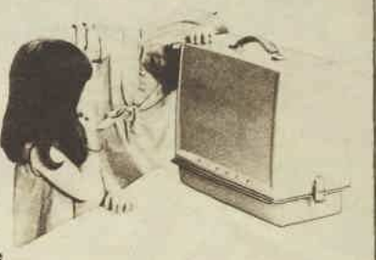
"Never again, nothing to wear. Now that we have a new *Singer Style-O-Matic* automatic sewing machine we can have lots of new dresses without spending lots of money. And our dresses will be very special too, because we can get ideas from magazines and things and make them just for us. That's what my Mummy says. We call it cre-at-ing."

"I bet it's not your very own."

"No, but it belongs to my Mummy. And anyway, the man said it's so simple even a child can use it."

"What man?"

"The man in the special Singer shop, where they have all sorts of sewing machines. Mummy says that's the best place to buy a sewing machine because Singer shops are specialists in sewing. Daddy says you wouldn't buy boots at a butcher's, would you? Daddy's funny."



"What else did the man say?"

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. . . Margaret Merril

"Why don't you write a story yourself?" Edna Beckett asked Mrs. Veech.

A WOMAN TO HELP

By MARY WANDLESS

I'M not a mixer. The Mothers' Union, the local bridge club — I've never had the urge to join either of them. And Jack doesn't encourage me to live in our neighbors' pockets, as he calls it. I'm no popper-in and no one pops in on me. With no children and Jack away at business all day, I suppose I'm a lonely woman, though I hadn't really thought of myself like that until the last time I asked Jack if I could have a woman in to help.

For over 30 years, ever since the early days of our marriage, I'd asked Jack this off and on, and he'd always refused. It's not that he's mean. Don't think that for a moment. He's bought me just about every gadget on the market, at one time and another: a great monster of a washer, which fair terrifies me; the latest thing in carpet sweepers, almost too heavy to lug upstairs; an electric mixer; a fridge; a polisher — everything you can think of, just about.

But the one thing I'd really like, a woman in to help, Jack always said no to, his clinching argument being that his mother never had one.

"Why do you want a woman?" he demanded the last time I broached the subject. "Just tell me why. Got enough gadgets, haven't you?"

And I suddenly realised it wasn't her work I was interested in. It was her companionship. I saw myself having cosy elevenses with her, talking about the neighbors and the price of meat, and hearing about her family.

I couldn't tell Jack all this, of course. He'd have said I was soft. So I made a vague reply, to which he gave his usual impatient snort and added his usual remark about his mother.

But all next day I kept thinking of my woman. Now I'd admitted to myself why I wanted her, she'd become real. I could see her round, rosy, friendly face, her solid body. I could hear her homely local speech. I could see everything about her except how I was going to pay her. Jack's never given me an allowance, you see. If I want a new dress or something, I've only to say, and he'll nearly always give me a handful of notes. But he expects the receipted bill and the change, if any, at the end of the day.

Until this particular morning, I'd never really minded having no money of my own. But all of a sudden I was hopping mad and I did something I'd never done before. I sat down and wrote a white-hot letter to a women's magazine. That got it out of my system, and I forgot it — until it turned up as Letter of the Week and brought me a cheque for two dollars.

I stared at that slip of paper from every angle, for in all my 50-odd years no one had ever sent me a cheque. Then, I thought, if I can do it once I can do it again. I'll write to all the women's magazines on everything I can think of. If they don't publish the letters, it won't matter. But if they do, and pay for them, I'll put the money toward having a woman in to help.

There was no danger of Jack getting to know. He'd be out when the post came, and he read nothing but the financial pages of the newspapers.

The weeks went by, and slowly I built up a little balance in the Post Office, until at last I had about ten dollars put by. At one dollar a time, it meant I could employ a woman one morning a week for nearly three months, and my ideas for letters showed no signs of drying up. I astonished myself at how much I found to say about everything and nothing. I'd even got a couple of prizes with cute kiddies' sayings that had never been uttered at all until I thought them up.

Anyhow, now was the time to get a woman, if I could find one.

This proved easier than I'd expected. The milkman said his wife's sister had been widowed not long back and was looking for work. Now I must say at once that Mrs. Veech didn't in any way match up to my private image of my woman. Instead of being round, rosy, and comfortable, she was long and thin, with a long, thin face and long hair screwed into a tight bun. A bleak sort of woman, I thought.

But then, I reasoned, if she's been recently widowed she's a right to look bleak, poor soul. So I engaged her.

To page 55

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TOMATO MACARONI CHEESE:

INGREDIENTS: 1 cup uncooked MILANO Macaroni; 3 teaspoons salt; 2 oz. butter; 1 green pepper, sliced; 1 medium onion, chopped; 2 tablespoons flour; 1¾ cups milk; 1 teaspoon salt; good pinch pepper; 8 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, shredded; 2 medium tomatoes, peeled and sliced.

METHOD: Cook MILANO Macaroni in 3 pints of boiling water with 3 teaspoons salt until tender. Drain and rinse. Meanwhile, fry green pepper and onion in the butter until tender. Add flour and cook a few minutes. Stir in the milk gradually and bring to the boil. Add salt, pepper and three quarters of the shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. Stir until cheese melts. Spoon half the macaroni into a casserole, arrange half the tomato slices on top, then pour over half the cheese sauce; repeat layers. Sprinkle remaining cheese on top. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F Gas, 375°F Electric) for 25 to 30 minutes, or until heated through. 4 servings.

All spoon and cup measures are level.
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A WOMAN TO HELP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

That was a mistake. And so was telling her it might be only temporary, and explaining why. She made me nervous, that was the trouble, so I talked too much. I even told her Jack mustn't hear of her existence. I must have been crazy.

We agreed she should come to me for three hours every Wednesday. I was nervous as a kitten the first time, but she accepted my orders — or, rather, requests, for I'd no idea how to speak to her — without comment, and got down to work. Very thorough, she seemed, but very silent.

Perhaps a nice cuppa would thaw her out, so at 10.30 I made one.

"Thank you very much, Madam," she said when I told her it was ready. She would call me madam, though it's not a form of address I care for. "I'll take it upstairs while I'm finishing off in the bathroom."

"Oh, no," I said. "Don't do that. Sit down here and drink it with me."

"You're very kind, Madam," she replied. "But I'd rather get on, if you don't mind. And I expect you'll be wanting to write some letters."

I gaped at her. What did she mean? My correspondence was none of her business. Then I understood. She intended me to write more letters to the Press so her own job would last a bit longer.

Perhaps if I'd stood up to her that first time things might have gone differently. I might not be where I am today. But I don't know. The world's divided into two sorts, I often think—the bossy and the feeble — and in Mrs. Veech and me you had prime specimens of each.

I went into the dining-room that morning and wrote two letters. Mrs. Veech obligingly posted them for me on her way home. Neither was published, which didn't surprise me, for I wrote them in such a dither that I doubt if they made sense.

That first Wednesday set the pattern for the rest. My dreams of cosy chats over teacups never did come true. The only subject on which Mrs. Veech would talk was my letters. She read every woman's paper there was, and lots of others besides, and would often put me on to a paying letter column I'd never heard of.

She began to suggest topics I could write on, and to come up with little anecdotes she thought might do, but it was all very one-sided. Nothing chatty about it at all. The money trickled steadily in, but it gave me no pleasure now. It was merely a chain binding me ever closer to Mrs. Veech.

After some weeks of this, I decided I'd had enough. It was ridiculous, after all, to be brow-beaten by one's paid help. I was a free woman. Why shouldn't I simply go out when she was there?

I had my hat and coat on when she arrived the following Wednesday.

"I'm just off to town, Mrs. Veech," I said cheerfully.

"No, Madam, I don't think so," she replied, without expression.

"You — you don't think so?" I was completely taken aback. "What do you mean?"

"Just that I don't think Mr. Beckett would like our little arrangement — would he?"

The hard eyes bored through me, seeing all my spinelessness. I knew she was bluffing — but what if she wasn't? If Jack knew I'd been employing a woman against his wishes, the house wouldn't contain his rage. Meekly, I took off my hat and coat and crept into the dining-room.

Later that morning, Mrs. Veech suggested I could do with — and afford — her help twice a week. Too beaten to argue, I a[illegible]d.

It was about now, too, that she decided I should write stories.

"I wouldn't know how to start," I said. "That's not my line at all."

"Nonsense, Madam," she said. She never forgot the madam, no matter how bossily she was behaving. "You only need a beginning, a middle, and an end."

I knew the idea was absurd, and to put an end to it once and for all I sat down and wrote a story. She couldn't fail to see it was rubbish.

"No, no, Madam," she said, having read it through carefully. "This won't do at all."

"There you are, then," I said. "I told you I couldn't do it."

"Ah, but don't you see, Madam," she said, taking a pencil and scribbling rapidly, "if you made the hero do this and the heroine that, then this would follow and the whole thing would work out like that, with a twist in the tail and all."

She was absolutely right. It was a delightful plot. I had to re-write it several times, though, before she was satisfied.

"That's fine, Madam," she said at last. "That should sell easy enough. My niece can type it out for you down at that office she plays about in all day. There's one other thing, though."

She gave me her hard look and I wondered what was coming this time.

"Your name — Edna Beckett, isn't it? Well, it won't do, Madam, I'm afraid. Not smart enough. Haven't you a second name?"

"Well, yes, I have," I said. "It's Katherine."

"Very suitable, Madam," she conceded. "You can call yourself Kate Dexter. Kate's in again now, and Dexter was my name before I married poor Veech."

So Kate Dexter I was.

The story sold first time out, and was the first of many. It wasn't long before Mrs. Veech was working for me three mornings a week, and on the days she wasn't actually in the house she set me plots to work on. They seemed inexhaustible. I had also bought a typewriter.

"Why on earth don't you write them up yourself?" I asked one day in desperation.

"Who, me, Madam?" She looked genuinely surprised. "I couldn't do that, Madam. I haven't the education."

I thought back to my own sketchy schooling and regretted every lesson in grammar and composition I'd ever sat through. I was dreadfully unhappy by now. I simply loathed writing. I hated deceiving Jack, but was terrified he'd find out, and with cheques constantly rolling in I was getting very uneasy about income tax. On top of all this, Mrs. Veech was talking about my writing a book.

The end came suddenly, last Friday morning. Mrs. Veech was working in the hall, I in the dining-room. The front door opened and there was Jack, home before midday, a thing I'd never known happen in all our life together.

"Well, well, well," he said. "So this is how you spend your earnings, is it?"

He glowered at Mrs. Veech, who glowered back. I don't think anyone could daunt that woman. I was torn between terror and relief. The secret was out, but even if Jack half killed me I'd be free of Mrs. Veech.

Then, amazingly, he laughed.

"Good for you, Edna," he said. "Didn't think you'd got it in you. My secretary showed me those letters of yours in the women's rags, and I wondered how you were spending the cash."

He threw a shrewd glance at my woman.

"Looks as if you've got value for money there, all right," he said. "Good old Kate Dexter."

So he knew about that, too. The relief was overwhelming.

But all my brief happiness was shattered by his next sentence.

"How'd you like to work here full time, Mrs. er — er?" he asked. "Come and live in perhaps. Then my wife could give all her time to writing."

She agreed, of course.

So that's why I'm in this train on my way to — well, never mind. I've covered my tracks, I think. Neither Jack nor Mrs. Veech will find me in a hurry, and I've no compunction about leaving them to one another. They've the makings of soulmates, those two. I've quite a bit put by from that terrible writing, and when that's gone I'll go out to work.

It's funny, but I've already got a mental picture of my employer. A rosy, comfortable lady, she is, and I'm really looking forward to cosy chats with her over cups of tea.

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YOUR hair will reflect a new loveliness and lustre — the delightful translucent glow you see when looking into the depths of amber or precious stones. It is clearer, cleaner and more radiant when beautified with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.

LULUBELLE

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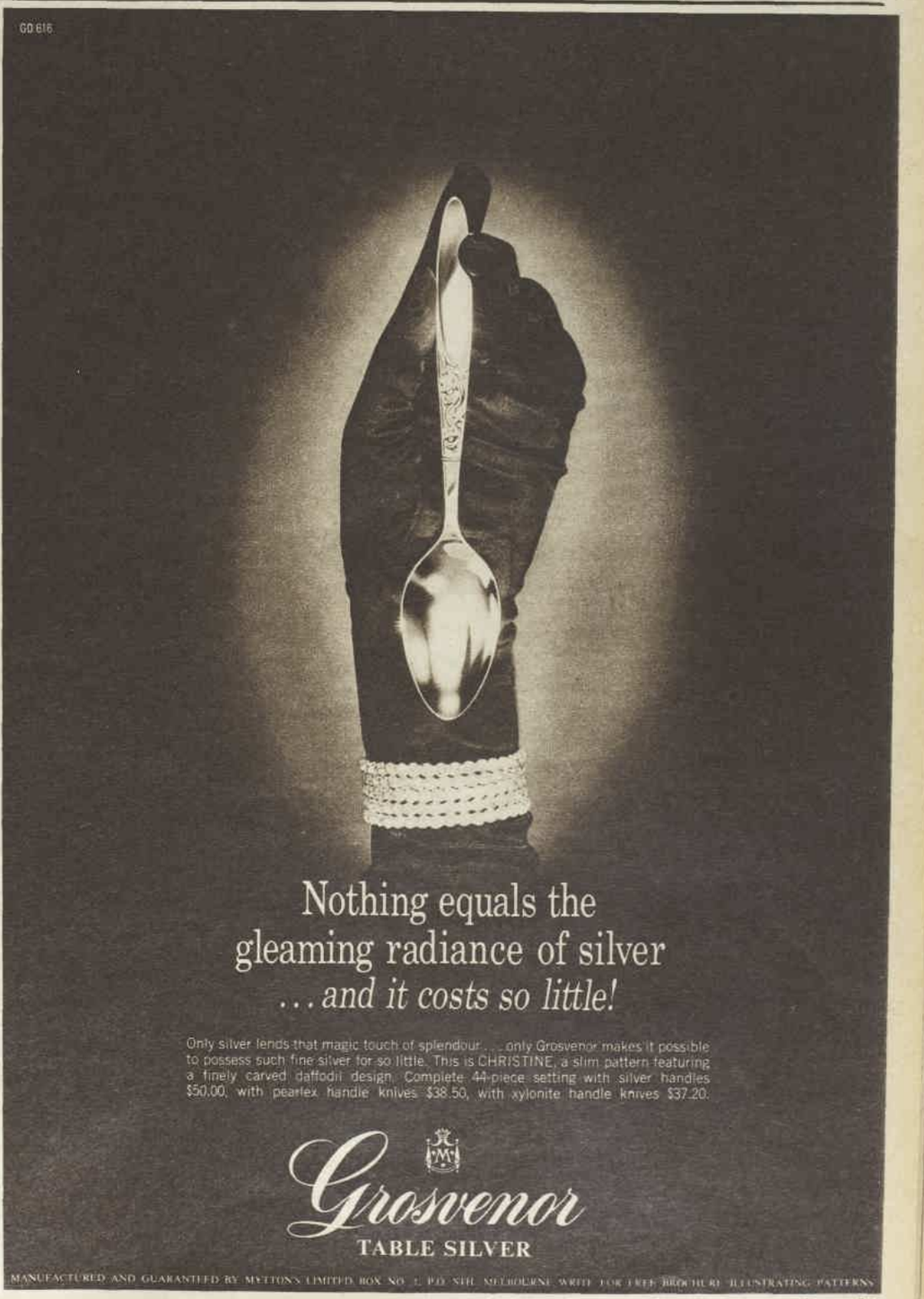

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MY BEST FRIENDS

By DAN ROSS

HELEN REID was one of those shyly beautiful girls who do their jobs well at the office, live quietly in some neat little apartment, and, in general, dwell in what might be termed a dreamy backwater of life. She had known two great sorrows in the death of a widowed mother and the breakup of a long-term engagement with a young man who decided after much vacillation that he wasn't the type for marriage.

Helen still firmly believed that she was, but thus far no suitable candidate had turned up to replace Sherman. Actually she wasn't looking for one. She enjoyed her job and her quiet life with now and then a foreign movie for entertainment and always a good supply of books.

"It's a trite remark," she'd confided to the old man who had a bookshop on the corner of her street, "but most of my friends are books."

The little bald man had chuckled. "I've an endless supply for you here."

And he had. He dealt in new volumes as well as second-hand ones and Helen often stopped to go through his stock. She hit on some really good buys and her apartment was beginning now to overflow with a confusion of titles like that of any avid collector's.

On this particular evening the book that caught her attention first was a copy of "Life Can Be Fun" by a Wilson Hawkins. It wasn't a new book to her. She had a copy of it at home. Indeed, she had turned to this very volume for consolation in the midst of her troubles and had found real inspiration in it. What struck her as she leafed through this copy was the fact that someone had scribbled comments on its margins and at the bottoms of pages.

Some of these were lengthy and they were not all complimentary. She frowned. What sort of person had done such an act of vandalism?

This book had meant a great deal to her and it was almost like standing by while a friend was being insulted to note these comments on its pages. With a feeling of annoyance she paid the store owner for the book and took it home with her. At least she would spare it ignominy from other eyes.

After dinner she sat down with the volume and began carefully to go through it, reading the notes that had been written in a firm hand. Her pretty brow furrowed with annoyance. Whoever had done this seemed to doubt the honesty of the book and the validity of its theories. And she could have been a living witness to advise them that this book had really meant a great deal to her.

As she reached the last pages a slip of paper was revealed with a name and address written on it. It took her only a moment to compare the writing and see it was the same as that on the margins. The James Whipple on the slip of paper must have been the same person who had written the devastating comments. She was filled with a desire to reprimand him. So much so that she went to the phone book and found his listing.

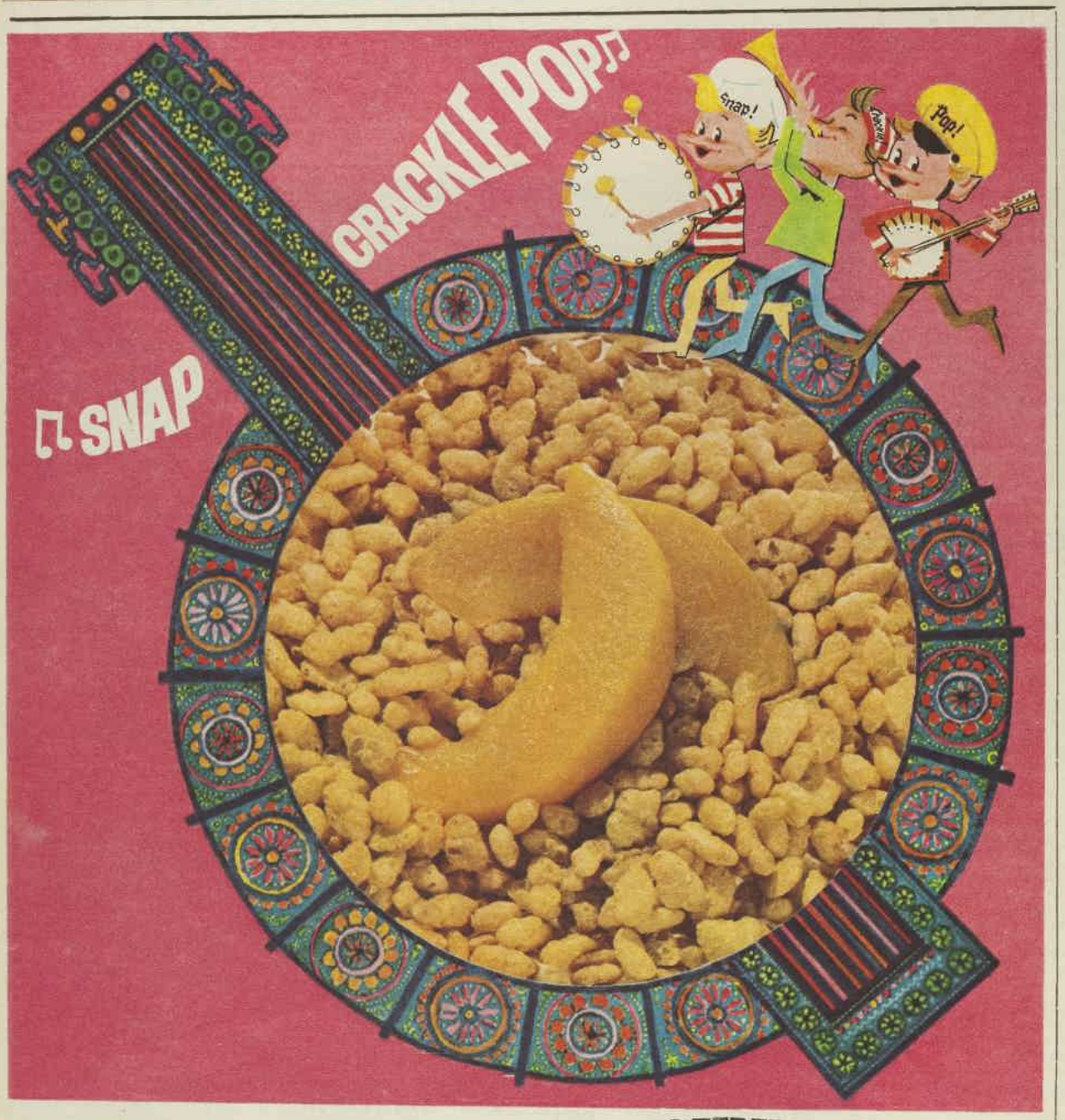
It surprised her to find herself with the phone in hand and it ringing vigorously to summon James Whipple. The enormity of her act came to her and she was about to replace the phone when he answered. It was too late and he seemed to have a rather pleasant voice.

She cleared her throat. "You'll probably think me a little mad," she began.

"An opinion I hold of the entire human race," he said cheerfully. "Allow yourself to feel included."

"Thank you," she managed faintly. "The fact is I've just bought a used copy of a book, 'Life Can Be Fun.' I believe it belonged to you."

"Oh, that," he said. "Yes, I guess I did sell a copy along with



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some other books. How did you find out I owned it?"

"Your name was on a slip of paper in it," she said.

"I remember," he agreed. "I left the slip for the store owner to send me my cheque for the books."

"I think you are very wrong about 'Life Can Be Fun.' Your comments are acid!"

The young man at the other end of the line laughed. "They were meant to be."

"I think it is cheap to make fun of someone else's beliefs and standards," she said hotly, defending the book. "I think it's a fine book."

There was a pause. "How interesting," he said. "Do you actually think life can be fun?"

She hesitated. "I don't say it's one big joke but it doesn't have to be all tragedy either. I had several problems myself and that book helped me at the time."

"I'm glad of that," the young man said with sincerity. "Though I still question much of what is written in it."

"I don't think you're being fair," she said.

"It's a point I'd like to discuss with you in person," he told her.

And that was how they came to have dinner together a few nights later in a pleasant little French restaurant. James Whipple did not appear to be the brash type she had expected. He was a teacher in a city high school and a charming, well-educated young man.

Over coffee he broached the subject of the book again. "I'm not saying 'Life Can Be Fun' is complete nonsense, Miss Reid," he said earnestly. "But I do defend my right to question its message."

"You didn't question it, you threw it out the window," she reproved him.

And over a third coffee he had got along well enough to say, "Now, Helen, you're closing your mind to facts."

She smiled. "I don't think so." Still, she did enjoy his arguments and the evening was turning out well.

So well in fact that it led to many other evenings of their being together, although they never did settle their difference of opinion about "Life Can Be Fun." It struck Helen that she might at last have found someone to take Sherman's place in her romantic life but she wasn't hurrying to conclusions this time. She wanted to be sure. And some of James Whipple's opinions frightened her a little. She kept wishing his views were more like those of the author of the book that had brought them together.

When the evening came that James proposed to her she found herself in a true dilemma. She wanted to say yes but she wanted to be sure this time. His views about "Life Can Be Fun" had upset her. After giving him a partial promise and saying good-night to him she sat alone in the apartment until long after mid-night reading the book again.

It struck her that they did not think alike at all. Since the book had been helpful to her before, she decided she would turn to it again now. So she sat down and wrote a letter to the author addressed care of the publisher. In it she explained her position carefully and her doubts about James. Then she waited for a reply.

It took several days to come. And when it did arrive it was brief and, she felt, none too helpful. It read: "Dear Miss Reid, Your letter received and contents noted. It seems to me you depend entirely too much on books. As you say, they can be friends, but in matters of romance, friends are the last ones you should turn to for advice. This is also true of authors!" It was signed Wilson Hawkins.

She felt let down — really let down — and her depressed mood was not helped by the fact when she met James that evening he seemed in especially high spirits.

"Come," he teased her, "you're not very gay for a bride-to-be!"

It was then she decided to confess. "I don't know whether we should get married or not," she told him. "I've been unsure all along because of your brashness and the way you think about things."

"Like 'Life Can Be Fun,' for instance?"

She nodded. "So I did an awful thing. I wrote to the author for advice about us. I know I shouldn't have now. It was up to me to make up my own mind. Anyway, I did and he just made fun of me!"

"I've done an awful thing, too," James said with a twinkle in his eyes. "I've not explained that I wrote that book myself under a pen name. That's why I felt I had a perfect right to question it later. Writing comments on the margins of books is a habit I've acquired. I may even jot some down on the marriage licence, but that won't mean I don't love you!" Helen was ready to believe him at last as he took her in his arms.

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This kind of action

needs this kind of goodness!

all the home-style goodness of 7 fresh vegetables in a meaty broth, to pack action into kids!

What to give the busy-bunch for lunch? Action-packed plates of Campbell's Old-Fashioned Stockpot soup! Just like home-made, with garden-grown vegetables and a hearty meat broth. Simmered together to give kids the energy they need to skip the day away! This summer, make good-tasting Campbell's soup the hot-spot of a summer snack — and you make it more of a meal.

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. . . HOUSE OF THE WEEK

HARBOR and ocean (right) can be seen from Mr. and Mrs. K. S. Cooper's elevated site at Balgowlah Heights, Sydney. A rockery borders pool.

OUTDOOR living area (below) has its own kitchen. A bench seat runs along a stained-timber wall — background for a sculpture by Mr. Cooper.

Water views: natural and man-made

TWELVE months ago Mr. and Mrs. K. S. Cooper moved from Cheltenham to Balgowlah Heights, Sydney, to a new house with a superb view of both harbor and ocean. "We loved living among the trees at Cheltenham," said Mrs. Cooper, "but we're both mad about water — living by the sea seems to create such a delightful way of life. This house faces north-east, so we have all the advantages of the sun, and Forty Baskets Beach is directly in front of the house, only a two-minute walk away." The Coopers built the garden on the steeply sloping site; it's all rockery, with a waterfall. They also completed the pool which previous owners had started, and added an outdoor living area, with changing rooms and kitchen. This area is quite separate from the house and farther up the hill. Its north-east wall is open cement blocks, so the slightest breeze can penetrate, and privacy is maintained. "With the pool, the waterfall, and the view, we feel we're more or less surrounded by water," said Mrs. Cooper.

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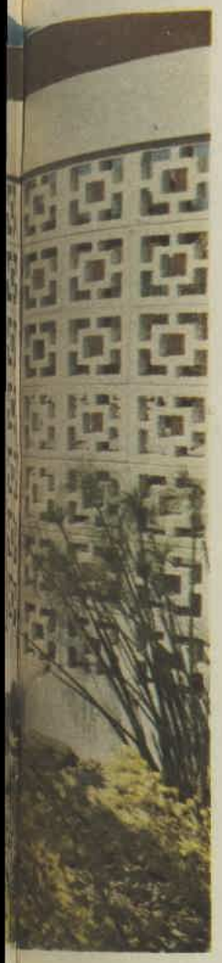

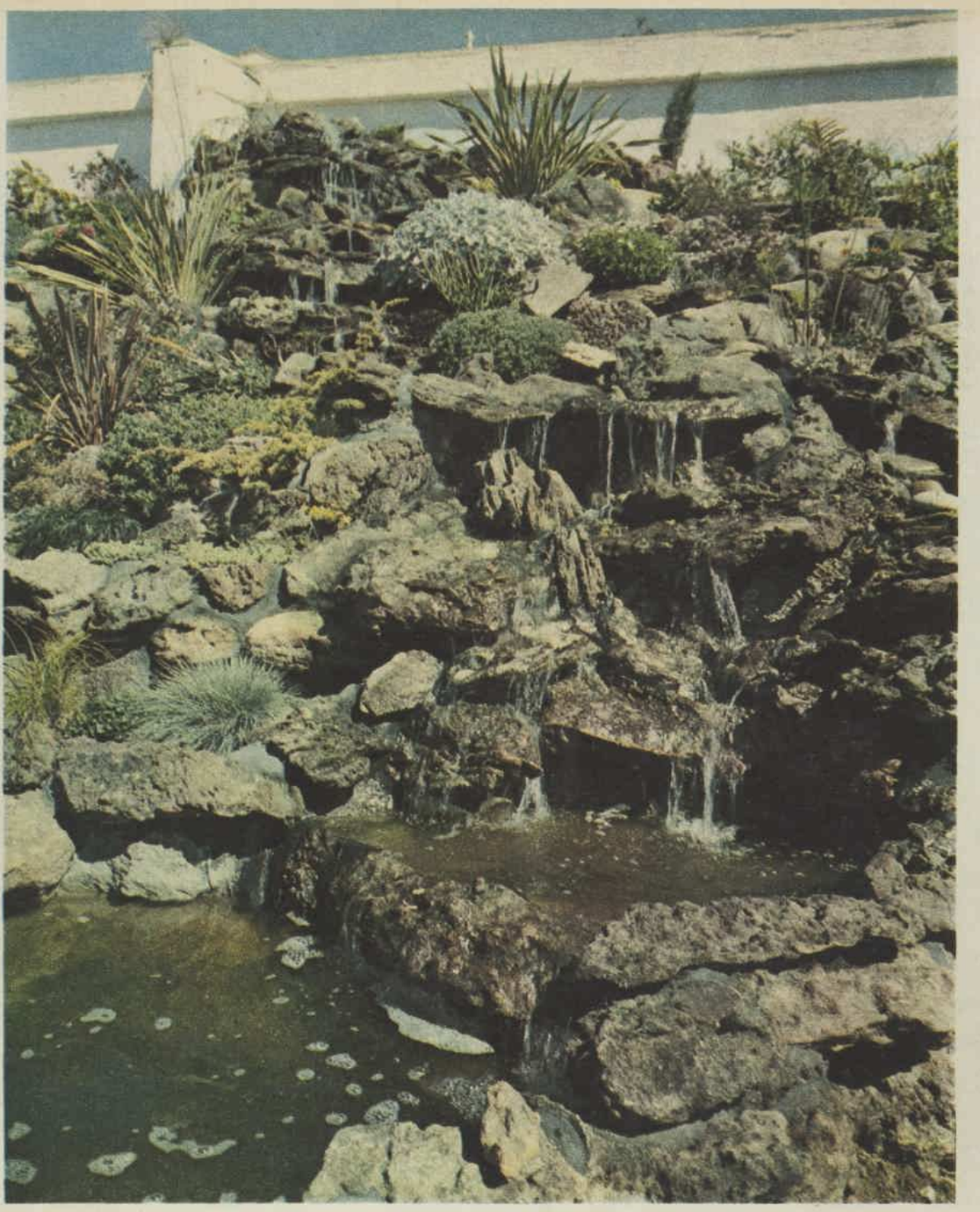

UPSTAIRS sitting-room (below) has french windows along north-east wall overlooking harbor and ocean. Blue tones of this room blend with the backdrop of the sea and sky.

ROCK garden and waterfall (above) was built by the Coopers. Waterfall works on a pump system which constantly re-circulates the water.

BEDROOM (at left) for daughter, Gai, has cream-and-gold colonial-style furniture with soft furnishings in green-gold.

Story by Shan Hailey
Pictures by Keith Barlow

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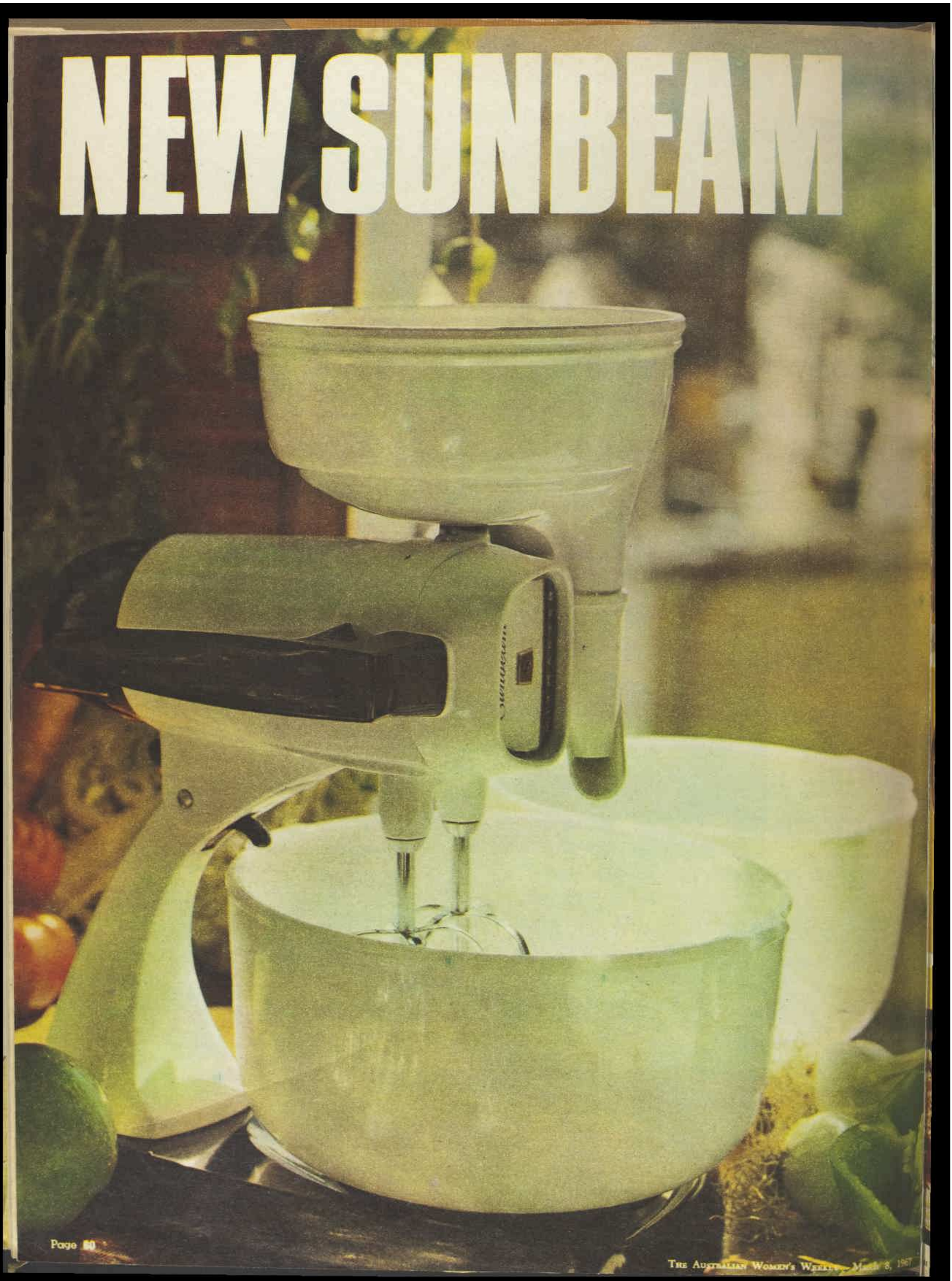
NEW SUNBEAM



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AUSTRALIAN

● *Darling River, N.S.W., which Surveyor-General Mitchell explored for some 300 miles.*

MARCH 5

1803 Australia's first newspaper published, The "Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser," was issued by George Howe, a convict, whose father had been Government Printer on St. Christopher, in the West Indies. Although patronised by the Government and provided with all official news for publication, Howe received no salary and had to stand all financial responsibility. It was not until eight years later that Governor Macquarie allowed him a salary of £60 a year. Howe gathered the news, set the type, wrote most of the contents under pen-names, and distributed copies personally to his 300 Sydney subscribers. His two great problems were getting people to pay up and making sure of paper and ink supplies. He issued pitiful pleas for prompt payment and said he would accept value in kind — farm produce, meat, rum.

One issue appeared on brown wrapping paper; frequently the paper was of three colors. His ink was made of charcoal, gum, and shark oil. In 1806, Howe received a full pardon. He saw better times, when he married a rich widow and he was an original subscriber to the Bank of New South Wales.

MARCH 6

1788 James White, principal surgeon of the First Fleet, recorded in his diary, "the timbers of the country are useless for any purpose save firewood." Australia's timber industry is valued today at more than $260 million and employs some 104,000 workers.

1867 Appointment of Jeremiah Wilson to Jenolan Caves (then known as the Fish River Caves), N.S.W., as "Keeper of the Caves." Wilson had acted as an unofficial guide to the caves for several years and had spent much time exploring them. From the early 1880s, he provided accommodation for visitors. Part of the present accommodation house was built in 1897.

1899 Pearling fleet disaster. Sixty-six luggers were caught in the path of two cyclones near Cape Melville, Queensland, between March 4 and 6. Some 55 vessels were sunk with the loss of 300 lives.

MARCH 7

1790 The Sirius left Sydney on her last voyage. The wreck of the Sirius on a reef off Norfolk Island was a disastrous blow to the struggling little settlement in Sydney Cove. Famine had meant a one-third cut in the already stringent food rations, and the Sirius, after landing marines and convicts on Norfolk Island, was to have gone in quest of food. Though no lives were lost, news of the disaster cast a general gloom over the hungry community.

1826 Opening of the Australian Subscription Library, Sydney's first library, forerunner of the Public Library of N.S.W. A few years earlier, some leading citizens made a combined catalogue of books in their private collections, so that they could more conveniently borrow from one another. Some clubbed together to establish the library. A grant of land was made to the library in 1834, and on this—the present site of the Public Library — the committee erected a building. Financial difficulties resulted in the N.S.W. Government taking over the library.

MARCH 8

1837 Town plan of Melbourne approved by Governor Bourke. On the site the settlers had chosen, Police Magistrate Lonsdale preferred a site at the mouth of the Yarra (and the Governor was of like opinion), but lack of a water supply made it ineligible. However, the Yarra mouth site was named Williamstown, after the reigning monarch, and the selected site was named Melbourne, in honor of England's then Prime Minister. Strangely enough, the infant town was known by a variety of names in its early years. Tasmanian newspapers called it Batmania and Glenelg; other references to it are Bearport, Bearbrass, Bearheep, Bearbury — apparently variations of the locality's native name, Bararing or Berrern.

1910 The Mitchell Library, Sydney, opened. David Scott

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You will find that Neutrogena is the only skin cleanser you will ever need.

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Neutrogena is prepared under the original formula of the eminent Belgian cosmetic-chemist Dr. Edmond Fromont, and is protected by Australian Patent No. 164532.

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Your Family Chemist and selected Department Stores sell Neutrogena—economically priced at only 45 cents per cake.

Neutrogena is the secret to lasting skin loveliness

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ALMANAC

A weekly series by Bill Beatty

chell bequeathed his collection Australiana to the Public brary of New South Wales on ndition that the Government se it in a suitable new build- Mitchell, one of the first riculants of the University of ney, lived more or less as a ase, gathering what is now world's greatest collection of ersiliana. In addition to some 10 volumes, maps, charts, etc., endowed the library with 000 ($140,000).

MARCH 9

835 Surveyor-General Thomas chell left Parramatta on an pedition down the Bogan and ling Rivers. He reached the gan on April 15 and here ward Cunningham (brother of ranist Allan Cunningham) ndered away from the party was speared by natives. Ten s later, when the junction of Darling and Bogan Rivers reached, Mitchell was de- ed to find the country well ured. He followed the river about 300 miles. During the pedition he erected a stockade, ich he named Fort Bourke, ne seven miles south-west of present town of Bourke.

902 Papua — or British New inea — placed under the Com- nwealth.

MARCH 10

794 The Rev. Samuel Marsden, pointed Assistant Chaplain for colony, arrived in Sydney. also became a magistrate and perintendent of Public Works, ides taking over many other ies and personal interests, in- ding farming. The case is on ord of one of his servants mmitting a small misdemeanor which his master flogged him. e servant absconded and went , committing another crime ore he was recaptured. The agistrate before whom he was ought was the Rev. Samuel rsden, who sentenced him to th. And the Rev. Samuel rsden, as a minister, adminis- red spiritual consolation on the affold. Marsden was a strong pponent of Macquarie's Eman- ipation policy. He was such an orrigible "exclusionist" that he used to sit on the Bench with ex-convict, and even at the overnor's dinner parties resented presence of any emancipated convict and would snub him.

809 Birth of Edward Henty, permanent settler in Vic- ia. At the age of 22, Henty ived in Launceston with his ther. Dissatisfied with the pros- ects Tasmania offered, he amined the mainland coast and ound Portland Bay. It was then nhabited, except seasonally by alers, and he considered the untry around had great graz- g potentialities. His father ored and the family and four mured servants sailed for the Henty ploughed the soil for first time in what was to be- me the colony of Victoria. The ny family flourished and by end of 1842 were settled on r 106,000 acres of well- ded grazing land.

MARCH 11

847 Steamship Sovereign ounded on the north bar of Rous annel, south of Moreton Bay, ueensland, with the loss of 44 es.

910 End of the big Newcastle strike. An accumulation of South Wales miners' griev- ances was sparked into a State-wide strike the year before by what was regarded by the union as the victimisation of a unionist. The stoppage spread rapidly and involved many other unions. Eventually the N.S.W. Government stepped in, which resulted in the president of the Miners' Federation and four other leaders being arrested and sentenced to imprisonment.

1915 Death of novelist Thomas Alexander Browne, usually known as Rolf Boldrewood. Of all his many books, none had as much merit as "Robbery Under Arms," which became a classic in his lifetime and continues to hold its place as an outstanding Australian novel.

● *Scenic Grand Arch, Jenolan Caves, N.S.W. Picture by R. Davie, of Maitland, N.S.W.*

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PRIZE RECIPE: APPLE SQUARES TO SERVE AS DESSERT

THIS is the type of dessert everybody loves — soft apple sandwiched between tender cake layers. The recipe wins this week's prize of $10 in our recipe contest.

APPLE SQUARES
(Picture at left)

4oz. butter or substitute
4oz. castor sugar
1 egg
1 cup plain flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon mixed spice
1½ cups stewed drained apple

Cream together the butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg, beat well. Sift flour with spices, fold lightly into creamed mixture. Spread half mixture on base of lightly greased 6in. square cake tin. Cover with apples, spread remaining cake mixture on top. Bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes, until golden brown. Serve hot or cold, cut into squares and sprinkled with sifted icing sugar.

Prize of $10 to Mrs. I. Lewis, 2 Foord Ave., Henley Beach, S.A.

Small in a nice way, big in a delicious way,
the little ones from the North Sea. Kippered Herring,
Scotch Herring in Tomato sauce, Scotch Fresh Herring.
Crosse & Blackwell prepare the nicest fish in the business!

CB.4482.JCPWW

Hints for the home

● **These hints for mothers and housewives sent in by readers win a prize of $2 each.**

PLACE an extra mirror low down on the bathroom wall at a height suitable for young children. It will encourage them to brush their teeth and keep tidy. My children love their own mirror. —Mrs. F. White, 65 Forrester Tce., Bardon, W.4. Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

A good emergency funnel for pouring liquids can be made by piercing a hole in the bottom half of an empty eggshell. — Mrs. A. L. Chandler, 13 Forest Rd., Earlwood, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To hide the line that is left after letting down children's frocks, use a row of chain-stitching in a contrasting color; it makes a pretty trimming and freshens up the frock. — Mrs. E. A. Spurrier, 53 Patty St., Mentone, Vic.

★ ★ ★

If a biscuit crumb case, as for a chiffon pie, sticks to its pie plate after chilling, dip a cloth in hot water, wring out, and wrap round the plate. It will release the crumb crust after a minute or two. — Mrs. E. Bovell, 1 Briggs St., Mosman Park, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Prevent crushed doilies in the linen press. After ironing, hang doilies on a clip hanger and hang on a hook inside the door of the press. — Mrs. J. Kuskey, 16 Hilda St., Bass Hill, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

When the plastic covering of baby's pram handle begins to wear into holes, knit a long, narrow strip in a pastel color and sew it over the handle. It will also keep your hands warm on cold days. — M. O'Malley, 195 Bridport St., Albert Park, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Use pipe-cleaners to fasten the tops of plastic bags when storing clothing, etc., in them. This will keep the contents airtight. — Mrs. A. Granzin, 2 Jane St., Gympie, Qld.

★ ★ ★

If you run out of baking-powder and are far from shops, this recipe may be a help: To make baking-powder, mix well together 2oz. ground rice, 2oz. bicarbonate of soda and 4½oz. cream of tartar or 2oz. tartaric acid, put through a fine sieve, and store in an airtight tin. — Mrs. E. C. Blandford, 1 Cochran St., Lismore, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Don't throw away the plastic container inside that empty chocolate box. Fill it with water and freeze. You will have fancy-shaped ice cubes for long, cool drinks. — Mrs. D. Kelly, 1 Coleman St., Moonah, Tas.

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let Golden Circle make your salad

more COLOURFUL — to invite those appetites to light up, more FLAVOURSOME — to please the children, too, more NOURISHING — with extra vitamins and minerals! That's how Golden Circle makes a salad — with some important help from you.

SALAD FOURSOME

Line platter compartments with crisp lettuce leaves. Fill one with GOLDEN CIRCLE Pineapple Pieces, drained and chilled. Garnish with red capsicum. Fill another with slices of GOLDEN CIRCLE Beetroot, topped with onion rings. Fill the third with tomato quarters, adding trimmed eschalots. Place sliced, cooked corned beef or ham in the fourth section, and garnish with olives. Serve with prepared mayonnaise and crusty bread rolls.

Golden Circle peel a can and taste the sunshine

TROPICAL PINEAPPLE
Tender Sweet BEETROOT

Serve health serve a salad every day

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we'd have to charge more than $1.25

A hair colour treatment guaranteed to make him fall madly in love with you?
What a package that would be. And what a price!
Meanwhile, we do have a package that will help.
And it won't cost you the earth.
Napro TintCream.
This reliable hair colouring cream gives better control in touching-up faded, patchy or streaky hair. Ageing hair. Hair that won't even-out after you've tried very costly preparations.
It gives you weeks of natural-looking, even hair colour.
And it restores natural oils.
TintCream is only $1.25 for the complete home treatment.
You can choose your natural shade—or a happy colour change—from the Shade Selector Chart at your chemist or departmental store.
All these things we can promise.
The rest is up to you.

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FUCHSIAS

● Their elegance and adaptability have won them favoritism throughout the world

By ALLAN SEALE

FUCHSIAS grow and flower under a variety of conditions, in full sun or shade, but show appreciation when given a little attention.

Results are best when they are planted in part shade: too much direct sunlight saps the lustre from blooms and foliage, too little will reduce the number of flowers; an ideal position is one where they enjoy a couple of hours' morning sun or where direct sunlight is filtered by tall, light-foliaged trees, lattice, or light bushhouse cover.

Fuchsias originated mainly in southern Chile. They withstand cold winters but need warmth to flower well. (They seem more susceptible to frost in temperate than cold districts; this is understandable, as gradually increasing cold hardens growth and conditions the plant.)

They are one of the few shade-tolerant plants that flower in summer. They can be shaped and trained — but don't leave them indoors for long periods unless the light and ventilation are unusually good.

TRAINING

For best results, training should begin in the early stages. It is better to start new plants from cuttings and mould them into the shape you prefer than persist in trying to reshape an old plant that has been allowed to straggle.

Compact Bush: Pinch out the growing tip after the plant has made two sets of leaves. A new shoot will then emerge from the base of each of the remaining leaves.

These shoots are again pinched back (or stopped) when they in turn have made two pairs of leaves.

A further stopping will make the plants even more compact and bushy. However, it must be appreciated that each stopping delays flowering by about eight weeks.

Standards: When shaping a standard plant the procedure is merely to train a leader or main stem in an upright position. Where there are more than one, remove all but the strongest.

When a solitary growth is weak and spindly it is often better to remove this just above the two base leaves. Then select the stronger of the two growths that follow and train this up a thin stake. Rub off any side shoots.

When this stem is within a few inches of the desired height of the standard, stop by pinching out the tip. Leave the two shoots which emerge from the pair of leaves at the top of the stem. These are then stopped after they form two pairs of leaves, and then the head of the plant is brought into compact form as suggested for the "bush" type.

Espalier: Strong-growing types can be trained into interesting shapes and fastened as espaliers to fences or panels of lattice.

One suggestion is to stop the plant when it has made three pairs of leaves. The six side shoots which follow are trained and tied in fan-like formation.

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When each cane reaches 12in. to 15in. it may be stopped again, this time allowing the two top shoots on each to remain. Train these in "V" formation so that they eventually cross with the shoots from each neighboring cane.

Alternatively, after the initial stopping allow two arms to extend out in shallow "V" formation. Stop these at about 1ft., later rubbing off all but three evenly spaced shoots on the tops of both arms. Train these upward and parallel in candelabra formation.

Trailing or hanging basket type: These are stopped after about two sets of leaves are made, then again when each subsequent shoot has made about three sets of leaves.

For the best effect choose types with naturally trailing growth. These will be noted in most nurserymen's catalogues, but any from the following list are suitable trailers:

Baby Storm King, Angel Flight, Aunt Juliana, Baby Bunting, Blue Mist, Betsy Ross, Betty, Bewitched, City of Pacifica, Chrysantha, Claret Cup, Dr. Olsen, Ecstasy, Electra, Evelyn Little, Fandango, Frosty, Gay Fandango, General Ike, George Barr, Golondrina, Henri Poincare, Jerome, Lena, Lollipop, Maronda, Marinka, Marybeth, Melody, Miss California, Montana, Mrs. G. G. Henry, Muriel, Nightingale, Pasteur, Pink Shower, President Roosevelt, Purple Heart, Red Wing, Rose Dawn, Paulette, San Pablo, Sharon, South Pacific, Sweet Sixteen, Tarantella, Texas Longhorn, The Doctor, Trail Blazer, Troubador, Valentine, Victory, William Braas, Zenobia.

PRUNING

Apart from stopping to shape the plants, fuchsias need cutting back in winter or early spring soon after frosts are over. In principle they are pruned similarly to roses. Remove old or spindly growth and shorten back younger growth made the previous season to two or three pairs of leaves or leaf scars. Make the cuts about a quarter-inch above a leaf in each case.

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FEEDING

Feed after pruning to speed and strengthen new growth. For best results at this stage give a good soaking with one of the complete liquid manures.

Some growers prefer to follow this a few weeks later with a dressing of a complete fertiliser, choosing a mixture high in phosphorus such as Gro-Plus, Hortico 2, or Bumper Crop. This helps to induce more prolific flower-bud formation. Then, within a week or two of flowering, again apply liquid manure, this time at fortnightly intervals.

Plants need to be well watered from pruning time until the weather turns cool in late autumn.

SOIL

Fuchsias can grow in all but very heavy clay soils. These need to be lightened with ample compost and sand.

Results will be better in all soils if a generous amount of compost is added. Sand also needs the addition of peatmoss, vermiculite, or similar material to improve its water-holding capacity.

When growing in containers a good soil mixture is two parts of garden loam which has previously had compost or rotted animal manure added, one part moistened peatmoss, and one part sand. To each two-gallon bucket of this mixture add about one teaspoon of garden lime and two of complete plant food.

CUTTINGS

Cuttings may be taken from spring to early autumn, using young growth about 3in. long, cleanly trimmed just below a leaf, or with sections of mature wood about 4in. long. A mixture of equal parts of shredded, moistened peatmoss and sand makes a good striking medium.

PESTS

Pests such as aphids, thrips, leaf hoppers, and caterpillars can be controlled by spraying with a good complete pest-killer, such as Rogor, Lebaycid, or Meta Systox mixed with DDT, using the same dilution rate for each chemical as recommended by the manufacturer for normal pest control.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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Cut out and paste in an exercise book

● Top right, Australia Fair; left, Fort Bragg; bud and bloom below is Pink Galore; Blue Sultan on right; lowest, Mission Bells.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

● Simplicity of design of the white porcelain container enhances the double shadowy red and purple blooms of Red Shadow.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 93

● The lovely plant of Moonmist is shown to advantage in an embossed ceramic pot with a blue jewel set in a filigree of gold.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 94

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

● Swingtime, fully double, trailing. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg at Green Fingers Nursery, Mona Vale, N.S.W.

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DEAR MRS. KING:

"There's them that can and them that can't"

● So said one of the many readers who wrote, ruefully, to admit that they couldn't keep up with Mrs. Ursula King's recipe for happy housekeeping, which included "tidy walks" and doing several jobs at once (Women's Weekly, January 25). Others were cheered to find they had a soulmate in the Sydney mother who found that babies make fools of timetables (Women's Weekly, February 8). Here are some of the points made:

Mrs. R. Dee, of Baulkham Hills, N.S.W., wrote:

INSPIRATIONAL . . . this is the only fitting description for Mrs. Ursula King's article.

I suppose most of us were stirred as we perused it, sipping mid-morning coffee in untidy kitchens.

Regard housekeeping as any other career, we are advised. A terrifying conception! One would expect, after ten years' apprenticeship in any career, to show some sign of professionalism.

After all, a doctor, after only six years, is ready to do battle with death. So, on the assumption that I must surely be ready to graduate, and with Mrs. King's example before me, I resolved to really get things under control.

To an hourly tidy walk around the house I can honestly give approval. I tried it last Tuesday, and, believe me, when husband returned that night our house was tidy.

Of course, I didn't have time to wash, shop, bath or feed the children or prepare dinner — but the HOUSE WAS TIDY.

"Don't put it down, put it away." This seemed a somewhat cold greeting to returning heroes from the school jungle, but in the interest of efficiency I offered it gently as three cases were deposited, as usual, in the kitchen doorway promptly at 3.45 p.m.

It was met with some surprise and curiosity, but with cheerful compliance. My respect for Mrs. King soared and I felt the heady surge of success.

This surge is possibly the reason why I stumbled so heavily upon the same three cases in the doorway of the bedroom.

Vague ghosts

It would appear, though, that if the above maxim is to have a lasting effect upon my offspring I am going to have to make permanent homes for the displaced articles which float vaguely about our house like ghosts seeking a resting place.

I refer, of course, to the cereal carton with the cut-out on the back, the broken car urgently requiring glue, the balloon and jazz cap from the most recent party, nearly finished jigsaws, etcetera ad infinitum —also ad nauseam.

One attribute of a good housekeeper is respect for the neighbor's son who blackened your child's eye. This philosophy has my hearty endorsement, and I recommend it strongly to my neighbors, as my sons are inclined to be givers rather than takers in the black-eye department.

Get into the habit of doing two or three things at once. Only two or three? I felt really superior here.

For years I have been perfectly capable of burning the toast and husband's egg while the milk boils over the stove, baby is in the bath (gasping as the water rises), and I answer the telephone while the iron burns through the towel which it was propped on just for a second to iron son's shorts. (Never put off till breakfast time what should have been done last week.)

I may add that No. 2 son may well be standing all this time on one leg awaiting an application of iodine.

The suggestion for listing shopping is good, and I am delighted to say that I don't fall down on this.

On my return from shopping each week I remove the list from the cupboard where it was left, throw it away, and hope that next week I'll remember to collect it BEFORE I shop.

"Whatever happens, don't whine about what a hard day you have spent in the house." Here, Mrs. King and I reach complete agreement. I don't whine.

After all, when the full facts of the situation are before the family, I doubt very much whether I could get away with it.

Has no system

IT was gratifying to read "You Can't Roster a Baby." Being the mother of three under the age of three, I am pleased to find I'm not the only one without a system.

I was convinced that I was the dirtiest housewife in this modern society, for I, too, ignore dust and dirty finger marks until I can endure it no longer.

But I love my family, and would have it no other way. — **Mrs. M. J. Hore, Boggabri, N.S.W.**

Plans go awry

URSULA KING has provided an admirable plan for perfect housekeeping, but how often do we make such plans and find that other people (and things) are blissfully unaware of the system—the unexpected but welcome guest, four days of steady rain, or a sick child.—**Mrs. Jan Ffrench, Southport, Qld.**

Sounds easy!

AFTER reading Mrs. King's article, I found myself wistfully thinking: "That's how I would like to be — calm, serene, and ordered." My gosh! Is it possible? Mrs. King made it sound so easy that deep down, guilt stirred.

Three years ago I was a bride, full of ideas of organising my housework.

Now, two and a half babies later, can you blame me, after reading how easy it is, if I hide my head?

Then I read the second story, complete with timetable. May I say to that dear girl that she has restored my faith in myself.

There's them that can and them that can't, and within our own hectic little home, we're happy. — **"Busy Mum," Mackay, Qld.**

A PLACE TO CALL HIS OWN

● A father in Armidale, N.S.W., found the time and money spent converting an old laundry into a sitting-room for his student son has paid dividends in many ways.

WHEN my 13-year-old son suggested that an old, disused laundry on the side of our garage could be made into a study and a room for his personal belongings, I was doubtful.

I had been using it to store a few garden tools and a lawnmower. Now, inspecting the room more closely, I was a little disheartened.

It was small, only 11ft. by 8ft. Years of splashing water had rotted away the floor under the laundry tubs.

The floor bearers were also partly rotted. A gas copper on an old rusty stand stood in one corner, its flue passing through the sagging ceiling and iron roof.

The room was roughly lined with asbestos cement which had cracked in several places. The outside walls were in similar condition. There was one small window and a decrepit door.

Renovation would take a lot of work and expense, but my son was sincere about wanting a place of his own. I decided to go to work on it.

Stripping the room of lining, flooring, and the partly rotten floor bearers, I started by strengthening the brick foundation with cement.

I then put in three more piers to carry the floor bearers and the new tallowwood floorboards, lined the walls and ceiling with hardboard sheets (putting in another window in the process), and replaced the outside walls with weatherboards, packing the cavity between lining and weatherboards with insulating wool as we went.

We then started on the refinements — painting, light- and power-point fittings, a wall-to-wall carpet with reading lamp, comfortable chairs, a one-bar radiator for winter, a picture on the wall — and we had a snug little room.

The completed job cost £120 and a lot of hard work, but my son's pleasure and my own feeling of achievement made it well worth while.

That was three years ago. Today, my son is in fifth-year at high school, and doing well. His friends visit him in his study-room, and television programs, visitors, and other distractions in the house don't worry him.

Sometimes he may watch a particular TV program, then retire to his comfortable room to study — a well-adjusted happy boy, with ambitions for university.

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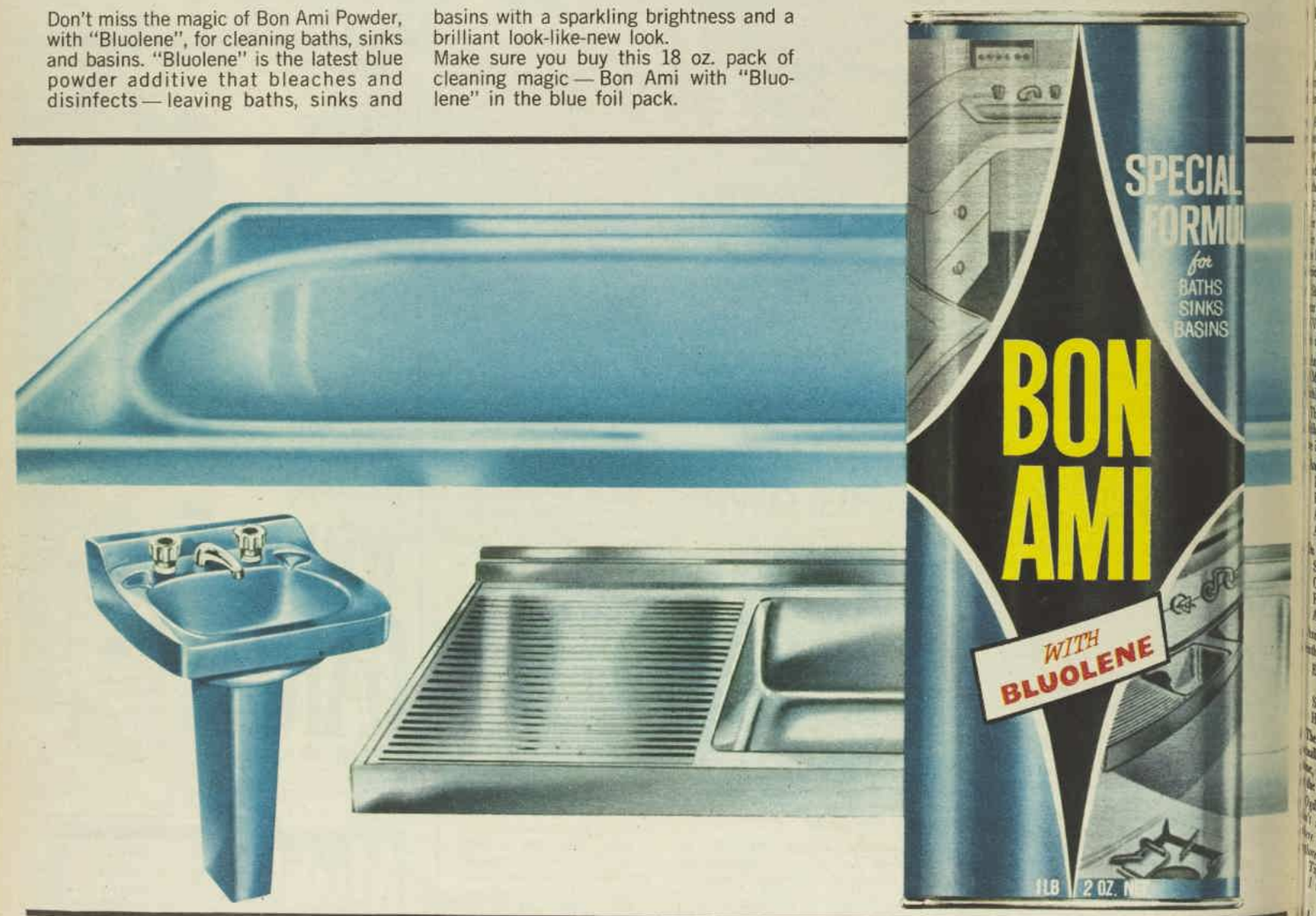

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AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● So many letters have come in in recent weeks from people sending me (as one reader put it) epitaphs not so grave that I've realised that my passion for wading through blackberries to get to the oldest gravestones in the backs of cemeteries is one that's shared by many people.

WHAT a pity we can't all get together and make a joint onslaught on one old cemetery at a time, thus trampling down the blackberries by sheer weight of numbers!

There isn't room to quote all the interesting old epitaphs readers have sent me, but here are a few of them.

A South Australian reader has sent a copy of the inscription cut on a tombstone by K. Richards, of Stepney, in 1887. The grave, that of Dr. Bernard McGuire, who died in 1862, aged 76, is in the cemetery at Salisbury (just north of Adelaide), and the inscription reads:

Reader who so ever you are
One moment stop and think.
That we are in Eternity
And you are on the brink.

Another South Australian sends me:

Halt all ye who here pass by
As you are now so once was I
As I am now you'll have to be
So be prepared to follow me.

My correspondent says that later some wit added:

To follow you I'm not content
Until I learn which way you went.

A Western Australian reader sends me this one from a Scottish churchyard. "Here lies the bones of Jimmy Denham. If you saw him now ye widna ken 'im."

And from Victoria, this touching inscription on a headstone marking the burial place of a nine-month-old baby boy who died in 1852. "Here lies the grief of a fond mother, and the blasted expectations of an indulgent father."

From a Victorian girl I had a most interesting letter. Her hobby is photographing graves, those of the famous like Melba and Batman and von Mueller, and those that she has found on lonely headlands, in bush paddocks, and beside busy highways.

She tells me that she found a stone marked 1788 (the year of the settlement in New South Wales) in the grounds of Vaucluse House, and she wonders whether it is perhaps the oldest marked grave in Australia.

And she vouches for this inscription: "John Ganthorpe, of Manchester. Died 1853, aged 37 years. A Victim to a faithless and ungrateful wife."

This she found on a stone in the Fawkner cemetery, in Melbourne, erected, I suppose, by an indulgent family as one in the eye for an unsatisfactory daughter-in-law.

And finally, three old and authentic favorites. In Elgin:

Here lie I, Martin Elginbrodde:
Ha'e mercy on my soul, Lord God,
As I wad do, were I Lord God
And ye were Martin Elginbrodde.

On a tombstone erected in Suffolk in 1870:

Stranger pass by and waste no time
On bad biography and careless rhyme.
For what I am this humble dust encloses;
And what I was is no affair of yourses.

And this one, dating from the beginning of the nineteenth century:

Elizabeth Thomas, Obit 1808.
Aet. 27.
She'd no fault save what travellers give the moon:
Her light was lovely, but she dies too soon.

The trouble with epitaph collecting is that unless you've actually seen them, in moss-filled letters cut into weathered stone, you can never be quite sure whether they're genuine or the work of some poet, punner, or parodist.

Ogden Nash has written lots of epitaphs. Sad to say, I don't suppose any one of them is likely to appear anywhere on any tombstone. My favorite is his epitaph for an explorer which goes:

Tiger, tiger, my mistake;
I thought that you were William Blake.

A home-made chocolate sauce (with or without rum)

IF your family are great consumers of chocolate sauce you might like to try Diana's latest invention. I imagine it's the sort of invention lots of others might lay claim to, but she did dream it up in an effort to reproduce a commercial brand of chocolate sauce that I absolutely refuse to buy any longer, because of the children's habit of swigging it out of the bottle.

Put two tablespoons of golden syrup, two tablespoons of brown sugar, two tablespoons of water, and 1 tablespoon of cocoa in a saucepan, stir it over heat until fully dissolved. Remove from the heat, and stir in two teaspoons of butter.

It's a bit on the thin side when hot, but when cold it thickens up nicely. If you like chocolate peppermint sauce, add a few drops of peppermint essence when it's cool, or for more sophisticated tastes, a couple of teaspoons of rum, stirred in when cool, so you don't lose the flavor.

For ordinary family use it's a good idea to quadruple the quantities, pour it into a large jar, and hide it in the most improbable place you can think of so that you can keep it for chocolate sauce occasions and stop people taking great, refreshing draughts every time they pass the grocery cupboard.

★ ★ ★

My thanks to those who wrote suggesting names for the new dog. Their suggestions came too late — he had already been named Mr. Justice Jones by Mike, who has developed a taste for legal-type TV dramas. He's formally addressed as "Your Honor" and familiarly, in the American style, as "Judge."

The cats refuse to recognise his jurisdiction, and are continually in contempt of court. I think they regard themselves, quite rightly, as a higher tribunal.

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When it's time for a daughter to spread her wings

• A Western Australian reader, who has brought up her daughter alone, faces the prospect of the girl leaving home for higher education in the city. She asks herself: Would it be selfish for me to go, too?

BEING a woman on my own with a teenage daughter, I have to make my decisions alone. I know some marriage partners are not a great moral support to each other, but pouring your problems into even an unhelpful ear often helps clarify the position.

Now I have a new decision to make. As we live in a country town my daughter will have to go to the city to further her education, and I must decide whether or not I shall go, too.

Every year, young people go away from our town to attend university, teachers' training college, or business college. Many of them go alone, but some fathers in a position to do so get a transfer to the city, thus keeping their family intact.

Opinions are many and varied on the subject. One school of thought says the young should at this stage in their lives step out into the world and try their wings.

Another says that this is a danger period, and that while stepping out they need the security of a home behind them, particularly if they are going to university, where many pressures are brought to bear on young, impressionable minds.

I can see there are points in favor of both views. It occurs to me, also, that there are hundreds of young people whose homes are already in the city, and no one suggests that having their parents with them is a disadvantage.

I carefully weighed up the matter, anxious to do the wisest thing, but another thought has come to me. Am I right to look at everything from her point of view?

Until now, she has always been put first in my life. I have given her every opportunity possible, and have been happy to do so.

I planned to see her through school and university, if she wished to go. She has had years of music lessons and art of speech.

Until she was 13, I stayed home at nights with her. At 14, she had a trip to the eastern States with a youth group and had a wonderful time. During most of her school holidays she goes off to church camps.

We realise that we now have separate resources, and that we have accomplished this successfully. Her life is full and busy with her own concerns, and I have developed outside interests.

"Can I adjust?"

My daughter has grown into a fine girl. She is studious and values the opportunities she has had, and has done well with them. I think, if I allow her to go off to the city alone, she will stand on her own feet perfectly well. But — *will I?*

What faces me? I am middle-aged, I have to build a new life. I feel that I might build a better future if I, too, go to the city, where I have a number of friends and relatives, and where there are wider interests.

For many years I have made my living by boarding young people. I felt we could have a better home life this way than if I went out to work, and we have had a bright and happy home.

If I go, too, I can board my own daughter, instead of staying behind boarding someone else's.

I have this urge to try, and it might be interesting and stimulating to spread my wings also. Then comes the sad thought: Would I be depriving my young one of that lovely adventure of going forth?

It has been said that unselfish mothers make selfish daughters. Perhaps this is so. Who of us can go through life thinking only of what is best for oneself?

Perhaps a lesson for my daughter in thinking of others might be equally as valuable to her as the adventure of independence.

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READER'S STORY

Dad was always singing

● There was always a happy sound in the childhood home of this reader from Victoria—the sound of her father singing . . . bush ballads from his days of humping the bluey, popular songs, or arias from opera. Dad had a song for every occasion.

I WASN'T born with a silver spoon in my mouth, but I was born with a song in my ears. Dad was the songbird in our house. He was always singing—snatches of opera, popular ballads, his own brand of bush songs (often with lots of "la, la, la"—whether the words had escaped him or whether he only knew the rough version, we never knew). Had his voice been trained, he would have been a light baritone, but trained or not it was pleasant to hear.

Dad had humped his bluey around Victoria and up to Queensland for many years before he married, and I think that's where he learned many of his songs.

He was partly deaf from a war injury, and would stand with his ear to the wireless, joining in his favorite passages or turning around to give us a performance of any pieces which amused him.

I have seen Dad standing there, listening to orchestral music, his good ear pressed close to the wireless, lost in another world. We would call him, and it was like breaking a spell.

I used to wake on cold, dark mornings, snug and warm in my bed, wondering if it was time to get up.

Then I would hear Dad singing — faintly, if he was having a wash, then as his voice grew louder I knew he was taking the canary out to the backyard to get the morning sun. After an exchange of whistles, Dad and the canary would let go their own songs.

I can hear Dad now banging the doors of the old flywire safe as he got out the butter, an egg, and a chop for his breakfast, singing "Land of Hope and Glory," or "Oh, Oh, Antonio."

That was part of the pleasure of hearing Dad on those cold, dark mornings. You never knew what he would burst out with.

Mending shoes was another time for Dad to go through his repertoire.

He soled and heeled all our shoes, and every Sunday morning any shoes we wanted cleaning we brought and put by the kitchen windowsill.

Dad would black and polish every shoe put there, all to the accompaniment of "all the rubbish you can think of," as Mum used to say to him, after we had nearly choked with laughing listening to Dad and saying, "Go on, Dad. Sing it again."

A warm, happy nature

Dad could do his comic songs with actions and accents—Scots, Irish, Jewish, German.

It was as natural for him to sing as to breathe, and he had a song for every situation.

In fact, he often got Mum annoyed when she'd tell him something in great seriousness and he would burst into some silly song. Then he would laugh, and chuck her under the chin.

Yet he realised life had a serious side, and never tried to dodge his responsibilities. He had great strength of character, was well liked, and known by everyone.

Mum used to tease him, saying he never went anywhere without seeing someone he hadn't seen for years.

He just was born with a lovely, warm, happy nature which he expressed in song.

Any wonder my children say to me, "Wherever did you learn that song, Mum?"

My goodness, I think to myself. I have forgotten more songs than I can sing now.

Dad has been gone these past ten years, but not long ago Mum and I were talking of a song we had heard on the wireless.

"I always thought Dad must have made that song up," I said.

"Heaven only knows where he did learn some of them," Mum replied, and we had a fond laugh, remembering dear old Dad and his songs.

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For teenagers

LITTLE GIRL, BIG VOICE AND WARDROBE

● *A silk shantung top, with frills down the sleeves, and a skirt of patterned corduroy combine to make Cheryl's attractive Granny dress.*

FOLLOWING in her parents' footsteps, and making the singing world sit up and take notice, is 15-year-old Melbourne vocalist Cheryl Gray, daughter of TV personalities Joan Clarke and Reg Gray.

Cheryl's big, mature voice gives the wrong mental picture of her. After hearing her belt out "Brand New Woman" and "In a Woman's Eyes" on record, one would expect her to be an Amazon. Instead, she is a petite—"I'm 5ft. with my heels"—softly spoken brunette.

Mrs. Gray said that she and her husband, and other people in showbusiness who have seen Cheryl perform, feel she would be ideal for musical comedy.

But the path to the stars isn't an easy one, as the young singer discovered last month, when her chance of a lifetime went up in smoke.

Cheryl was to have played the female juvenile lead in the musical "Bye Bye Birdie" in Sydney's Tent Theatre. But the theatre, a new venture, closed, and the show never opened.

However, American agent Nat Kipner recognised Cheryl's potential as a singer, and booked her for a couple of spots on Sydney television.

"Few people can sing teenage and adult songs," he said. "She's a good all-rounder, and with the right breaks I think we've got a real star on our hands."

Off the peg

The young singer is completely unaffected by her success on the pop scene, perhaps because her parents have always put their family life first.

Although Mr. and Mrs. Gray were pleased when their daughter showed talent and wanted to be a singer, they insisted she do a secretarial course so that she would "have something to fall back on."

Cheryl agreed with them and is halfway through the course. "I really love typing," she said.

She also enjoys planning her wardrobe for television appearances. Besides several teenage programs, she has appeared on Melbourne screens once or twice a year since she was 11.

While her mother keeps an eye on Cheryl's clothes for the standards—"these are the belty numbers," Cheryl said—she lets her daughter have her head for pop numbers.

"She has her own ideas on styles like most teenagers today, and I feel that quite often she knows better than I do," Mrs. Gray said.

Cheryl's wardrobe would be the envy of most teenagers. She buys nearly all her clothes off the peg, but chooses them carefully. Current favorite is a pale pink silk crepe dress in the style popular with the six-stone English model Twiggy.

—*LEONIE NEWBERRY*

● *Melbourne singer Cheryl Gray wears a simple shift in a mixture of linen and cotton. Cut-outs make an interesting side view*

● *This scarcely fitting dress is one of the most conservative in Cheryl's wardrobe. She wears it with pale stockings and chunky shoes.*

DAISIES AT YOUR FEET

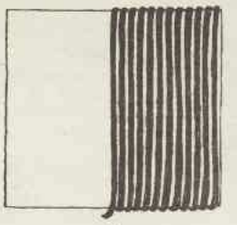
● Barefoot sandals are fun and feminine for informal parties. Mix and match different colored raffia to wear with your culottes, trouser suits, and mini dresses. To make the daisies — you'll need four for each pair — follow the two diagrams.

Wind raffia around a piece of cardboard 12 inches, leaving approximately 3in. either end, then slip off carefully, with loops remaining side by side.

Place loops across a 1yd. length of raffia and tie securely in the centre — snipping off excess length. Pull each loop to the side, so that they are arranged as daisy petals. With extra ends, wind in and out of each petal to separate buds and make a neat centre. Trim.

Attach one to a doubled-over length of plaited raffia (use three 1yd. lengths in different colors) to make a toe hole and another three inches away.

Place your big toe in the hole and tie the string in a neat bow at the back of your leg.



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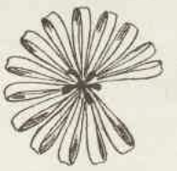

B

● *One of summer's prettiest ideas afoot . . . these barefoot sandals in flower with dainty raffia daisies, which you can make yourself.*

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BEAUTY IN BRIEF

TIME ON YOUR HANDS

SIMPLE hand-washing can be a beauty treatment if you use warm water rather than hot, work up a thick lather with mild soap, and massage the lather over the hands, working from fingertips to wrist.

Unless you must, don't scrub the hands, for it tends to coarsen their texture, but if they are very dirty use a mixture of oatmeal and face-cream instead of soap.

Rinse the hands carefully and dry thoroughly. Damp hands roughen quickly.

There is less natural oil in the hands than on any other part of the body, so they need lots of cream or lotion to encourage good skin condition.

Ideally, you should use hand cream or lotion, not just once or twice a day, but before work and every time you dry the hands. This may not always be practical, but do make it a must to treat yourself to a pre-bedtime session of hand smoothing.

Sleeping with cream on the hands is an old-fashioned but infallible step toward satiny hands.

Wear loose, cotton gloves to keep cream on you and off bed-clothes.

—Carolyn Earle

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ROUND ROBIN Adair

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

WHEN I first sat down to write this piece, nothing came into my head (as usual).

But with the show tradition that runs in my veins—I often make a show of myself—I knew I wouldn't be stumped.

Why not, I decided, write about nothing?

I'm quite serious — females are obviously obsessed by nothing.

I think I first cottoned-on to this fact when I was a little kid and was fascinated when I discovered what one aunt did for a crust.

She was an invisible-mender, I was informed. Which puzzled me greatly for several years.

As did my mother's constant use of vanishing cream.

A current, and classic, example of girls' ado about nothing is the mini-skirt.

Let's face it: The contentious aspect of the mini is not the part that's there but the part that isn't.

This is true, too, of swimwear. The acid test of a suit is surely not what area of material it has but what it hasn't.

This attitude must apply also to backless and topless dresses.

And, of course, to toeless shoes, or ones with cut-out sides.

Then, on the surface, it seems sheer madness for women to demand stockings that can't be seen.

And what about clear nail polish? This makes a practical male see red.

I am also left with a nagging doubt about the TV ladies who squirt hair spray on mirrors and gurgle delightedly when nothing shows up.

Yet, despite their negative attitudes, girls seem to get what they want.

Oh, well—nothing ventured, something gained.

BEATNIK

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Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay $2 for each letter used.

It's all in the game

LETTERS

Many teenagers will think of chess as a game for squares and old men with long white beards, who take half an hour to make a move. This is untrue, for an average game takes no longer than 45 minutes. I learnt chess at the age of 14 and taught my brother when he was only ten. This shows that the principles of the game are easily picked up. Chess is an exciting duel of wits, which takes more thought and strategy than brains. It is the most intriguing game I have ever played, though I am by no means an expert.

—J. R. BARR, East Albury, N.S.W.

Ulterior motive

MOST teenagers at my school complain about their parents for some reason. I think my parents are really "neat," and that they treat me decently. If only teenagers would open their eyes and see how good their parents are, they would get on better with them. Youngsters who keep complaining about their parents are usually spoilt, have everything they want, and usually complain because they can't have more. — *Christine Davy, Glenelg North, S.A.*

What he thinks

DO not follow fashion designers out to exploit the teenage market and don't wear my hair according to the latest trends. In fact, I am not one of those who, in their efforts to achieve individuality, lose all uniqueness of personality and lapse into conformity. For I, the square, dress and wear my hair as I please. Therefore, in my mind, the square is the individual, while the "" teenager tends to conform to other people's ideas and opinions. — *Peter Allan, Balaclava, Vic.*

In a child's eyes

CHILDREN can accept people of other races, whether they be black, yellow, or brown. Some will say this is because of the child's innocent outlook on life. But all a youngster knows is that if a black child falls down he bleeds, and if he smiles he is happy. Humans are born with the same emotions of sadness, happiness, and guilt. It is the environment they are born into which separates the races, not the color of their skins. This is one instance when adults should follow their children. — *"Portia," Port Kembla, N.S.W.*

★

IT is believed that the Beatles intend going their own ways. To me it seems a terrible shame for such a talented group to split up, having ridden the crest of fame for such a long time and making their name a household word in many countries. They are accomplished songwriters, sing in perfect harmony, and each has his own personality. Where else could be found such a fantastic group? I say three cheers for the Beatles. I salute them for all they have done, and may their music never be forgotten in the pop world. — Stephany Evans, Warwick, Qld.

★

Hang a star

FRAMES for pictures of pop stars can be made quite easily and cheaply by using cellulose paper and self-adhesive plastic. Sandwich the picture between a sheet of cellulose paper and a piece of strong cardboard, and cover the edges with woodgrain - patterned adhesive plastic. Attach a piece of string or nylon fishing line to the back by sticky tape and the picture is ready to hang. — *J. Parkinson, Wangaratta, Vic.*

Well endowed

ON my 14th birthday my father decided I should have a monthly allowance of $4. With this I had to get my own bus fares, buy some of my accessories, birthday and Christmas presents, and pay my own way at football and films. By the end of two months I had learnt that money did not grow on trees. In a few months I'll be 16 and will be on a dress allowance, which will consist of my child endowment and a few extra dollars. I think all teenagers should learn to save this way, instead of by hard experience later on. — *"Thrifty," Sandy Bay, Tas.*

'TRAD' LOOK

■ Two New Guinea girls visited our school recently. We all expected to see them in grass skirts, but instead they were dressed quite fashionably, and even wore what we thought were mod stockings. "Where did you get those fab stockings?" we chorused. "Oh, these aren't stockings. They're tattoos," they replied, explaining that it was an ancient custom to have ceremonial designs tattooed on the legs. So apparently it wasn't the fashion experts who started the mod stocking craze, but a New Guinea native many years ago.— Merryn Snow, Caringbah, N.S.W.

Fact, not fiction

IF you're bored, why not write a book? I don't mean concentrate on becoming a great author, but there are millions of things teenagers dream about doing, so why not fill in the waiting time by writing about those daydreams? I've started a book about a modern girl's experiences in the city. I don't really know much about city life, but when I leave school I would like to get a job there, just like the girl in my book. Through writing this story, I can imagine I am actually living there. I don't concentrate on neatness or good grammar, but just jot down words whenever I feel in the mood. — *"Writer," Beechworth, N.S.W.*

★ Until recently I wished that I didn't have freckles and tried all kinds of remedies, with the same unsuccessful result. However, it seems that freckles are now the latest thing. Top London model Twiggy has freckles all over her face, and in London and Paris models and teenagers are painting them on to look "with it." So, to all those people who have freckles, stop trying to cover them up and be thankful that you don't have to paint them on. — Christine Clarke, Box Hill North, Vic.

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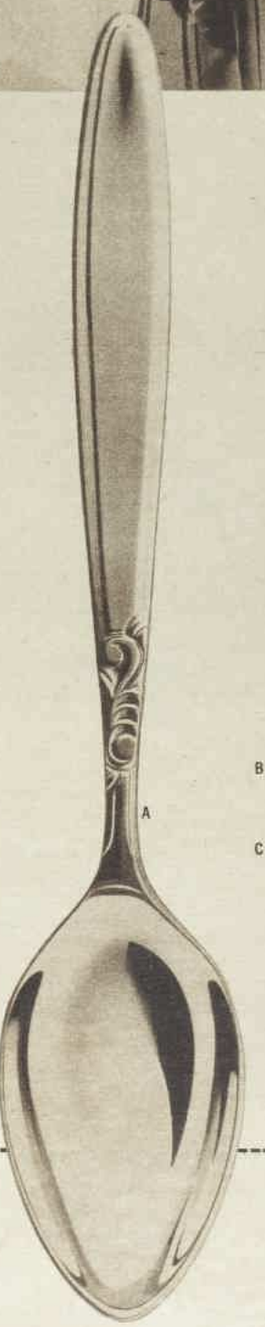
EVERY DAY IS WOMEN'S WEEKLY DAY



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Louise Hunter's HERE'S YOUR ANSWER

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

TROUBLE WITH PARENTS

"FOUR months ago I met a boy — my girlfriend's brother — at a teenage gathering. When he asked me out I had to tell him that my parents refuse to allow me to associate with boys. For four months he has been limiting his outings to places I go to and has not dated other girls. He says he'll wait, and that if it would make me feel better, to tell my parents. I know if I did they would regard him unfavorably. I am 15 and will have to wait a few years yet before I am allowed out with boys. I feel I must stop seeing him."

"Waiting," N.S.W.

● Your parents may object to your going out with a boy but probably would allow you to see him in the company of others. Ask your girlfriend to bring her brother around and to suggest that you go to the movies or on a family outing with them. Don't see him behind their backs. If they find out, it may be more than "a few" years before you are allowed out with boys.

Friend, not lover

"I HAVE liked a boy for nearly two years, and he likes me. We are both 17. The trouble is that when we are together I don't like him any more. Then as soon as I end our close friendship — I have done so about four times— I get extremely jealous if he takes out anyone else. A few weeks ago I broke it off for the last time, but have not regretted it yet. My friends tell me that I am too immature to go steady with any boy. I get infatuated very easily, but it never lasts when the boy likes me. Is there something wrong with me, or haven't I met a boy whose company I enjoy? The main reason I always break it off is because I don't enjoy necking or kissing — just good company."

"Immature," Qld.

● Of course there is nothing wrong with you. In fact, you have the right outlook. At your age you should think more about having fun with a boy than necking and kissing. You are too young to become seriously involved emotionally and you are wise to treat your friendships lightly. Tell this boy that you want your friendship to be based on companionship, and if he doesn't agree to this, find a boy who does.

Her secret fear

"I AM a 15-year-old girl and have trouble getting boyfriends. A couple of weeks ago I finally met a boy I liked very much who seemed to like me, when suddenly my girlfriend stepped in and tried to take him from me. I have seen her flirting with him many times since. I have said nothing, because I do not want to lose him. What shall I do?"

"Two-timed," Vic.

● Admittedly, your girlfriend is not the best type of friend to have, but what is wrong with a little competition? Don't be possessive. If you are bright and charming — it may be an effort at first! — you will keep your boyfriend.

"Dearest fate..."

"I HAVE liked a boy for five months. He has told his mother all about me, has taken me home from school quite a few times, and has asked me out. I told him that I wasn't allowed to go out with boys yet and he understood. Last time I saw him he didn't have a chance to speak to me, but he didn't even say goodbye or mention when we'd see each other again. I have found out that soon he is going to work in another town for some weeks. Do you think he will write and, if he doesn't, should I write to him? I am 15, he is 17."

"Worried," W.A.

● Perhaps he is trying to forget you now that he knows he is going away. In that case, it will be up to you to let him know that you still want to be friends. Next time you see him, say that you have heard he is leaving and ask him about his job. Tell him that you hope you will still be friends, and if he hasn't written a week or two after his arrival, write a friendly note, asking how he is getting on.

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3795.—A-line dress with shallow scooped neckline, dropped shoulders, elbow-length, cone-shaped sleeves, applied contrast band and braid trim. Sizes: Small (31-32in.), medium (34-36in.), large (38-40in.) bust. Price 60 cents includes postage.

4106.—Semi-fitted cut-away jacket with notched collar, three-quarter-length sleeves, and flap trim. A-line darted skirt. Semi-fitted overblouse with jewel neckline and short sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

4068.—Sleeveless, shallow-necked shift with slightly rounded shoulders, buttoned self belt. Lined to edge, three-quarter-length sleeved, open, straight coat with roll collar, attached self-tie belt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

3825.—Fitted dress with high, wide neckline has shoulder shape, sleeve variations, and A-shaped skirt. Set-in band at waist or purchased belt. Sizes 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

3526.—High-waisted, semi-fitted dress with scooped neckline, short sleeves, contrast scalloped collar, ribbon trim. Sizes: Young Junr. 30½, 31½, 33in. Teen: 30, 32, 34 36in. bust. Price 50 cents includes postage.

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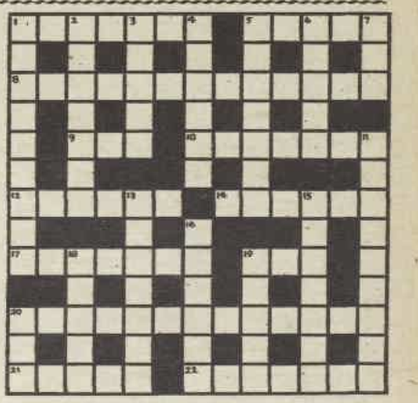
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE and his friends board a plane disguised as civilians and, having told Mr. Marks' secretary that the plane is carrying gold, they wait to be attacked. READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Gain advantage through a fine bet (7).
5. They are barred in the zoo and elsewhere, too (5).
8. It is wet, but otherwise perfect (2, 5, 2, 4).
9. Insect to be found in any plantation (3).
10. Ropes for picketing horses while grazing (7).
12. Classify, starting with a donkey (6).
14. Course that leaves and rejoins direct route (6).
17. A blood-sucker led and made tingle with light touches (7).
19. Measure of length for spellbinders (3).
20. These insignificant earthquakes are of no important account (2, 5, 6).
21. Noblemen and books have one (5).
22. Considers as an affront (7).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Jollification, not necessarily for vegetarians (9).
2. French people of Scandinavian origin (7).
3. To contend in battle (5).
4. Amounts to (6).
5. Car seen in a barrack (7).
6. Pasture grass of the Western U.S.A. (5).
7. A hippopotamus undefeated has this heavenly body (3).
11. Strikes with astonishment (9).
13. Ease the liver with ease (7).
15. Kind of waterproof cloth (7).
16. To ride (anagr., 6).
18. Cat to go and become a member of an outcast race found scattered in the Western Pyrenees (5).
19. She takes to a habitual character and disposition (5).
20. A heavy weight turns and becomes a word expressing negation (3).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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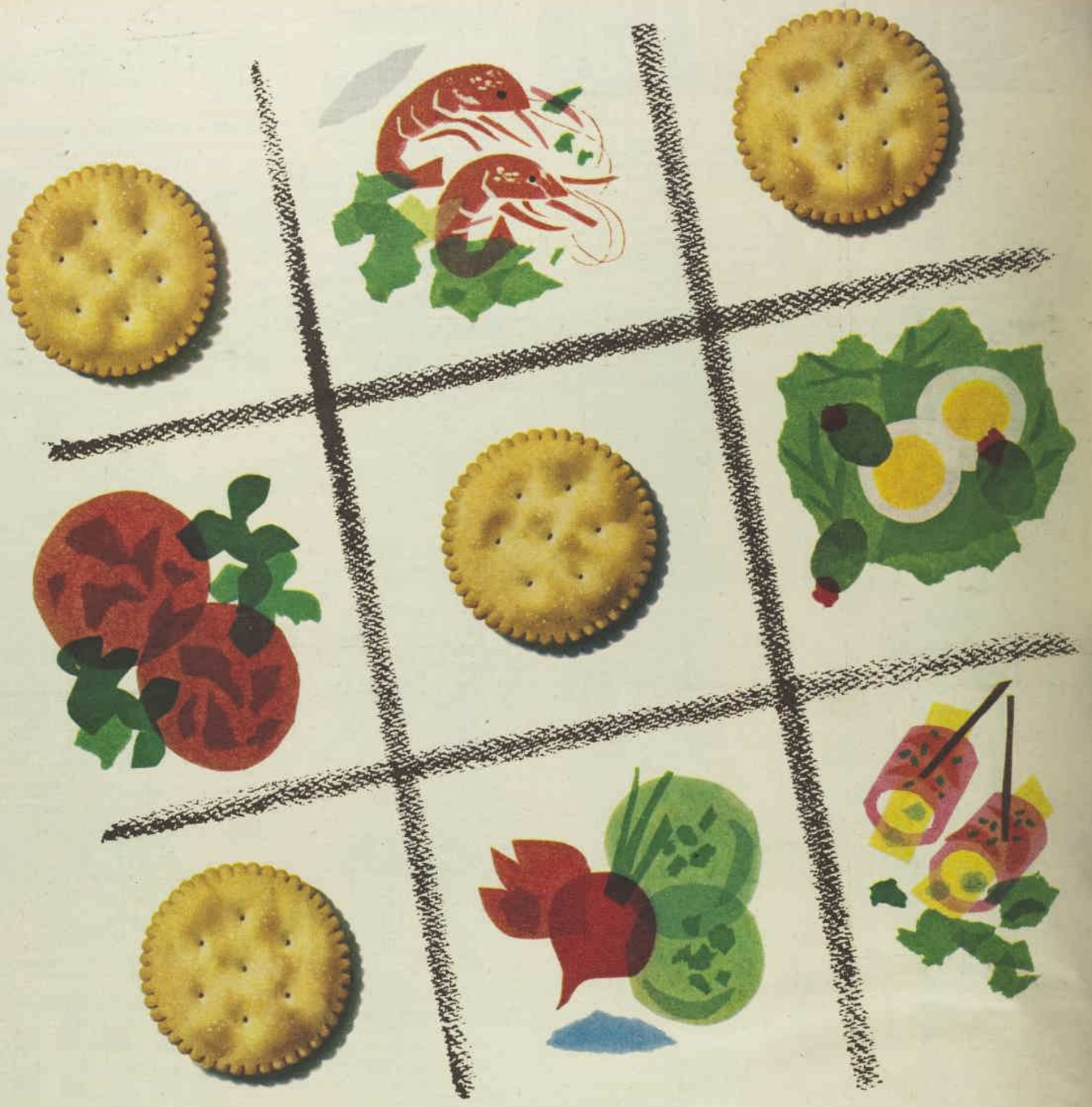

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